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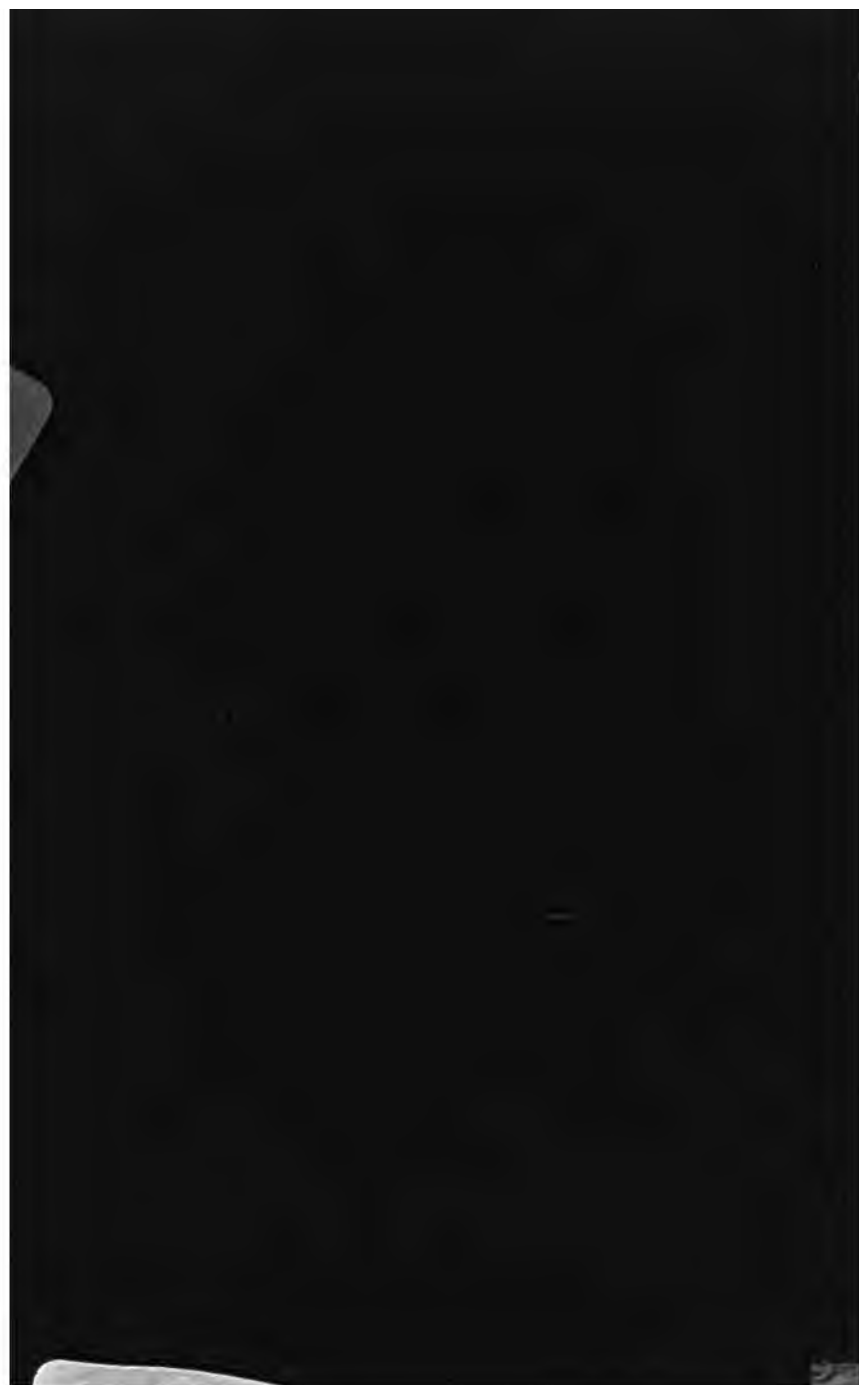
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**THE TUDOR
TRANSLATIONS**

**EDITED BY
W. E. HENLEY**

XIII

Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de, 1547-1616

THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE

OF THE MANCHA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH
OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES BY
THOMAS SHELTON

ANNIS 1612, 1620

With Introductions by
JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY

VOLUME I



L O N D O N

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TO
CHARLES FURSE
IN WHOSE PICTURE OF THE GOLDEN CHILD
THE SHADOW OF HER SWEET AND
VANISHED PRESENCE ABIDES
TO TELL THE UNKNOWING YEARS
A LITTLE PART OF THEIR
INIMITABLE LOSS

10

INTRODUCTION

TO THE FIRST PART



UDGED by any test, whether of authority *El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha* or of vogue, *Don Quixote* must be accounted among the foremost books of the world. The Bible and the *Imitatio Christi*—perhaps also *The Pilgrim's Progress*—have been more often translated; but the adventurous history of the Manchegan Knight appeals to a circle scarce less wide than they. The sense of humour is no rarer than the exaltation of mysticism, and of humour *Don Quixote* is all compact. Moreover, it is compounded of essences attractive to every age and walk, and hence it carries, as by natural right, the honourable title of the most catholic book of all time. Nor is its vast renown unproved by stress of circumstance. For nearly three centuries its fashion has endured; and it seems safe to predict that the popular book of the early Seventeenth Century will stand a favourite classic with the Twentieth. Its author did more than testify to a fleeting mode when he vaunted of his masterpiece that ‘it is so ‘conspicuous and so void of difficulty, that children may ‘handle him, youths may read him, men may understand ‘him, and old men may celebrate him.’ So is it to-day;

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INTRO- and, since the fundamental basis of human nature is a
DUCTION constant, so we may assume it will be to-morrow. Posterity
has ratified the writer's half-bantering, half-complacent ver-
dict that his unique madman is 'the most chaste, enamoured,
' and valiant Knight that hath beene seene, read, or heard of
' these many ages'; and that in Sancho Panza 'are deciphered
' all the Squirelike graces dispersed throughout the vaine
' rout of Knightly Bookes.' A classic of the first order,
1 there never was work more heartily national, more native to
the heroic soil that gave it being. To conceive of Spanish
Literature without *Don Quixote* is to contemplate an army
cut off from its artillery. And withal, Spanish to the core
though the book be, none is dearer to the universal heart
and the general fancy. In the rankest travesty, it has
awakened the laughter and tears of countless multitudes,
World unconscious of its higher qualities. It belongs to the *Welt-*
Literatur; and its hero is free of every city where the Comic
Muse abides. If Sancho's sententious wisdom be the despair
of the most accomplished translators, the broader aspects of
his creator's brave gaiety can be divined in the most flagrant
caricature. Toiling in the childhood of his art, Thomas
Shelton first introduced Cervantes to the larger audience of
mankind; and the fact that Shelton is still un superseded
bears witness to the value of his work. Its *naïveté*, its crude
fidelity, and its incomparable vigour give it a place apart.

I

Writer Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra sprang from a famous
Castilian stock, whose *solar* was at Cervatos, near Reinosa,
in the province of Old Castile. There is no evidence earlier

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than the Fourteenth Century of its alleged connexion with Galicia. The surname derives from the Castle of San Cervantes, built beyond Toledo by Alfonso VI. towards the end of the Eleventh Century, and so called in honour of Servandus, the martyred son of the centurion Marcellus. Ford, indeed, rejects this derivation; but on such matters his authority is not comparable to that of a trained contemporary genealogist like Rodrigo Méndez Silva. According to Conde, Benengeli,—the Son of the Stag,—the feigned historian of Don Quixote's exploits, was meant to be the Arabic rendering of the real author's name. The conjecture lacks probability. Cervantes was precisely the man to know the details of his house's history: he must have met kinsmen who respected etymology by writing the name 'Servantes'; and he assuredly knew that his arms were hinds—not the stags which distinguished the elder branch. Years afterward Góngora compared Cervantes to the battered old fort beside the Tagus: and agreement with Ford would shear Góngora's bitter ballad of all its point. The youngest child of Rodrigo de Cervantes and Leonor de Cortinas, Miguel was baptized on October 9, 1547, in the Church of Santa María Mayor at Alcalá de Henares. His birthday is unknown. That he was educated at the University of Salamanca is most improbable: the theory depends solely on the belated witness of one Tomás González, who declared that he had seen Cervantes' name in that University's Matriculation Lists. No such entry can be traced; nor is there good reason to think that Cervantes ever set foot in Salamanca. Like Shakespeare, he had small Latin and less Greek; and university pedants japed him as an *ingenio*

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Man of
Letters

lego. That he knew his Knight Errandries by heart appears on every page of *Don Quixote*; and *Lazarillo de Tormes* is the original inspiration of such tales as *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. Himself records that he had seen Lope de Rueda on the boards: hence it may be inferred that his taste for the theatre developed early. But nothing has reached us of his youth. A schoolmaster named Juan López de Hoyos dubs him a 'dear and beloved pupil' in 1569; but the relation between the two is uncertain. This Hoyos reference occurs in a collection of verses on the death of Philip the Second's wife, Isabel de Valois. Herein Cervantes dawns upon literature with five *redondillas*, an epitaph, and an elegy: all of decent mediocrity. So far as concerns the poetic gift, his endowment was scant; and, in the *Viaje del Parnaso*, written forty-five years later, he avows that he seeks ever to supply by the file what nature had denied:—

'Yo, que siempre trabajo y me desvelo
Por parecer que tengo de poeta
La gracia, que no quiso darme el cielo. . . .'

Soldier

Before he could see himself in print, he left for Rome as *camarero* in the train of the Special Nuncio, Giulio Acquaviva. But a chamberlain's was no life for him, and within two years he was serving as a private in Miguel de Moncada's regiment. A born man-at-arms, he was fortunate in service. He was wounded (and maimed for life) at Lepanto; and, glorying in his scars, he never ceased to brag of his share in that memorable fight. He played his part in the operations before Navarino, Corfu, Tunis, and the Goletta. Returning to Naples, he sailed aboard the *Sol* for Spain in September 1575. On the 26th of that month,

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his caravel was boarded by Moorish corsairs; and, after a stout resistance, crew and passengers were taken into Algiers. The remaining details are recorded by Haedo in his *Topographia de Argel*, and are repeated by Méndez Silva, who had no inkling of the fact that the hero of this pageant of adventures was in very deed the author of *Don Quixote*. Cervantes abode a slave for five years: organising plans of escape, plotting a general rising that should leave Algiers a Spanish port, in imitation of what had passed at Tunis in 1535. He was so much the acknowledged leader of the captives that the Dey held him a hostage for the safety of the town; nor was he ransomed till 1580, when he was already shipped for Constantinople aboard the Viceroy's galley. Once more he enlisted to serve in Portugal and at the Azores; and, on his return to Spain in the fall of 1583, he set about making a living by his pen.

In Algiers, as his fellow-captive Antonio de Sosa witnesses, Cervantes spent much time in verse-making; and, to the last day of his life, he was all too ready a sonneteer. It is worth while to track his steps through literature. Under the date of 1577, there survive two sonnets addressed by him to Bartolomé Rufino de Chamberí and a copy of verses dedicated to the Secretary of State, Mateo Vázquez. In 1582, Luis Gálvez de Montalvo in the *Pastor de Félida* figures him as a poet of some repute. Next year he is discovered contributing one prefatory sonnet to Padilla's *Romancero*, and another to the *Austriada* of Juan Rufo Gutiérrez. Herewith his reputation grows, and (in 1584) Padilla ranks his name with those of 'los famosos poetas de Castilla.' A more ambitious enterprise is the

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pastoral novel *Primera Parte de Galatea*, published at Alcalá de Henares in 1585 by Juan Gracián, soon after the author's marriage with Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. During the years ensuing he produced without a halt. To the *Jardín Espiritual* of Padilla (1585) he prefixed a copy of *redondillas*, of *estancias*, and a sonnet. Another sonnet and some spirited *quintillas* precede the *Cancionero* of López Maldonado in 1586; and in 1587 two prefatory sonnets herald Padilla's *Grandexas y excelencias de la virgen Señora Nuestra* and the *Philosophia cortesana moralizada* of Alonso de Barros. A more bizarre inspiration drew from him a sonnet for a book on kidney diseases by Doctor Francisco Díaz in 1588: the *Tratado nuevamente impreso acerca de las enfermedades de los riñones*.

But these performances are by the way; for at this period, as he announces elsewhere, he wrote some twenty plays, unblest by popular approval. Of these *El Trato de Argel* and *Numancia* survive. Concerning the latter, Shelley records a too generous impression:—‘I have read
‘ the *Numancia*, and after wading through the singular
‘ stupidity of the first act, began to be greatly delighted,
‘ and at length interested in a very high degree, by the
‘ power of the writer in awakening pity and admiration, in
‘ which I hardly know by whom he is excelled. There is
‘ little, I allow, to be called *poetry* in this play; but the
‘ command of language, and the harmony of versification, is
‘ so great as to deceive one into an idea that it is poetry.’
None the less, *El Trato de Argel* and *Numancia* both failed upon the boards. Among the plays now lost to us are *La Batalla Naval*, written, as it should seem, on the subject of

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Lepanto; *La Gran Turquesca* and *La Jerusalén*, attributed to the year 1584; *La Amaranta* and *El Bosque Amoroso*, referred to 1586. There remain to name *La Confusa*, on which the author plumes himself in the *Viaje del Parnaso*. And last of all is *La Arsinda*: lost but not—perhaps—irrecoverable. That it long survived its author is manifest from its mention by Juan de Matos Fragoso in *La Corsaria Catalana*, a comedy issued at Madrid as late as 1673. The very names of the others are forgotten. 'Tis often said that the writer was driven from the stage by that 'invincible portent,' Félix Lope de Vega Carpio. The notion is absurd; for it is the simple fact that Cervantes had accepted his defeat, and had retired to Seville, long before Lope carried the scene. And, to judge from the examples that remain to us, he was rejected on his strict demerits. In competition with homelier wits he failed to shine. There needed not a miracle like Lope to compass his exclusion: natural causes sufficed.

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Lope de Vega

At Seville he found work in the Audiencia Real, and in June 1588 he became Deputy-Purveyor to the hosts of the Invincible Armada. But he can be followed steadily in the by-paths of literature. In 1591 he is discovered contributing *Los Celos*, a romance of fifteen quatrains, to the Valencian edition of Andrés de Villalba's *Flor de varios y nuevos romances*: and the ballad (a favourite with its maker) reappears in the *Romancero General* of 1604, as also in the reprint of 1614. As late as 1592 he despairs not of success upon the stage, and, to ensure it, signs an agreement binding himself to produce six comedies at fifty ducats each: no payment to be made unless the manager—Rodrigo Osorio—should hold the plays for among the best

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RO- in Spain. In 1594 he is named Collector of Revenues for
TION the Province of Granada. The year after he swoops upon
Zaragoza to take part in a literary joust held in honour of
St. Hyacinth; and, as first prizeman, he departs in triumph,
with three silver spoons. The unfailing sonnet (in memory
of his old chief Santa Cruz) is prefixed to Mosquera de
Figuerola's *Comentario en Breve Compendio de Disciplina
Militar*, published at Madrid in 1596; and to the same
year belongs his satiric celebration of Medina Sidonia's
triumphal entry into a Cádiz, sacked and evacuated by the
English. The tribute to Hernando de Herrera is referred
with probability to 1597; but in the September of that
year the author's sonneteering closed abruptly: at least,
for the time. He was imprisoned at Seville because of irre-
gularities in his accounts: he had intrusted the Exchequer
balances to one Simón Freire de Lima, who absconded,
leaving assets insufficient to cover the amount.

Released at the close of the year, Cervantes was cast
adrift once more. But in the King's service he had gained
a provision ample for life and for fame. As tax-gatherer
he had padded the hoof upon the highroad with rabble-
ment of all estates. Footing it from one to another town,
he had rubbed shoulders with his great originals: with
the surpliced Bachelor of Alcobendas, who would fain pass
for a Licentiate; with Ginés de Pasamonte, 'a very comely
' personage, save onely that when he looked, he seemed to
' thrust the one eye into the other'; with the 'Biscaine
' by land, and a Gentleman by Sea, a Gentleman in despite
' of the Divell'; with the Host, 'an Andaluzian, and of the
' commarke of S. Lucars, no less thievish then Cacus';

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with 'Doña Tolosa, a Butchers daughter of Toledo, that
'dwelt in the Rewes of Sancho Benega'; with the 'Monkes
of S. Benets order, mounted on two Dromedaries,' masks,
spectacles, and 'Umbrilles' complete. And Seville itself
abounded in opportunities for a liberal education. On
the Plaza de San Salvador, in every slum of the Triana, In Seville
Cervantes would daily meet with the great twin-brethren
Pedro del Rincón and Diego Cortado; with Monipodio, the
Captain-General of the roystering Knights of the Hook; with
Ganchuelo, who never stole o' Fridays, nor talked o' Saturdays
to any punk styled Mary; with those pimping swaggerers
Chiquiznaque, Maniferro, Repolido, and their ruddled doxies
Gananciosa, Escalanta, and Cariharta. And, as already
shown, he knew the prison-life from within the bars. His
financial muddling had ruined the Treasury's trust in him:
leastways, set loose from jail, he was no more officer of the
King. But that he tarried in Seville is proved by his bur-
lesque sonnet on a catafalque set up there by the City Fathers
on the occasion of Philip the Second's death in 1598: in
a graver mood are the sonnet and twelve *quintillas* on the
same subject. To 1598 also is referred a prefatory sonnet
in Lope de Vega's *Dragontea*; and one biographer upon
another confirms the attribution. It may be worth while
to say, here and now, that the poem appears, not in the
first edition of the *Dragontea*, but in the second of 1602.
There is evidence to show that Cervantes lingered in Seville
as late as 1600. Save for the *Dragontea* sonnet of 1602,
there follows a blank of three years, when the harried man
posts to Valladolid in obedience to a Treasury writ; and The Book
with him he brings the manuscript of *Don Quixote*.

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II

on Quixote
'Argama-
lla

A vague phrase in the Prologue has suggested the theory that the First Part was begun in jail. But it may be a figure to describe the story as 'a dry, shrivelled, whimsical offspring . . . just what might be begotten in a prison.' The immemorial tradition is that Cervantes was thrust into the cellar of the Casa de Medrano at Argamasilla de Alba; and reasons, as plentiful as they are improbable, are forged to explain the alleged imprisonment. Surmise apart, Argamasilla is indubitably Don Quixote's town. His 'wise and most absolute Historiographer' sets out by indicating 'a certaine village of the Mancha,' the name of which he has no desire to recall; but he fails not of precision in the concluding antic doggerel of the Argamasillan Academics, embellished with epithets the most grotesque: as Monicongo the Mannikin, Paniaguado the Lickspittle, Cachidiablo the Imp of Hell, and Tiquitoc, the Elegist of Dulcinea. Within three years from the first publication of the Knight's discomfitures, Quevedo's comic ballad:—

'De un molimiento de huesos
Á puros palos y piedras,
Don Quixote de la Mancha
Yace doliente sin fuerzas':—

ste

assumes the connexion between hero and place to be incontrovertible fact; and topography demonstrates its justification. Concerning the time of composition, the evidence is internal. 'These that follow,' says Master Nicholas ('for so hight the Barber'), preparing the holocaust of Don Quixote's library, 'these that follow be *The Sheepheard of*
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Iberia . . .: and Bernardo de la Vega's work appeared at Seville in 1591. Again, in the Eighth Chapter of The Third Book, Ginés de Pasamonte proclaims his own history as one 'that quite puttes down *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and as many others as are written or shall write of that kind.' If, as some hold, the flout be aimed at Mateo Alemán's *Vida del pícaro Guzmán de Alfarache*, the passage dates from 1599 or later. Howbeit, licensed for the press in September 1604, *Don Quixote* appeared early in 1605. Oddly enough, the book is twice named at an earlier date than that imprinted on its title-page. Writing under the pseudonym of Francisco López de Úbeda, Alonso Pérez introduces the hero in *La Pícara Justina*. As thus:—

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'Más famo—que Doña Oli—
Que *Don Quixote*—y Lazari—
Que Alfarache y Celesti—.'

And *La Pícara Justina* passed the Censor on August 22, 1604. More: in a letter revealed by Schack, Lope de Vega, on August 4, 1604, informs his patron, the Duque de Sessa, that no budding poet 'is as bad as Cervantes, none so foolish as to praise *Don Quixote*.' Clearly the book had achieved a reputation or ever it was in print. The dedica-
tion was accepted by the Duque de Béjar; nor was this the first time that a Cervantes had offered a gift to one of that ilk. Early in the previous century, a kinsman—the Licentiate Alonso de Cervantes—had addressed his gloss (in one hundred and seventy-two stanzas) of Manrique's *Coplas* to Álvaro de Stúñiga, the second Duque de Béjar.

Dedication

Despite the literary cliques in Madrid, *Don Quixote* took the town by storm; so that the Fifth Edition was

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Cervantes as
he Never
Could Have
Been

Cervantes
as He Was

Style

a-printing in Valencia by July. The Peninsula, with Europe in its train, hailed the book a masterpiece, and its vogue became general. 'Tis nowadays the mode to read strange, exoteric meanings into the writer's pages. It is not enough that Cervantes should be for us what he was to his contemporaries : a genius of the first order, a fellow of infinite humour, of inexhaustible invention. It falls short of his meed to hold him for one of the greatest figures in all literature, for the author of the most diverting, the most varied book of entertainment in the world. He must perforce be exhibited as a scholar, a purist—even an exquisite—in style, a philosopher, a poet, a man of science, a lofty political thinker still brooding upon his country's decadence, a moralist, a preacher, a religious reformer. The great artist is degraded to a dull man's fetish ! In sober truth Cervantes wore none of these proud titles, nor aspired to any. A master who delighted in irony, a satiric genius who was also a finished observer of folly, he had surely immortalised the corybantics of his posthumous derishes. He was no scholar, nor aught resembling it :—he dashes down a quotation at hazard, as he recalls it, with never a pedant spectre to affright him at his work. His memory plays him many a jest :—with inimitable assurance and gaiety he will confuse a pair of stories (borrowed from Ariosto), or will jumble history by representing Lautrec and the Great Captain as engaged in the same campaign. At his best, he is beyond all question a most distinguished writer of Spanish prose ; but he abounds in incorrections, in lapses of grammar, in slips of sense, in Italian constructions, in sentences barbed with a thicket of relatives hope-

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lessly estranged from their antecedents. As a craftsman Cervantes has no claim to the first, nor to the second, place among Spanish writers. And so likewise is it when he attempts to shine in abstract speculation. Wheresoever he puts by character and incident to take on a pontifical air, his confusions, his feeble reasonings, his tendency to banality bewray the amateur. To attribute to him qualities to which he never pretended—qualities which he not only had not, but which he could not have had and been the author of *Don Quixote*—is to do him heinous wrong. Cervantes never rises above the average thought of his time: as, indeed, why should he? He shares the petty hopes and fears, the trivial joys and pains of common humanity; and the sympathy which makes him kin to all the world forms a great part of his universal force. The average Spaniard of the Seventeenth Century with the temperament of genius: such precisely Cervantes was, and such he approves himself in every line of his masterpiece. He is to be judged solely as an extraordinary talent, as a consummate artist in humour, and as a prince of invention. Thus considered, he ranks among the supreme figures. And, as he recognised his multiple limitations, so did he appreciate his strength with unerring instinct. ‘*The Galatea* of Michel Cervantes, quoth the Barber. That Cervantes, saide the Curate, is mine old acquaintance this many a yeare. And I knowe, he is more practised in misfortunes then in verses. His booke hath some good invention in it. . . .’ Again, in the *Viaje del Parnaso*, Mercury speeds a compliment: ‘*Pasa, raro inventor, pasa adelante.*’ Time upon time, Cervantes repeats the assertion of his claim: and with

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Weakness

Strength

Standing

Raro inventor

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INTRO- justice. A 'rare inventor' he was, before and above aught
DUCTION else. And as such he passes onward to an unique renown.

III

Conceived as a burlesque (mainly of *Amadís de Gaula*, that model of mysterious descent¹), *Don Quixote* remains the

*Amadís of
Gaul and the
Knight-
Errancies it
Bred*

¹ Concerning the source of *Amadís de Gaula*, the conflict of authority is keen. Wolf and Ticknor pronounce in favour of a Portuguese origin. Ticknor accepts the statement of Gomes Eannes de Azurara—in the *Chronica do Conde D. Pedro de Meneses*—that the book was written by Vasco de Lobeira who, knighted in 1385 on the eve of the battle of Aljubarrota, died in 1405. Wolf's opinion is based on broader grounds: on the general relation between the literatures of Spain and Portugal. He further conceives that the appearance of a subjective work like *Amadís de Gaula* implies the existence of a large mass of courtly lyrics: a condition unfulfilled in Spain. Arguing in favour of a Spanish descent, D. Pascual de Gayangos completely refutes Ticknor's theory. Vasco de Lobeira would be about twenty-one years old when he was knighted in 1385; but in the *Rimado de Palacio*, which dates from 1367-1370, the Chancellor Pero López de Ayala laments the time wasted by him on *Amadís* and other idle romances.

'Plógome otrosi oyr muchas vegadas,
Libros de deuanes e mentiras probadas,
Amadís, Lanzarote, e burlas asacadas,
En que perdi mi tiempo a muy malas jornadas.'

Again, in the *Cancionero de Baena* (Nos. 38, 249, and 305), the book is mentioned by Fray Migir, Francisco Imperial and Pero Ferrus, contemporaries of the Chancellor. It follows that a Castilian redaction of *Amadís* existed long before Vasco de Lobeira's time. In our own day the battle has been vigorously fought by Theophilo Braga on behalf of Portugal, while Ludwig Braunfels has contended for the Spanish view with rare cogency and learning. On the whole, the Portuguese case seems the stronger, and it is supported by a recent discovery. In the Eleventh Chapter of the Second Book of *Amadís de Gaula*, King Lisuarte's daughter sings the ballad which Amadís made for her:—

'Leonoreta sin roseta,
Blanca sobre todo flor,
Sin roseta no me meta
En tal cuita vuestro amor.'

As Señor Menéndez y Pelayo points out, in the Colocci-Brancuti *Cansoniera* (Nos. 230 and 232), the same *ritournelle* occurs under the rubric of Joham de Lobeira, a Portuguese poet at the court of King Diniz (1261-1325).

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best of parodies. And, outgrowing the bounds of the first design, it became something more than the chief of picaresque novels. At the outset, Cervantes destined it, like enough, to a place among the *Novelas Exemplares*. Its present division into chapters is an obvious afterthought; and, assuredly, the epigraphs are the work of a bungling meddler. Regard the opening words of the Sixth Chapter in the First Book: 'Who slept yet soundly.' Meaningless as it stands, the phrase is plainly a fragment arbitrarily severed from the foregoing sentence. Cervantes, whatever his primitive intent, grew enamoured of his conception, and was, with intervals of discouragement—so far as an artist may be—possessed and mastered by it. As he avouches, his aim was 'to diminish the authoritie and acceptance that Bookes of Chivalrie have in the world and among the vulgar'; 'to overthrow the ill compiled Machina and bulk of those Knightly Bookes, abhorred by many, but applauded by more.' There, Englished by Shelton, stands the author's ingenuous avowal. But crotcheteers know better. Defoe would persuade you that *Don Quixote* is 'an emblematicall History of, and a just Satyr upon, the Duke de Medina Sidonia; a Person very remarkable at that Time in Spain.' Walter Savage Landor reveals the hero as Charles the Fifth, and enregisters the book as 'the most dexterous attack ever made against the worship of the Virgin': inasmuch as 'Dulcinea was the peerless, the immaculate; and death was denounced against all who hesitated to admit the assertion of her perfections.' And Rawdon Lubbock Brown (1803-83), outstripping his forerunners, discovers Pedro Franquezas as Sancho Panza, and demonstrates,

INTRO-
DUCTION

Cervantes'
Design

An Effect

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- with pain and labour, that *Don Quixote* is little better than
 JCTION a *roman à clef*.¹ Of madness there are two kinds: Don
 Quixote's, which is sublime; and his commentators', which
 is ridiculous. So runs the new; but the old is better.
 The bald truth is that the publication of *Don Quixote* was
 the decisive triumph in the long campaign waged against
 the novel of Knight-Errantry. Mystics, theologians, and
 philosophers had essayed their ineffectual exorcisms, as Luis
 de Granada in the *Símbolo de la Fe*, Melchor Cano in his
 treatise *De locis theologicis*, and Vives in the *De corruptis*
disciplinis. In his maturer years Hurtado de Mendoza still
 read with infinite gusto the chronicle of the haps of Amadís;
 and the sober Juan de Valdés bewailed a youth misspent
 upon 'these lies':—'*Estas mentiras, en las cuales tomaba tanto*
sabor que me comia las manos tras ellas.' The Ingenious
 Gentleman of La Mancha was not alone in those delightful
 studies wherewithal 'he dried up his braines in such sort as
 he lost wholly his judgement.' Multitudes joined the Host

, Knight-
 ant's
 olie

¹ Rawdon Brown supplies the key in his copy of *Don Quixote*, now in the
 British Museum. In the matter of completeness it leaves nothing to desire:—

<i>Don Quixote</i> , . . .	The Duke of Lerma.
<i>Dulcinea</i> , . . .	The Marchioness de Valle.
<i>Sancho Panza</i> , . . .	Pedro Franqueza, Count of Villalonga.
<i>The Housekeeper</i> , . . .	The Dowager Countess of Lemos, sister of Lerma.
<i>Don Quixote's Niece</i> , . . .	The Countess of Niebla (or, perhaps, the Countess of Lemos), daughter of Lerma.
<i>The Curate</i> , . . .	Don Bernardo de Sandoval, Archbishop of Toledo, uncle of Lerma.
<i>Sansón Carrasco</i> , . . .	Rodrigo Calderón.
<i>Ginés de Pasamonte</i> , . . .	Pedro de Toledo.
<i>The three ass-colts</i> , . . .	The three princes of Savoy: Philip, Victor Ama- deus, and Emmanuel Philibert.
<i>Dapple</i> (El Rucio), . . .	The Secretary Andrés de Prada.
<i>Don Fernando</i> , . . .	The Duke of Osuna.

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in giving 'two figs for the Great Captain,' pinning their credit by preference to Bernardo de Vargas' *Cirongilio de Tracia* and to Melchor Ortega's *Feliarmarte de Hircania* (this last, as Percy tells, once the summer pastime of Samuel Johnson). Among the devotees was numbered our Seraphic Mother Saint Teresa, an insatiable young reader of such fopperies, and—to trust a most credible bruit—herself a dabbler in the art of writing them. An extremer case is that of the Portuguese poet, Simon de Silveira, who pledged his oath upon the Gospels that he held every word in *Amadís de Gaula* for authentic history. Legislation was invoked to stay the plague. Charles the Fifth, himself a fierce admirer of *Don Belianís de Grecia*, forbade the introduction, sale, or printing of such books in the Indies; and the Cortes petitioned that the law be extended to the Peninsula, and that all existing copies be scandalously burned. From Knight-Errantry proper the delirium spread to religion; and the Valencian Hieronym Sempere reached the nadir with a chivalresque redaction of the New Testament, accomplished in the worst manner of *Florisel de Niquea*. Of this monster, suffice it to note that Sempere represents Christ as the Knight of the Lion contending with Satan, the Knight of the Serpent; and that the Apostles take rank as the Twelve Paladins of the Table Round. Where invective, statutes, and pious diversions had proved of none avail, where Ariosto's courtly banter had failed, the pungent, serious humour of Cervantes conquered at a blow. After the appearance of *Don Quirote*, no new Knight-Errantry was issued; and, with the single exception of the *Caballero del Febo*, the former favourites remained without the honours of a reprint. In

INTRO-
DUCTION

A Devotee
on Oath

The Cowled
Amadís

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- the theatre the old tradition lingered a while, as is shown
DUCTION by Lope de Vega's *Marqués de Mantua* and by Montalbán's
Palmerín de Oliva ; and among the rabble the taste endured.
But the influence had perished, and the stories which Valdés
rit Amadís had read in palaces and courts—'*en palacios y cortes*'—
m suis found their last refuge among the chapbooks of the pedlar's
pack.

IV

10 Novelist Himself a model Knight-Errant, Cervantes ridicules the
inferior epics ; but *Amadís de Gaula* remains 'the very best
contrived booke of all those of that kinde,' and the satirist's
reverence is complete for the chivalrous ideals of devotion
and loyalty and valour. Yet among his own people there
have not lacked dolts to taunt him with compassing, like
a second Roderick, his country's ruin ; and among these a
bad pre-eminence belongs to Juan Maruján, who, in the
Marqués de Valmar's *Historia crítica*, exposes himself in
this guise :—

'Aplaudió España la obra
No advirtiéndolo, inadvertidos,
Que era del honor de España
Su autor, verdugo y cuchillo.'

But Cervantes, whether or not he 'smiled Spain's chivalry
away,' survives withal, the greatest of Spaniards and the
first of romancers. Like his contemporary Shakespeare,
like Dickens and Balzac, Cervantes was strongly drawn by
the workings of the abnormal human mind. Their fascina-
tion for him was unceasing : in *El Licenciado Vidriera*, in *El*
Coloquio de los Perros, in *El Celoso Extremeño*, in episodic
touches innumerable, he reverts with unfaltering interest to

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the theme of madness. With his exact, intuitive insight, he was a psychologist without theories, and without (one may say) knowing it. Hamlet and Don Quixote are something more than mere contemporaries in point of time: they are brethren insane with a difference, twin examples developed with a rigorous, natural logic. If *Hamlet* be the tragedy of thought, *Don Quixote* is the tragi-comedy of action. Where the one dreamer doubts of the real, the other believes without reserve in the visionary. The one is timorous, but half-convinced of the verity of the Ghost that he has seen; the other remains uncowed by the open enmity of the enchanter Friston, and knows the invisible wizard Esquife for a buckler and a friend. In pursuit of truth Hamlet suspects himself of self-deception; for Don Quixote phantoms vain are the sole realities. And the Knight appeals with confidence to experience, to reason, to precise texts. He quaffs the precious Balsamum of Fierebras, compounded of magic simples, consecrated by 'eighty Pater-nosters and as many Aves, Salves and Creedes':—and behold, the cure is absolute! A like draught throws Sancho Panza into 'such excessive' swoonings, as not only himself, but likewise all the beholders, did verily deeme, that his life was ending.' To find out the cause of this effect is easy, inasmuch as Sancho was not dubbed Knight:—'for I perswade my selfe, that this liquor cannot helpe any one that is not.' So rigidly is proof enforced, and evidence considered, in that most rational of all rational worlds!

But the popularity of *Don Quixote* is not at all to be explained solely by its wealth of drollery: the book includes a gallery of portraits, the most of them triumphs, sketched

INTRO-
DUCTION

*Hamlet and
Don Quixote*

Logic in the
Fourth
Dimension

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- by a great craftsman. Consider the case of Sancho Panza,
DUCTION when 'ever anone he lifted up his bottle with such pleasure,
' as the best fed Tapster of Malaga might envy his state.'

Character Was ever attitude suggested with greater ease, amplitude,
and vigour? With equal artistry are given the semblances
of Pero Pérez, that learned priest, at once the ornament of
Sigüenza, the best of gossips and the busiest of meddlers :
of Master Nicholas the Barber, expert in romances and
champion of the Knight of the Sun : of the Housekeeper,
hasting 'with a holy-water pot and a sprinckler in her
hand,' to see justice done upon her ancient enemies—'a hun-
dred great volumes, and those verie well bound'—which had
destroyed the most delicate understanding of all La Mancha.
And the minor characters are wellnigh as successful as they
are numerous. In portraiture Cervantes is ever at his best,
Instruction and the odder his type the more masterly the execution and
the detail. The weakness of his book lies elsewhere. As
in every other example of the *roman d'aventure*, the con-
struction is, of necessity, loose, the proportion unsym-
metrical, the incident a farrago of hazard and whim.
Written by fits and starts, in snatches stolen from less
congenial work, it has too often an effect of patchiness :
over-elaboration and insufficiency of outline are flaunted
side by side. The supplementary stories, not all triumphs
in themselves, are worked in at random, with no special
relevancy : in part because, being already written, they
must be used, and partly also, as their author confides,
as a relief from concentrating interest upon the two
central figures. Chronology, method, accuracy, were no
hobgoblins to Cervantes. Careless of the sacred academic
xxviii

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unities, he is rightly concerned with the sole unity of INTRO-
 importance: unity of conception, of character, and of DUCTION
 thought. Something, no doubt, of the first savour has
 passed with the course of time. Readers no longer recog- The Touch
 nise at sight the force of every allusion; and not one in of Time
 twenty cares to remember that the blanketing of Sancho
 is borrowed, and bettered, from *Guzmán de Alfarache*. The
 sly hits at Lope de Vega—in the Prologue, in the Verses of
 Urganda, in the Twenty-first Chapter of the Fourth Book—
 no longer thrill as when that Phoenix flourished; and in-
 numerable side-thrusts which tickled contemporary fancy
 are become so many riddles. But as a picture of life and Sum Total
 manners, unalterably replenished with humour, fancy, and
 contrivance, *Don Quixote* remains immortal. A visible land-
 mark, it stands at the parting of the ways. In some sort
 the last representative of mediæval romance, it ushers in the
 new dynasty, being itself the earliest and most illustrious of
 modern masterpieces. Like the prophet Aaron, Cervantes
 ‘stood between the dead and the living: and the plague
 ‘was stayed.’

V

The fame of the new portent soon passed the Pyrenees, The
 and a fragment was reproduced at Paris. There, in 1608, Tranlators
 the story of the *Curioso Impertinente* was reprinted in the
 original Spanish by César Oudin at the end of Julio Iñíguez
 de Medrano's *Silva Curiosa*. Before the close of the year
 the tale was given in French by Jean Baudouin: an exceed-
 ingly rare version, of which a copy exists in the Munich
 Library. In 1609 another episode was anonymously

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO-
DUCTION

Thomas
Shelton

transformed under the title of *le Meurtre de la Fidélité et la Défense de l'Honneur, où est racontée la triste et pitoyable aventure du berger Philidon et les raisons de la belle et chaste Marcelle, accusée de sa mort, en espagnol et en françois.*

Thomas Shelton had in view a larger scheme, and to him belongs the glory of rendering the book entire. His forthcoming effect is duly foreshadowed in the Register of the Stationers' Company. '19no Januarij 1611. Edward ' Blounte, William Barret. Entred for their Copy under the ' andes of master Edward Abbot and Th' wardens, a book ' called, The delightfull history of the wittie knight Don ' Quishote vj^d.' But it imports to remark that our English version dates back earlier than this entry would imply. In his preface Shelton records it that he 'Translated some five ' or six yeares agoe, *The Historie of Don-Quixote*, out of the ' Spanish tongue, into the English'; and he further recites that he completed his emprise 'in the space of forty daies: ' being therunto more then half enforced, through the im- ' portunitie of a very deere friend, that was desirous to under- ' stand the subject.' From this avowal it follows that Shelton set to his work about the year 1607, a twelvemonth earlier than the date of Baudouin's French version of the *Curioso Impertinente*, and two years before the publication of the Parisian rendering of the episode of Marcela. It can be proved that Oudin's French translation, which follows Shelton at an interval of two years, is based upon the Madrid Text of 1608: an Edition thought by some (for reasons hitherto unrevealed) to have been corrected by Cervantes himself. However that be, it becomes of interest to determine the text followed by Shelton; and the date

Baudouin and
César Oudin

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1607 at once suggests the idea that he may have used the Brussels Reprint of that year. And so, in effect, it was. Shelton proffers in his margins such references as these:—*‘Buscando pan de Trastrigo, p. 47’*; *‘Arcaduz de Noria, p. 76’*; *‘Porque la boca de la boxina está encima de la cabeça, p. 168’*; *‘Y que todo lo annasca, p. 172.’* These shoulder-notes clearly indicate the pagination of the phrases as they occurred in Shelton’s original. And it is worthy of remark that the words quoted are to be found on pp. 47, 76, 168, and 172 of the Brussels Edition of 1607; while in all other Editions accessible to Shelton—those issued at Madrid, Lisbon, and Valencia in 1605, and that one printed at Milan dated 1610—the passages are imprinted on pages quite differently numbered. This witness is, in Shelton’s phrase, ‘significant’; but testimony more decisive remains. In the famous Ninth Chapter of the Third Book, where Sancho Panza is despoiled of his ass, the Editor of the Brussels text introduced an emendation of his own wit to remedy a flaw in the *Editio Princeps*. Thus, where the first version reads, *‘iba tras su amo, sentado á la mujeriega sobre su jumento’*:—the Brussels Editor substitutes:—*‘iba tras su amo, sacando de quando en quando de un costal que Roxinante llevaba sobre si por falta del asno.’* Shelton renders the passage—a crucial one—with unflinching severity after the Brussels model:—*‘And so hee followed his Lord, taking now and then out of a basket (which Roxinante carried for want of the Asse . . .).’* A few lines later the Brussels Editor interpolates a fresh variant:—*‘Fue necessario que Sancho los alçassen.’* And once more Shelton maintains exactitude by setting forth that *‘Sanchoes assistance was requisite to take them up.’* In all

INTRO-
DUCTION

Shelton’s
Text

Brussels,
1607

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- DUCTION

Charles
Jervas

Lorenzo
Franciosini

there are not less than seven variants peculiar to the Brussels Reprint, and, in the case of each, Shelton observes the Brussels reading. Inasmuch as these seven emendations are unknown elsewhere, the basis of Shelton's version is, it may be asserted, irrefragably proved. A mysterious dispensation has decreed that Cervantists, as a race, should be mostly unmannerly and irrational; and their most amiable weakness is to belittle their predecessors. Nor has Shelton escaped the general fate. Charles Jervas, himself the author of an excellent translation of *Don Quixote*, takes occasion to observe, concerning other versions, that 'the first by Shelton' has hitherto passed as translated from the original, though 'many passages in it manifestly shew it to have been taken 'from the Italian of Lorenzo Franciosini.' And Jervas, writing at his ease in the Eighteenth Century, goes on to cite two instances in support of his thesis. The contention is overthrown by a simple comparison of dates. *L'ingegnoso Cittadino Don Chisciotte della Mancia*, as rendered by Lorenzo Franciosini, was published at Venice in 1622, twelve years after the Milanese Reprint of the original. And a most admirable piece of work it is: worthy at all points of the praises lavished on it, and equal to the vaunt upon the title-page:—'*Tradotto con fedeltà, e chiarezza.*' But, since Shelton anticipated the Italian by ten years, the theft (if any) would be on Franciosini's side. The plain fact is that Franciosini, like Shelton, used the Brussels Text: it may be in the 1611 Reprint. A like unfounded charge against Shelton's method is based upon his Englishing of a passage in the Prologue. Cervantes' friend, 'a very discreet and pleasantly witted man,' is reported as saying:—'*Yo os voto á tal de*

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‘llenaros los márgenes y de gastar cuatro pliegos en el fin del libro.’ In Shelton’s version the words are rendered thus:—‘I doe promise thee that I will both fill up the margent, and also spend foure or five sheetes of advantage at the end of the Booke.’ It is argued that ‘of advantage’ is not only a meaningless phrase, but that, as it evidently is a servile rendering of *davantage*, Shelton must have translated directly from the French. Since Shelton was in the field two years before César Oudin, the first of the French translators of *Don Quixote*, the argument has to be eked out otherwise. Upon this slender basis—the existence of the two words ‘of advantage’ in one isolated passage—it is seriously contended that Shelton translated from a lost French manuscript version. If the conclusion be at once gratuitous and generous, the premises are small indeed. For the idlest theorist might have been expected to know that the expression ‘of advantage’ (in the sense of ‘more’) is found in *Othello*: even though he were ignorant of the fact that a chain of examples of this idiom is established, running back to the *Ayenbite of Inwyrt* written by Dan Michel, brother of the Cloister of Saint Austin of Canterbury ‘in the yeare of our lhordes beringe 1340.’ On a review of the available evidence, only one conclusion is possible: that Shelton translated directly from the Spanish Edition published at Brussels in 1607. Any other inference is, not only illegitimate but, manifestly absurd.

His version is addressed by his ‘Honours most affectionate Servitor’ to ‘the Right Honourable, his verie good Lord, the Lord of Walden’: in other words, to Theophilus, Lord Howard of Walden, eldest son and heir of the Earl

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- of Suffolk and, about the time of the rendering of the
DUCTION English *Don Quixote*, Governor of Jersey and Castle Cornet.
So much as regards the patron. Concerning the translator
no detail is to be gathered. It does not appear that Shelton
was at either University or that he belonged to any of the
Inns of Court. No biographical dictionary includes his
name; and the accustomed oracles are likewise dumb. For
posterity Thomas Shelton remains the first translator of
Don Quixote: a proud distinction, which must suffice. Other
writers of the same name exist to baffle the searcher; but
their date makes it hard to believe that, in any case, their
career of authorship began as early as 1607. It may be a mere
coincidence that, in 1650, Thomas Shelton, author of *Divine
Drops distilled from the Holy Scriptures by that worthy Gospel
Preacher Gualter Cradock*, should write in his Preface to the
Reader: 'I have not (nor ever did in any mans works) taken
'the boldnesse to adde one piece of a sentence or to diminish
'ought.' Just so, in Shelton's version, the writer requests
the Moor to translate from the Arabic 'without adding or
taking away any thing from them.' There is nothing
impossible in the supposition that a writer's period of
production should extend over forty-three years; but such
cases are sufficiently rare to give one pause in concluding
that *Don Quixote* and *Divine Drops* fell from the same fount.
On the other side, there is absolutely no evidence to support
a recent theory: that 'Thomas Shelton' is a pseudonym.

A Great
Unknown

VI

It remains to take account of the excellences and demerits
of Shelton's achievement. His task once accomplished, the

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

translator's interest in it waned. His declaration is that
'after I had given him once a view thereof, I cast it aside,
'where it lay long time neglected in a corner, and so little
'regarded by me as I never once set hand to review or
'correct the same'; then later, 'at the intreatie of others my
'friends, I was content to let it come to light, condition-
'ally, that some one or other would peruse and amend the
'errours escaped; my many affaires hindering mee from
'undergoing that labour.' An examination of the text
fully bears out Shelton's statement. His limitations are
apparent enough; his anxious haste and fine nonchalance
are visible in page on page. His colloquial knowledge of
Spanish urges him to a close adherence to the letter, and
the first found word too often contents him, if in sound or
semblance it approaches the Castilian.

INTRO-
DUCTION

The Apology

For Shelton 'a trance' suits the needs of *trance* far better
than the more obvious 'emergency' which the context de-
mands. Confronted with the words '*todos los trances de la*
guerra,' the translator airily transcribes 'all the trances of
warfare.' Face to face with '*este tan impensado trance,*' he
shows impenitence by setting down 'this unexpected trance.'
And as 'trance' stands for '*trance,*' so do 'successes' im-
personate '*sucesos.*' Where Cervantes writes '*todos los sucesos*
que habia visto,' Shelton hits upon 'all the successes of the
thing she had seen.' The aspect of '*talante*' resembles
'talent' nearly enough to justify a blindness to the difference
between a mood and a talent. Hence a rigid adhesion to
the system produces 'in a bad fashion and worse talent' for
'*mala traza y peor talante.*' A more diverting example of
the results of this impetuous fidelity occurs in the scene

The Travesty

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- with the galley-slaves. One of the guards says to Don
DUCTION Quixote, '*á este pecador le dieron tormento y confesó su delito*'; the unmistakable meaning of which simple passage is that 'they tortured this sinner and he confessed his crime.' The likeness between 'delight' and '*delito*' is of exquisite suggestion, and forthwith a frolic humour impels Shelton to record that 'he confessed his delight.' He reads of '*la reina convertida en una dama particular llamada Dorotea, con otros sucesos*'; and with invincible gaiety he manifests you 'the Queen transformed into a particular lady called Dorotea, with other successes.' The same tendency to the servile-exact is displayed in his treatment of the everyday verb *desmayarse* (= to faint or swoon). He detects Cardenio denouncing '*el mudable de la desmayada traidora*,' and straightway transfixes Luscinda as 'the mutable and dismaied traytresse.' A fresh temptation recurs in the expressions '*voz desmayada*' and '*persona enferma y des-*
The Travesty *mayada*'; and here again our Shelton unflinchingly maintains his repute with a 'dismaied voice' and a 'sicke and dismayed person.' Moved by the same honourable intent, he does justice to '*prosiguió en sus maldiciones*' by a declaration that 'he prosecuted his maledictions'; and his persistent loyalty hinders him from perverting '*todos eran suspensos*' into any form less literal than 'all were suspended.' Now and then he lends the right heroi-farcical touch. Thus when Cervantes describes the feigned fury of Camila, Shelton appreciates the opportunity of a lifetime and matches the occasion by picturing how 'shee praunced 'up and downe the roome with the poyniard naked in her 'hand, with such long and unmeasurable strides, and making

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‘withal such gestures, as she rather seemed defective of
 ‘wit, and a desperate ruffian, then a delicate woman.’ An
 inimitable attachment to the letter (or to a part of it)
 will lead this incorruptible interpreter to tamper with
 statistics, but not to juggle with figures. He beholds ‘*tres*
azumbres,’ a measure of some six quarts: but, since ‘*tres*’
 is unquestionably ‘three,’ Shelton upholds the numeral,
 and generously doubles the quantity into ‘three gallons.’
 The passion for literality spurs him to invention: wherefore
 ‘*irremediables*’ becomes ‘irremedillesse,’ and ‘*altisonante*’
 grows nobler as ‘altisonant.’ Concerning this last con-
 trivance, it irks to learn that Sidney anticipated it, but
 Milton ignored.

But at call, despite his crazy prepossession, Shelton can
 turn about and treat the Spanish with a gallant contumely
 of his own. To a silk vendor walking the Alcaná of
 Toledo ‘a certaine boy by chance would have sold divers
 old quires and scrowles of bookes.’ The silk vendor hides
 behind a mask no denser than ‘*sedero*’; but, either the
 word *sedero* is banished from the Sheltonian vocabulary,
 or the connexion is deemed base, and lo! the silk vendor
 ruffles it as ‘a Squire.’ That ‘*tuñendo*’ is a term applied to
 stringed instruments was doubtless within Shelton’s know-
 ledge; but he has gone through the pastoral school, and
 observes the convention by the insertion of ‘piping,’ where-
 unto follows the ‘singing of Roundelayes, and playing on
 a Croud.’ Doubtless, in some cases, an apparent blunder is
 but the slip of a man in a hurry. The ‘*pastor sardo*’ who
 passes as a ‘Sardinicall Poet,’ had surely taken another
 guise in the course of that revision, the lack of which, as

THE FIRST PART OF THE

RO- recorded in the Letter Dedicatory, 'did at the first some-
TION what disgust mee.' In other instances, Shelton had pleaded Johnson's excuse of pure ignorance. There might be a doubt as to whether the '*esparraguera*' on the shield of Espartafileardo of the Wood connotes one asparagus plant or more; but Shelton boggles not at petty subtleties, and bids you mark that the redoubtable fighter had 'for his device a Harrow.' '*Aquel pastor de marras, Ambrosio*' ('that shepherd of the other day, Ambrosio') has puzzled more than one subsequent translator, not to speak of commentators sundered from Covarrubias and other builders of lexicons; and for Shelton the difficulty was greater, inasmuch as the Brussels Edition, maintaining a misprint in the *Princeps*, delivers the passage as '*aquel pastor de Marias, Ambrosio*.' Shelton resolves the crux at sight, and, conferring an additional name upon the man, despatches him in a twinkling as a writer in the pastoral kind known to fame as 'Marias Ambrosio his Sheepheard.' The Host Juan Palomeque bore the epithet of *el zurdo*, as who should say 'the left-handed'; but '*zurdo*' and *sordo* are ranked as synonyms, and the Innkeeper takes place as 'Palomeque the deafe.' The like valour in facing an obstacle incited Shelton to transform the clause, '*Porque la boca de la boxina está encima de la cabeça*,' into 'For the mouth of the fish is over the head.' The true meaning is that 'the mouth of the Horn is overhead'; but Shelton recks not of the Little Bear and accepts '*bocina*' as a legitimate variant of *pesce* or *piscina*. Downright errors are presented, but in less profusion than might be conceived. A notable instance occurs in Don Quixote's letter to Dulcinea where '*el llagado*

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

de las telas del corazon—the pierced-to-the-heart's core— is construed 'the hurt by the Darts of thy heart.' A still finer example of fallibility is offered in the First Chapter of the book. '*Duelos y quebrantos los sábados*,' writes Cervantes, thereby baiting a dangerous trap for all to follow him. Shelton was the first to attempt the solution, and it interests to compare his results with those of his contemporaries, all working in the dark before M. Morel Fatio's time.¹ Oudin renders the words by '*des œufs et du lard les* *Duelos y quebrantos* *Samedis*'; in Franciosini they appear as '*il sabbato frittate rognose*.' The earliest Dictionary of the Spanish Academy limits the use of the expression to La Mancha, and warrants it to mean an omelette of brains. Pellicer—*raro inventor*, like the Master, but in devious ways—contrives the fable that the Manchegan herdsmen brought to the farmers the week's 'braxies,' that the broken bones (*quebrantados*) were salted, and that the loss of the beasts caused grief (*duelos*) to the owners. The Pellicerian legend is obviously ridiculous, and the phrase is nothing more, as M. Morel Fatio demonstrates, than a common binary form (akin to bubble-and-squeak) applied to the *grosura* or offal—the head, trotters, tail, and tripe—which Spaniards were allowed to eat on Saturdays. Shelton, however, lived in the dark ages; and, passing by the inevitable 'braxy,' he jots down 'griefes and complaints the Saturdays,' without concern as to the meaning and, indubitably, without a notion that he was face to face with a conundrum. So also he takes '*norria*'

INTRO-
DUCTION

*Duelos y
quebrantos*

Morel Fatio

¹ *Études Romanes dédiées à Gaston Paris . . . par ses élèves français et ses élèves étrangers des pays de langue française* (Paris, 1891). Pp. 407-418.

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- (=a water-wheel) for a town. In no single instance does he
 DUCATION consult John Minsheu's *Dictionarie in Spanish and English* (1599), 'enlarged and amplified with many thousand words' from Richard Percivale; nor had Minsheu helped him to grapple with *duelos y quebrantos* or with *noria*. But the translator spurns the lexicographer and advances dauntless in his own wild way.

*El Imposible
 Vencido*

Whimsies

It is undeniable that in the resolution of a chance problem like '*el sastre del Cantillo*,' Shelton courts disaster with 'the Taylour that dwells in a corner'; but in sum Sancho's hurricane of proverbs is reported with enviable exactitude. '*Plegue á Dios que orégano sea*' might daunt any translator who knew not that *orégano* was wild marjoram; and here had Minsheu aided, with his report of 'an herbe called Origanie, or wild Marierom.' But, pedantry apart, the suggestion remains in the fervent utterance:—'I pray God, that it be a purchase of gold.' In the search for the impeccable phrase, Shelton will find himself smitten with a pious scruple: and here, veiling his face before '*Dios poderoso*,' he will invoke 'Almighty Jove.' When the whim takes him he will omit a line or two entire. In the colloquy following upon the downfall of the Biscayan, there is mention of the cheapness of Fierebras his balsam. Hereon Sancho pointedly inquires why his Lord delays teaching him to make it:—'*Pecador de mí, replicó Sancho, ¿pues á qué aguarda vuestra merced á hacelle y á enseñármelo?*' To Shelton's judgment the question is impertinent, and is instantly suppressed. Among such changes are certain positive improvements. The idea of a long-legged Sancho is nothing short of revolting, and

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

INTRO- DUCTION

(if it be not a burlesque transcription of the woodcuts in the books of chivalry) the original phrase, '*las zancas largas*,' is unhappy ; but Shelton's dramatic sense comes to the rescue, and appropriately endows the flower of Esquires with 'thick legges.' Dorotea announces that Don Quixote's renown has spread abroad 'not only in Spayne, but also in' La Mancha ; the admirable Shelton scents danger of an anti-climax and La Mancha finds itself displaced by Æthiopia. Nor do his embellishments pause here. Cervantes may choose to write of Amadís, of Felixmarte of Hircania, and of Tirant lo Blanch, as commemorated by Mossen Ioanot Martorell and his assistant 'lo magnifich caviller Mossen Johan de Gralla' ; but the name of Don Belianís de Grecia quite vanquishes Shelton's patience, and, in a fine burst of patriotism, he strikes a blow for England with the splendid interpolation of 'Sir Bevis of Hampton, Sir Guy of Warwick, Sir Eglemore, with divers others of that nation and 'age.' Where Cervantes dallies with sentiment, his English interpreter follows him, overtakes and matches him in ornamentation of the *culto* taste. '*La lastimada Dorotea*' shines as 'the sweetly grieved Dorotea' ; and even the matter-of-fact Castilian '*puso Luscinda en Cardenio los ojos*' is metamorphosed into 'Luscinda first severing her eyelids, beheld Cardenio.' Nay, the translator will create the opportunity, if it do not exist. So is it where Cervantes briefly states that Dorotea 'sighed deeply and, breaking silence, spoke.' '*Dando ella un profundo suspiro, rompió el silencio y dijo*' is a clause as simple as was ever writ ; but Shelton recalls Marcela's vapourings, perceives that here his author falls below the irreducible level of altisonance, and transfigures

Euphuisms

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- DUCATION all to purple and vermillion in his imaging of how the heroine was wooed 'at last to make a breach on her tedious 'silence, and with a profound sigh, blow open her curall 'gates.'

VII

Achievement Shelton's title to remembrance is based upon the broadest grounds. He had no sympathy for the arid accuracy that juggles with a gerund or toys with the crabbed subjunctive. From the subtleties of syntax, as from the bonds of prosody, he sallies free; and the owls of pedantry have bitterly resented his arrogant disdain for them and theirs. And they have sought to avenge themselves, after their manner, by reproaching him with taking a disjunctive for an interjection, and with the confounding of predicate and subject. They act after their kind. But Shelton's view of his function was ampler and nobler than the hidebound grammarian's. He appeals to the pure lover of literature; and as a man of letters he survives. He brought to the execution of his enterprise an endowment and a temperament such as no later rival could pretend to boast. And his circumstances favoured him. He not only had the happy fortune to discover and appreciate an incomparable book: he was admirably fitted to comprehend its spirit and to diffuse its interpretation. He lived in the very age of Cervantes; he had himself suffered from the malady of Knight-Errantry; he looked with the eye of a contemporary; he owned an alert intelligence, a perfect sympathy for his author's theme, and a vocabulary of exceeding wealth and rarity. Moreover, and above all things,

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

INTRO- DUCTION

he was an Elizabethan, a contemporary of Shakespeare's, nurtured on the marrow of lions, and blessed with the clear accent of that spacious age. His language is ever fitted to the incident, whether he be concerned with the Rhodian bombast of the heroic madman or with the homely wisdom and shrewd sententiousness of Sancho Panza. He is always at his ease and, in the most trying case, he remains natural, unspotted from affectation. From later versions, however superior in mere scholarship, there is never absent a sense of strain and effort. Safe from the pitfalls of anachronism and the possibilities of Wardour-Street English, Shelton despatches his phrase with address and vigour; the atmosphere of the book is his own, and his perspective is naturally just. It were too much to say that so had Cervantes written in English; but equity demands the admission that his manner is more nearly attained by Shelton than by any successor. This first translator is never lacking in a shrewd equivalent for an idiomatic phrase. '*En lo de la valentía no le iba en zaga,*' asserts Cervantes of Don Galaor; and Shelton responds with:—'In matters of valour, he did not bate him an ace.' Again, for '*despuntas de agudo*' his pregnant reading is 'thy frumps nippe.' In reproducing the rodomontade in praise of Dulcinea he is successful as her impassioned lover:—'There drops not, I say, from her that 'which thou sayest, but Amber and Civet, among bombase; 'and she is not blinde of an eye, or crooke-backt, but is 'straighter then a spindle of Guadarama.' Of marginal illustration he shows the wise economy of a writer who knows his readers to be fellows of parts. 'The title of a 'Marquesse,' he informs you, 'is less then that of an Earle

THE FIRST PART OF THE

RO- 'in Spaine.' He notes an allusion to one who knew 'a better
TION 'and more ancient language' than the Arabic; and, with
nimble resource, he annotates 'To wit, a Jew.' Or, observe
him on a great occasion, in the famous celebration of 'the
happier Age of Gold':—'Happy time, and fortunate ages
'were those, whereon our Ancestors bestowed the title of
'Goulden, not because Gold (so much prized in this our
'yron age) was gotten in that happy time, without any
'labours, but because those which lived in that time, knew
'not these two words, *Thine* and *Mine*, in that holy age
'all things were in common: No man needed for his
'ordinarie sustenance to doe ought else then lift up his
'hand, and take it from the strong Oke, which did liberally
'invite them to gather his sweete and savory fruit. The
'cleare fountaines, and running rivers, did offer them these
'savorie and transparent Waters in magnificent abundance.
'In the cliffs of rocks and hollow trees did the carefull and
rand 'discreete bees erect their commonwealth, offering to every
'hand without interest, the fertile croppe of their sweetest
'travailes. The loftie Corke tree did dismisse, of them-
'selves without any other art then that of their native
'liberalitie, their broad and light rindes. Wherewithall
'houses were at first covered, being sustained by rustically
'stakes, to none other end, but for to keepe backe the
'inclemencies of the Ayre. All then was peace, all amitie,
'and all concord.' In narrative, as in description, the Eng-
lishman vies with the Spaniard in dignity, grace, and fleet-
ness. Harken to him reviewing the multitudinous hosts
that march beneath the banners of the Lord of the Silver
Bridge, of Timonel, Prince of New Biskaye, and other chiefs

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

no less dread and invincible:—‘This first squadron con-
 ‘taineth folke of many Nations, in it are those which taste
 ‘the sweet waters of famous Xante. The Mountainous
 ‘men that tread the Masilicall fields. Those that doe sift
 ‘the most pure and rare gold of Arabia Fœlix. Those that
 ‘possessed the famous and delightfull bankes of cleare
 ‘Termodonte. Those that let bloud many and sundry
 ‘waies the golden Pactolus. The Numides unstedfast in
 ‘their promise. The Persians famous for Archers. The
 ‘Parthes and Medes that fight flying. The Arabs, incon-
 ‘stant in their dwellings. The Scithes as cruell as white.
 ‘The Æthiops of boared lips, and other infinite Nations,
 ‘whose faces I know and behold, although I have forgotten
 ‘their denominations. In that other army come those that
 ‘taste the Christaline streames of the Olive-bearing Betis
 ‘. . . Those that recreate themselves in the Elisean fields of
 ‘Xerez. The rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy eares
 ‘of corne: Those apparelled with yron, the ancient relikes
 ‘of the Gothish bloud. Those that bathe themselves in
 ‘Pisuerga, renowned for the smoothnesse of his current.
 ‘Those that feed their flocks in the vast fields of the
 ‘wreathing Guadiana, so celebrated for his hidden course.
 ‘Those that tremble through the cold of the bushy Pirens,
 ‘and the lofty Apenines. Finally, all those that Europe
 ‘in itself containeth.’ Or, again, let Shelton vindicate by
 argument the pomp, the repute, and the benignity of arms
 when Vivaldo holds the calling for ‘one of the most austere
 ‘professions in the world,’ so that ‘even that of the Charter-
 ‘house Monkes is not neere so straight’:—‘It may be as
 ‘straight as our profession, quoth Don Quixote, but that

INTRO-
 DUCTION

The Romance
 of Names

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- ' it should be so necessary for the world, I am within the
DUCTION ' breadth of two fingers to call in doubt. For if wee would
' speake a truth, the souldier that puts in execution his Cap-
' taines commaund, doth no lesse then the very Captaine
' that commaunds him. Hence I inferre, that religious men
' doe with all peace and quietnesse seeke of heaven the good
' of the earth; but souldiers and we Knights doe put in
' execution that which they demand, defending it with the
' valour of our armes, and files of our swords: not under
' any rooffe, but under the wide heavens, made as it were in
' Summer a marke to the insupportable Sunne-beames and
' in winter to the rage of withering frosts. So that wee are
' the ministers of God on earth, and the armes wherewith
His Triumph ' he executeth here his justice.' Cervantes abounds not
greatly in purple patches; but, where the Castilian original
affords the occasion, Shelton rarely fails to seize and match
it. So, with inimitable felicity of phrase and setting, with sus-
tained sonority and splendour, in passages of uncommon
majesty, he continues his deliverance of a classic master-
piece of Spain. And comparison with others serves but to
enhance the merit of his exploit. With all his ungrateful
contempt for translators and their work, Cervantes himself
had been the foremost to applaud the breadth and gusto
of a performance still unrivalled—at least in English—for
simplicity, force, and beauty.

VIII

Seed of
Cervantes

Thus Shelton: thus no competitor. And it rejoices to
believe that he had his reward in the general acceptance,
xlv

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

in a vogue that rested, and seems like to rest, permanent. **INTRO-**
In a very rare, if not unique, pamphlet by Robert Anton **DUCTION**
there is corroborative evidence of the fact. Anton's *Morion-
machia*, 'imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, 1613,'
closes with a mention of the 'little dangerous Combate' Anton
between 'Don Quishotte and the Barbor, about Mambrinoes
'inchaunted Helmet'; and the assumption clearly is that
every reader would grasp the allusion. That *The Knight of
the Burning Pestle* should derive from Shelton is a thing of Fletcher
course: and that Dulcinea hit the popular taste appears
probable from an entry in the Register of the Stationers'
Company on May 22, 1615, concerning the intention of John
White and Thomas Langley to print 'the ballet of Dulcina
to the tune of *fforgoe me nowe, come to me sone*.' More inter-
esting it were to establish that Shakespeare (who read every thing) knew Cervantes through Shelton's good offices. Un- Shirley
luckily the play called *The History of Cardenio*¹ has perished:
nor can it be demonstrated that Shakespeare had a hand in
it, though many wilder assertions are made and believed. Shakespeare
But a brief statement of the facts may be permitted. Among
the Rawlinson mss. in the Bodleian Library there exists
'The Accompte of the right honorable the Lord Stanhope
'of Harrington, Treasurer of his Majesties Chamber, for all
'such Somes of money as hath beine receaved and paied
'by him within his Office from the feaste of S^t Michaell
'Tharchangell, *Anno Regni Regis Jacobi decimo*, untill the

¹ There exists *The Double Falsehood*; or, *The Distrest Lovers*, said to be
'Written originally by W. Shakespeare; And now Revised and Adapted
to the Stage by Mr. Theobald, the Author of *Shakespeare restored*.' Based on
Cardenio's story and published in 1728, the play is thought by Dyce to be the
work of Shirley.

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- ' feaste of S^t Michaell, *Anno Regni Regis Jacobi undecimo*,
 DUCTION ' conteynynge one whole yeare': to wit the year 1612-13. The
 account includes entries of moneys, disbursed in virtue of a
 Warrant in Council, for the representation of various plays;
 and of the charges detailed in Lord Stanhope of Harrington's
 bill this note is significant:—' Item, paid to John Heminges
 ' uppon lyke warrant, dated at Whitehall ix^o die Julij 1613
 ' for himself and the rest of his fellowes his Majesties ser-
 ' vauntes and Players for presentinge a play before the Duke
 ' of Savoye's Embassadour on the viij daye of June, 1613,
 ' called *Cardenna*, the some of vj^{li} xiiij^s iiij^d.' Whereunto
The History succeeds the confirmation:—' Item paid to John Heminges
f Cardenio ' vppon the Cowncells warrant dated att Whitehall xx^o die
 ' Maij 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Highnes the
 ' Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Pallatyne Elector fowerteene
 ' severall playes, viz: one play called *ffilaster*, one other
 ' called the Knott of fooles, One other Much adoe abowte
 ' nothinge. The Mayeds Tragedy, The merye dyvell of
 ' Edmonton, The Tempest, A Kinge and no Kinge, The
 ' Twins Tragedie, The Winters Tale, Sir John *ffalstaffe*,
 ' The Moore of Venice, The Nobleman, Cæsars Tragedye,
 ' And one other called Love lyes a bleedinge, All which
 ' Playes weare played with-in the tyme of this Accompte,
 ' viz: paid the some of iiij^{xx} xiiij^{li} vj^s viij^d':—' Item,
 ' paid to the said John Heminges vppon the lyke warrant,
 ' dated at Whitehall xx^o die Maij 1613 for presentinge sixe
 ' severall playes, viz: one playe called a badd beginninge
 ' make a good endinge, One other called [the] *Capteyne*,
 ' One other the *Alcumist*, One other *Cardenno*, One other
 ' Hotspur. And one other called *Benedicte* and *Betteris*,
 xlviii

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

‘ All played within the tyme of this Accompte viz: paid
 ‘ flortie poundes, and by way of his Majesties rewarde
 ‘ twentie powndes, In all lx^{li}.’ From these exchequer
 tallies it is gathered that *The History of Cardenio* ranked
 beside *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Tempest*, *The
 Winter’s Tale*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, or, mayhap,
 the First Part of *Henry the Fourth*, *Othello*, and *Julius
 Cæsar*. The existence of a play based on Cardenio’s story
 needs no corroboration; but the books of the Stationers’
 Company afford a clew as to its authors:—‘September
 ‘ ye 9th 1653. Mr. Mosely, Entred also for his Copies
 ‘ the severall playes following xx^s vj^d . . . *The History
 ‘ of Cardenio* by Mr. Fletcher and Shakespeare’ . . . The
 evidence is scanty and is not decisive; but, so far as it
 is relevant, it tends to support the stage tradition that
 Shakespeare and Fletcher collaborated in a drama founded
 on an episode in *Don Quixote*, given in 1613, at the Globe
 Theatre in Blackfriars. In view of the play’s disappearance, Cervantes
 it is impossible to show the connexion between Shelton and Shelton
 Shakespeare on the one side, and Cervantes and Shakespeare Shakespeare
 on the other: it suffices to say that the tradition offers no
 intrinsic unlikelihood, and such evidence as exists is in its
 favour. But the matter is exposed to the puzzle-headed
 ingenuity, not to say the dogmatic assurance, of the theory-
 monger; and strange results follow. One artist in assertion
 lays it down that the missing play is but the first draft of
Love’s Pilgrimage taken from Cervantes’ novel, *Las dos Don-
 cellas*; and the conclusion runs that ‘surely this is the
 ‘ Cardenna—Cardenno—Cardenio—Cardina—Cardena—
 ‘ Cardenas play.’ To the theory-monger all things are

INTRO-
 DUCATION

THE FIRST PART OF THE

INTRO- possible; but a comparison of dates is fatal. That *The*
DUCTION *History of Cardenio* was acted before the king by His
Majesty's Players in 1612-13, and that it was repeated before
the Savoyard Ambassador on June 8, 1613, is shown by the
official accounts. Now, *Las dos Doncellas* is the ninth in
order of Cervantes' *Novelas Exemplares*, the *Aprobación* of
which was signed by Alonso Gerónimo de Salas Barbadillo,
on August 8, 1613; and the *Tasa*, signed by Hernando
Anti-Pedant de Vallejo, is dated a day later. The latest theory, then,
resolves itself in this wise: a dramatic version of *Las*
dos Doncellas was current in England at least two months
before the publication of the original in Spain. As that
conclusion is irrational, what remains of the theory is
discredited; and it is justifiable to think that the play
attributed to Shakespeare and Fletcher came direct from
Don Quixote. And if it did so come, then it is not rash
to assume that Shakespeare found the story in Shelton's
version.

IX

The *Editio*
Princeps

That version is here reprinted for the first time from
the excessively rare Edition of 1612. Heretofore Editors,
mistaking the Second Edition for the first, have reproduced
the changed Reprint of 1620, a book by contrast common.
If Shakespeare in truth knew Cervantes, he knew him as
here revealed, the author of what Macaulay pronounced
to be 'certainly the best novel in the world, beyond all
comparison.' It may well be that Shelton closed the First
Part with no great belief in the promise of a Second; for
the concluding words, misquoted from the *Orlando Furioso*,

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

are as vague as may be:—*Forse altro canterà con miglior plettro*. Howbeit, though Shelton suppresses the final Ariostan line, it cannot be doubted that he did so, in the sure and certain hope that, if a continuation should be forthcoming, to him might fall the honour of Englishing it. And so—as we shall see—it proved.

INTRO-
DUCTION

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

NOTE

*The text of the First Part
is reprinted from the
Editio Princeps of
1612*

**THE HISTORY OF
THE VALOROUS AND WITTIE
KNIGHT-ERRANT
DON-QUIXOTE
OF THE MANCHA**

**TRANSLATED
OUT OF THE SPANISH**

1612



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HIS VERIE GOOD LORD
THE LORD OF WALDEN, ETC.



INE Honourable Lord; having
Translated some five or sixe yeares
agoe, *The Historie of Don-Quixote*,
out of the Spanish Tongue, into
the English, in the space of forty
daies: being therunto more then halfe enforced,
through the importunitie of a very deere friend,
that was desirous to understand the subject:
After I had given him once a view thereof, I
cast it aside, where it lay long time neglected in
a corner, and so little regarded by me as I never
once set hand to review or correct the same.
Since when, at the intreatie of others my friends,
I was content to let it come to light, condition-
ally, that some one or other would peruse and
amend the errours escaped; my many affaires

THE
EPISTLE
DEDICA-
TORY

THE FIRST PART OF THE

hindering mee from undergoing that labour. Now I understand by the Printer, that the Copie was presented to your Honour: which did at the first somewhat disgust mee, because as it must passe, I feare much, it will prove farre unworthy, either of your Noble view or protection. Yet since it is mine, though abortive, I doe humbly intreate, that your Honour will lend it a favourable countenance, thereby to animate the parent thereof to produce in time some worthier subject, in your Honourable Name, whose many rare vertues have already rendred me so highly devoted to your service, as I will some day give very evident tokens of the same, and till then I rest,

Your Honours most affectionate
servitor,

THOMAS SHELTON.

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

THE AUTHORS PREFACE TO THE READER



T*HOU maist beleve mee (gentle Reader) without swearing, that I could willingly desire this booke (as a child of understanding) to be the most beautifull, gallant, and discreet, that might possibly bee imagined. But I could not transgresse the order of Nature, wherein every thing begets his like : which being so, what could my sterile and il-tild wit ingender, but the history of a dry tosted, and humorous son, full of various thoughts and conceits never before imagined of any other : much like one who was ingendred within some noysome prison, where all discommodities have taken possession, and all dolefull noyses made their habitation ? seeing that rest, pleasant places, amenitie of the fieldes, the cheerefulnesse of cleere skie, the murmuring noyse of the Cristall fountaines, and the quiet repose of the spirit, are great helpes for the most barren Muses to shew themselves fruitfull, and to bring forth into the world such births as may enrich it with admiration and delight. It oft-times befals, that a father hath a child both by birth evil-favoured and quite devoide of all perfection, and yet the love that hee beares him is such, as it casts a maske over his eies, which hinders his discerning of the faults and simplicities thereof, and makes him rather to deeme them discretions and beauty, and so tels them to his friends, for wittie jests and conceits. But I (though in shew a Father, yet in truth but a step-father to Don-Quixote) will not be born away by the violent current of the modern custome now a daies, and therefore intreate thee, with the teares almost in mine eies as many others are wont to doe, (most deare Reader) to pardon and dissemble the faults which thou shalt discern in this my*

THE FIRST PART OF THE

TO THE
READER

sonne: for thou art neither his kinsman nor friend, and thou hast thy soule in thy body, and thy free wil therein as absolute as the best, and thou art in thine owne house wherein thou art as absolute a Lord, as the King is of his subsidies, and thou knowest well the common Proverbe, that 'under my cloake a fig for the King,' all which doth exempt thee, and makes thee free from all respect and obligation; and so thou maist boldly say of this history whatsoever thou shalt think good without feare either to be controlled for the evil, or rewarded for the good that thou shalt speake thereof.

I would very faine have presented it unto thee pure and naked, without the ornament of a Preface, or the rabblement and Catalogue of the wonted Sonnets, Epigrams, Poems, Elegies, etc. which are wont to bee put at the beginning of bookes. For I dare say unto thee, that (although it cost me some paines to compose it) yet in no respect did it equalize that which I took to make this preface which thou dost now reade. I tooke oftentimes my pen in my hand to write it, and as often set it downe again, as not knowing what I should write, and being once in a muse with my paper before me, my pen in mine eare, mine elbow on the table, and my hand on my cheeke, imagining what I might write, there entred a friend of mine unexpectedly, who was a very discret and pleasantly witted man: who seeing me so pensative, demanded of me the reason of my musing: and not concealing it from him, said, that I bethought my selfe on my Preface I was to make to Don-Quixotes history, which did so much trouble me, as I neither meane to make any at all, nor publish the history of the acts of so noble a knight. For how can I chuse (quoth I) but bee much confounded at that which the old legislator (the Vulgar) will say, when it sees that after the end of so many yeeres (as are spent since I first slept in the bosome of oblivion) I come out loaden with my gray haire, and bring with me a booke as dry as a keze, void of invention, barren of good Phrase, poore of conceits, and altogether empty both of learning and eloquence: without quotations on the margents, or annotations in the end of the book, wherewith I see other books are still adorned, be they never so idle, fabulous, and prophane: so full of sentences of Aristotle and Plato and the

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other crew of the Philosophers, as admires the Readers, and makes them beleve that these Authors are very learned and eloquent. And after, when they cite Plutarch or Cicero, what can they say, but that they are the sayings of S. Thomas or other Doctors of the Church: observing herein so ingenious a Methode, as in one line they will paint you an enamoured gull, and in the other will lay you down a little seeming devout sermon, so that it is a great pleasure and delight to reade or heare it, all which things must bee wanting in my booke, for neither have I any thing to cite on the margent, or note in the end, and much lesse doe I know what Authors I follow, to put them at the beginning as the custome is, by one letter of the A B C beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, or in Zoylus or Zeuxis. Although the one was a Railer, and the other a Painter. So likewise shall my booke want sonnets at the beginning, at least such sonnets, whose Authors bee Dukes, Marquesses, Earles, Bishops, Ladies, or famous Poets. Although if I would demand them of two or three Artificers of mine acquaintance, I know they would make mee some such, as those of the most renowned in Spaine would in no wise be able to equall or compare with them.

Finally, good sir, and my very deer friend, (quoth I) I do resolve that Sir Don-Quixote remain intombed among the old records of the Mancha, untill heaven ordaine some one to adorne him with the many graces that are yet wanting: for I finde my selfe wholly unable to remedy them, through mine insufficiencie and little learning: and also because I am naturally lazye and unwilling to goe searching for authors to say that, which I can say well enough without them. And hence proceeded the perplexity and extasie wherein you found me plunged. My friend hearing that, and striking himselfe on the fore head, after a long and loud laughter, said: In good faith friend, I have now at last delivered my selfe of a long and intricate error wherewith I was possessed all the time of our acquaintance; for hitherto I accounted thee ever to be discreet and prudent in all thy actions, but now I see plainly, that thou art as farre from that I tooke thee to bee, as Heaven is from the Earth.

How is it possible, that things of so small moment, and so

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ease to bee redressed, can have force to suspend and swallow up so ripe a wit as yours hath seemed to be, and so fitted to break up and trample over the greatest difficulties that can be propounded. This proceeds not in good sooth from defect of will, but from superfluitie of slouth, and penury of discourse: wilt thou see whether that I say bee true or no? Listen then attentively a while, and thou shalt perceive how in the twinkling of an eye, I wil confound all the difficulties, and supply all the wants which doe suspend, and affright thee from publishing to the World, 'The History of thy famous Don-Quixote, the light and mirrour of all Knighthood Errant.'

Say I pray thee quoth I (hearing what hee had said,) after what manner doest thou thinke to replenish the vacuity of my feare, and reduce the Chaos of my confusion to any cleernes and light? And he replyed, The first thing whereat thou stopst, of Sonnets, Epigrams, Eglogues, etc. (which are wanting for the beginning, and ought to bee written by grave and noble persons) may be remedied, if thou thy selfe wilt but take a little paine to compasse them, and thou maist after name them as thou pleasest, and father them on Prester Iohn of the Indians, or the Emperour of Trapisonde, whom I know were held to be famous Poets, and suppose they were not, but that some pedantes and presumptuous fellowes would backbite thee, and murmur against this truth, thou needst not waigh them two strawes for although they could prove it to be an untruth, yet cannot they cut off thy hand for it.

As touching Citations in the margent, and authors out of whom thou mayst collect sentences and sayings, to insert in thy history, there is nothing else to be done, but to bobbe into it some latine sentences, that thou knowest already by roat, or mayst get easily with a little labour: as for example, when thou treatest of libertie and thraldome, thou mayst cite that, 'Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro': and presently quote Horace, or he whosoever els that said it on the margent. If thou shouldst speak of the power of death, have presently recourse to that, of 'Pallida mors equo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque turrets.' If of the instability of friends, thou hast at hand Cato freely offering his distichon. 'Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos. Tempora si fuerint

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nubila, solus eris. If of riches, '*quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca, tantum habet et fidei.*' If of love, '*Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*' And so with these latine authorities and other such like, they will at least account thee a good Grammarian, and the being of such a one is of no little honour and profite in this our age. As touching the addition of annotations in the end of thy booke thou maist boldly observe this course. If thou namest any Giant in thy booke procure that it bee the Giant Goliah, and with this alone (which almost will cost thee nothing) thou hast gotten a faire annotation, for thou maiest say, The Giant Goliah or Goliath was a Philistine, whom the shepheard David slew with the blow of a stone in the vale of Terebintho, as is recounted in the booke of Kings, in the Chapter wherein thou shalt find it written.

After all this, to shew that thou art learned in humane letters and a Cosmographer, take some occasion to make mention of the river Tagus, and thou shalt presently finde thy selfe stored with an other notable notation, saying the river Tagus was so called of a king of Spaine, it takes its beginning from such a place, and dies in the Ocean Seas, kissing first the Wallles of the famous Citie of Lisborne: And some are of opinion, that the sands thereof are of gold, etc. If thou wilt treat of theeves, I will recite the Historie of Cacus to thee, for I know it by memory. If of Whoores or Curtezans, there thou hast the Bishop of Mondonnedo, who will lend thee Lamia, Layda, and Flora, whose annotation will gaine thee no small credit. If of cruell persons, Ovid will tender Medea. If of Inchaunters or Witches, Homer hath Calipso, and Virgil Circe. If of valorous Captaines, Julius Cæsar shall lend himselfe in his Commentaries to thee, and Plutarch shall give thee a thousand Alexanders. If thou dost treat of love, and hast but two ounces of the Thuscane language, thou shalt incounter with Lion the Hebrew, who will replenish thy vessels with store in that kinde, but if thou wilt not travell for it into strange Countries, thou hast here at home in thy house Fonseca of the love of God, wherein is deciphered all that either thou, or the most ingenious capacitie can desire to learne of that subject. In conclusion, there is

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nothing else to be done, but that thou only indeavour to name those names, or to touch those Histories in thine owne which I have here related, and leave the adding of Annotations and citations unto me, for I doe promise thee that I will both fill up the margent, and also spend foure or five sheetes of advantage at the end of the Booke.

Now let us come to the citation of Authors, which other Bookes have, and thine wanteth, the remedie hereof is very easie, for thou needest doe nought else but seeke out a Booke that doth quote them all from the letter A untill Z as thou saidst thy selfe but even now, and thou shalt set that very same alphabet to thine own Booke. For although the little necessitie that thou hadst to use their assistance in thy worke, will presently convict thee of falshood, it maks no matter, and perhaps there may not a few bee found so simple, as to beleeve that thou hast holpe thy selfe in the Narration of thy most simple and sincere Historie, with all their authorities. And though that large Catalogue of Authors do serve to none other purpose; yet will it at least give some authoritie to the Booke at the first blush: and the rather, because none will bee so mad as to stand to examine whether thou dost follow them or no, seeing they can gaine nothing by the matter. Yet if I doe not erre in the consideration of so waightie an affaire, this Booke of thine needes none of all these things, for as much as it is onely an invective against Bookes of Knighthood, a subject whereof Aristotle never dreamed, Saint Basil said nothing, Cicero never heard any word. Nor doe the punctualities of trueth, nor observations of Astrologie fall within the Spheare of such fabulous Iestings. Nor doe Geometricall dimensions impart it any thing, nor the confutation of arguments usurped by Rhetoricke, nor ought it to Preach unto any the mixture of holy matters with prophane, (a motley wherewith no Christian well should be attyred,) onely it hath neede to helpe it selfe with imitation, for by how much the more it shall excell therein, by so much the more will the worke bee esteemed. And since that thy labour doth ayme at no more, then to diminish the authoritie and acceptance that Bookes of Chivalrie have in the world, and among the vulgar, there is no occasion why thou shouldest goe begging of sentences from

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Philosophers, fables from Poets, Orations from Rhetoricians, or myracles from the Saints, but onely endeavour to deliver with significant, plaine, honest, and welordred words thy Ioviall and cheerefull discourse, expressing as neere as thou maiest possibly thy intention, making thy conceites cleare, and not intricate or dark; and labour also that the melancholy Mare, by the reading thereof, may bee urged to laughter, the pleasant disposition increased, the simple not cloyed; and that the judicious may admire thy invention, the grave not despise it, the prudent applaude it. In conclusion let thy project be to overthrow the ill compiled Machina, and bulke of those Knightly Bookes, abhorred by many, but applauded by more. For if thou bring this to passe, thou hast not achieved a small matter.

I listned with very great attention to my friends speech, and his reasons are so firmly imprinted in my minde, as without making any replie unto them, I approved them all for good, and framed my preface of them. Wherein (sweete Reader) thou maiest perceive my friends discretion, my happinesse to meete with so good a Counsellour at such a pinch, and thine owne ease, in finding so plainely and sincerely related the Historie of the famous Don-Quixote of the Mancha, of whom it is the common opinion of all the inhabitants bordring on the fields of Montiel, that he was the most chaste enamoured, and valiant Knight, that hath beene seene, read, or heard of these many Ages. I will not indeere the benefit and service I have done thee by making thee acquainted with so Noble and Honourable a Knight, but onely doe desire that thou gratifie me for the notice of the famous Sancho Pancha, his Squire, in whom in mine opinion are deciphered all the Squirelike graces dispersed throughout the vaine rout of Knightly Bookes. And herewithall I bid thee farewell, and doe not forget me. Vale.

THE FIRST PART OF THE

CERTAIN SONNETS

written by Knights Errant, Ladies, Squires,
and Horses, in the praise of Don-Quixote,
his Dame, his Squire, and Steed.

AMADIS OF GAULE IN PRAISE OF DON-QUIXOTE

Thou that my dolefull life didst imitate,
When absent, and disdain'd it befell,
Devoid of Ioy, I a repentant state
Did leade, and on the Poore Rock's top did dwell,
Thou that the streames, so often from thine eyes
Didst sucke of scalding teares disgustfull brine:
And without Peuter, Copper, Plate, likewise,
Wast on the bare earth oft constrain'd to dine:
Live of one thing secure eternally,
That whilst bright Phœbus shall his Horses spurre
Through the fourth Spheares dilated Monarchie,
Thy name shall be renownmed, neere and furre.
And as 'mongst Countries, thine is best alone,
So shall thine author, Peeres, on Earth have none.

DON BELIANIS OF GREECE, TO DON-QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

I ~~toke~~, I hackt, abolisht, said and did,
More then Knight Errant else on Earth hath done,
I dextrous, valiant, and so stout beside,
Have thousand wrongs reveng'd, millions undone.

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

I have done acts, that my fame eternize :
In Love I courteous and so Peerelesse was ;
Giants, as if but dwarfs, I did despise :
And yet no time of Love plaints, I let passe.
I have held Fortune prostrate at my feete,
And by my wit seazd on occasions top,
Whose wandring steps, I led where I thought meete,
And though beyond the Moore my soaring hope
Did crowne my hap, with all felicitie :
Yet Great Quixote, doe I still envie thee.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SUNNE ALPHEBO, TO DON-QUIXOTE

My Sword could not at all compare with thine,
Spanish Alphebo ! full of curtesie :
Nor thine armes valour, can be matcht by mine,
Though I was fearde, where dayes both spring and die.
Empires I skorn'd, and the vast Monarchie
Of th' orient ruddie (offred me in vaine)
I left, that I the soveraigne face might see,
Of my Aurora, faire Claridiane,
Whom, as by miracle I surely lov'd :
So banisht by disgrace, even very hell
Quak't at mine arme, that did his furie tame :
But thou, illustrious, Gothe, Quixote ! hast prov'd
Thy valour for Dulcineas sake, so well,
As both on earth have gaind eternall fame.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, PEERE OF FRANCE, TO DON-QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

THOUGH thou are not a Peere, thou hast no peere,
Who might among ten thousand Peeres be one ;
Nor shalt thou never any Peere have heere,
Who ever conquering, vanquisht wast of none.

THE FIRST PART OF THE

Quixote I'me Orlande! that cast-away
For faire Angelica, crost remotest Seas,
And did such Trophies on Fames altar lay,
As passe oblivions wreach, many degrees.
Nor can I be thy Peere, for Peereleanesse,
Is to thy prowes dew and great renoune,
Although I left, as well as thou my wit:
Yet mine thou maist be, if thy good successe
Make thee, the proud Moore tame, and Schite that crowne
Us equals in disgrace, and being fit.

SOLIS DAN, TO DON-QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

MAUGRE the ravings, that are set abroach,
And rumble up and downe thy troubled braine:
Yet none thine acts Quixote can reproach,
Or thy proceedings taxe as vile, or vaine.
Thy feates shal be, thy fairest ornament
(Seeing wrongs to 'ndoe, thou goest thus about)
Although, with blowes, a thousand times y-shent
Thou wert, wel-nigh, yee'ven by the miscreant route.
And if thy faire Dulcinea, shall wrong
By misregard, thy fairer expectation,
And to thy cares will lend no listening eare.
Then let this comfort all thy woes out weare,
That Sancho faild in brokers occupation,
He foolish, cruell shee: thou, without tongue.

THE PRINCES ORIANA OF GREAT BRITTAINE, TO LADY DULCINEA DE TOBOSO

HAPPIE those which, for more commoditie
And ease Dulcinea faire! could bring to passe,
That Greene Witch, where Toboso is might bee
And London chang'd, where thy Knights village was.

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

Happie she that might body and soule adorne
With thy rich livery, and thy hie desire :
And see thy happie Knight by honour borne
In cruell combat, broaching out his Ire.
But happiest she, that might so cleanly scape
From Amadis, as thou hast whilome done
From thy well manerd Knight, Curteous Quixote :
O ! were I shee, I 'de envy now once hap,
And had beene merry, when I most did moane,
And tane my pleasure, without paying shot.

GANDALINE, AMADIS OF GAULES SQUIRE ; TO SANCHO PANÇA, DON-QUIXOTES SQUIRE

HAYLE, famous man ! whom Fortune hath so blist,
When first in Squirelike trade, it thee did place
As thou didst soft and sweetly passe disgrace,
Ere thou thereof the threatning danger wist.
The Shovell or Sickle little doe resist
The wandring exercise ; for nowe 's in grace,
Plaine Squirelike dealing, which doth quite deface,
His pride, that would the Moore boare with his fist.
Thine Asse I joyntly envie and thy name,
And eke thy Wallet I doe emulate ;
An argument of thy great providence :
Haile once againe ; who, cause so good a man,
Thy worthes, our Spanish Ovid does relate,
And lovely chaunts them, with all reverence.

A DIALOGUE BETWEENE BABIECA, HORSE TO THE CID A FAMOUS CONQUEROUR OF SPAINE : AND ROZINANTE DON-QUIXOTES COURSER

BA. How haps it Rozinant, thou art so leane ?
Ro. Because I travaile still, and never eate :
BA. Thy want of Barley and Straw, what doe's it meane ?
Ro. That of my Lord, a bit I cannot get.

THE FIRST PART OF THE

- BA. Away, sir Iade ! you are ill mannered,
Whose Asses tongue, your Lord does thus abase.
- Ro. If you did see how hees enamoured,
You would conclude, that hees the greater Asse.
- BA. Is love a folly ? (Roz.) sure it is no wit.
- BA. Thou art a Metaphisitian, (Roz.) for want of meate.
- BA. Complaine upon the Squire. (Roz.) what profits it ?
Or how shall I my wofull plaints repeate !
Since though the world imputes slownesse to me,
Yet greater Iades, my Lord and Sancho be.

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**THE DELIGHTFULL
HISTORIE OF THE
MOST INGENIOUS KNIGHT
DON-QUIXOTE
OF THE MANCHA**

THE FIRST PART



THE FIRST BOOKE

CHAPTER I

Wherein is rehearsed the calling, and exercises of
the renowned Gentleman Don-Quixote,
of the Mancha.



HERE lived not long since in a certaine vilage of the Mancha, the name wherof I purposely omit, a Yeoman of their calling that use to pile up in their hals old Launces, Halbards, Morrions, and such other armours and weapons. He was besides master of an ancient Target, a leane Stallion, and a swift Greyhound. His pot consisted daily of somewhat more Beefe then Mutton, a little minced meate every night, griefes and complaints the Saturdayes, Lentils on Fridayes, and now and then a Pigeon of respect on Sundayes did consume three parts of his rents: the rest and remnant thereof was spent on a Ierkin of fine Puke, a paire of velvet hose, with pantoffles of the same for the holly-dayes, and one apparell of the finest vesture; for therewithall he honored and set out his person on the worke dayes. Hee had in his house a woman-servant, of about some forty yeares old, and a niese not yet twenty, and a man that served him both in field and at home, and could saddle his horse, and likewise manage a pruning hooke. The Master himselfe was about fifty yeares olde, of a strong complexion, drie flesh, and a withered face:

THE FIRST PART OF THE [LIB.]

CHAPTER

I

Wherein is
rehearsed the
calling, and
exercises of
the renowned
Gentleman
Don-Quixote,
of the
Mancha.

he was an early riser, and a great friend of hunting. Some affirme that his surname was Quixada or Quesada (for in this there is some variance among the authours that write his life) although it may be gathered by very probable conjectures, that he was called Quixana. Yet all this concerns our historicall relation but little; let it then suffice, that in the narration thereof we will not vary a jot from the truth.

You shall therefore wit, that this Yeoman above named the spirits that he was idle (which was the longer part of the yeare) did apply himselfe wholly to the reading of bookes of Knight-hood, and that with such gusts and delights, as he almost wholly neglected the exercise of hunting, yea and the very administration of his household affaires: and his curiosity and folly came to that passe, that he made away many acres of arable land to buy him bookes of that kind; and therefore he brought to his house as many as ever he could get of that subject: and among them all, none pleased him better then those which famous Felician of Silva composed. For the smoothnesse of his prose, with now and then some intricate sentence medled, seemed to him peerlesse; and principally when he did reade the love dalliances, or letters of challenge, that Knights sent to Ladies, or one to another; where, in many places he found written the reason of the unreasonablenesse, which against my reason is wrought, doth so weaken my reason, as with all reason I doe justly complaine on your beauty. And also when he read The high Heavens, which with your divinity doe fortifie you divinely with the starres, and make you deserveresse of the deserts that your greatnesse deserves, etc. With these and other such passages the poore Gentleman grew distracted, and was breaking his braines day and night to understand and unbowell their sense. An endlesse labor, for even Aristotle himselfe would not understand them, though he were againe resuscitated onely for that purpose. He did not like so much the unproportionate blowes that Don Belianis gave and tooke in fight; for, as he imagined, were the Surgeons never so cunning that cured them, yet was it impossible but that

1] HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

the patient his face and all his body must remaine full of scars, and tokens: yet did he praise notwithstanding in the authour of that History, the conclusion of his booke, with the promise of the endlesse adventure, and many times he himselfe had a desire to take pen and finish it exactly as it is there promised; and would doubtlesly have performed it, and that certes with happy successe, if other more urgent and continuall thoughts had not disturbed him.

Many times did he fall at variance with the Curate of his village (who was a learned man, graduated in Ciguenca) touching who was the better Knight, Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaule: but Master Nicholas the Barber of the same towne would affirme, that none of both arrived in worth to the Knight of the Sun; and if any one Knight might paragon with him, it was infallibly Don Galaor, Amadis de Gaules brother, whose nature might fitly be accommodated to any thing; for hee was not so coy and whyning a Knight as his brother, and that in matters of valour, he did not bate him an ace.

In resolution, he plunged himselfe so deeply in his reading of these bookes, as he spent many times in the Lecture of them whole dayes and nights; and in the end, through his little sleepe and much reading, he dryed up his braines in such sort, as he lost wholly his judgement. His fantasie was filled with those things that he read, of enchantments, quarrels, battels, challenges, wounds, woings, loves, tempests, and other impossible follies. And these toyes did so firmly possesse his imagination with an infallible opinion, that all that Machina of dreamed inventions which he read was true, as he accounted no History in the world to be so certaine and sincere as they were. He was wont to say that the *Cid Ruydiaz was a very good Knight, but not to be compared to the Knight of the burning sword, which with one thwart blow cut asunder two fierce and mighty Giants. He agreed better with Bernardo del Carpio, because he slew the enchanted Rowland in Roncesvales. He likewise liked of the shift Hercules used when he smothered Anteon the sonne of the earth betweene his armes. He prayzed the Gyant Morgant marvellously, because though hee was of

CHAPTER

I

Wherein is rehearsed the calling, and exercises of the renowned Gentleman Don-Quixote, of the Mancha.

*A famous Captaine of the Spanish nation.

THE FIRST PART OF THE [LIB.]

CHAPTER

I

Wherein is
rehearsed the
calling, and
exercises of
the renowned
Gentleman
Don-Quixote,
of the
Mancha.

that monstrous progenie, who are commonly all of them proude and rude, yet he onely was affable and courteous. But he agreed best of all with Reynauld of Mount Alban; and most of all then, when he saw him sallie out of his Castle to rob as many as ever hee could meete: and when moreover he robd the Idoll of Mahomet made al of gold, as his History recounts, and would be content to give his soule, yea and his Nies also, for a good oportunity on the traytor Galalon, that he might lamb-skin and trample him into powder.

Finally, his wit being wholly extinguished; he fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever mad-man stumbled on in this world, to wit, it seemed unto him very requisite and behoovefull, as well for the augmentation of his honours, as also for the benefite of the Common-wealth, that he himselfe should become a Knight Errant, and goe throughout the world, with his horse and armor to seeke adventures, and practise in person all that he had read was used by Knights of yoare; revenging of all kinds of injuries, and offering himselfe to occasions and dangers: which being once happily atchieved, might gaine him eternall renowne. The poore soule did already figure himselfe crowned, through the valour of his arme, at least with the Empire of Trape-sonda; and ledde thus by these soothing thoughts, and borne away with the exceeding delight he found in them, he hastened all that he might, to effect his urging desires.

And first of all he caused certaine old rusty armes to be scoured, that belonged to his great Grand-father, and lay many ages neglected, and forgotten in a by-corner of his house; he trimmed them and dressed them the best he mought, and then perceived a great defect they had; for they wanted an helmet, and had only a plain morrion: but he by his industry supplied that want, and framed with certaine papers pasted together, a Beaver for his Morrion. True it is, that to make tryall whether his pasted Beaver was strong enough, and might abide the adventure of a blow, he out with his sword, and gave it a blow or two, and with the very first did quite undoe his whole weekes labour: the facility wherewithall it was dissolved liked him

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nothing; wherefore to assure himselfe better the next time from the like danger, he made it anew, placing certaine iron barres within it, in so artificiall manner, as he rested at once satisfied, both with his invention, and also the sollidity of the worke; and without making a second tryall, he deputed and held it in estimation of a most excellent Beaver. Then did he presently visit his horse, who though he had more corners then a Spanish Reall, and more faults then Gonellas, having nothing on him but skin and bone; yet he thought that neyther Alexanders Bucephalus, nor the Cid his horse Babieca, were in any respect equall to him. He spent foure dayes devising him a name: for (as he reasoned to himselfe) it was not fit that so famous a Knights horse, and chiefly being so good a beast, should want a knowne name; and therefore he endeavoured to give him such a one, as should both declare what sometime he had beene, before he pertayned to a Knight Errant, and also what presently he was: for it stood greatly with reason, seeing his Lord and Master changed his estate and vocation, that he should alter likewise his denomination, and get a new one, that were famous and altisonant, as becommed the new order and exercise which he now professed: and therefore after many other names which he framed, blotted out, rejected, added, undid, and turned againe to frame in his memory and imagination, he finally concluded to name him Rozinante, a name in his opinion, lofty, ful, and significative of what he had beene when he was a simple horse, before he was exalted to his new dignity; being as he thought, the best carriage beast of the world. The name being thus given to his horse, and so to his minde, he resolved to give himselfe a name also, and in that thought he laboured other eight dayes; and in conclusion, called himselfe Don-Quixote; whence (as is said) the Authours of this most true History deduce, that he was undoubtedly named Quixada, and not Quesada as others would have it. And remembring that the valorous Amadis was not satisfied onely with the dry name of Amadis, but added thereunto the name of his Kingdome and Country, to render his owne more redoubted, terming himselfe Amadis de Gaula; so he, like a good

CHAPTER

I

Wherein is rehearsed the calling, and exercises of the renowned Gentleman Don-Quixote, of the Mancha.

A horse of labor or carriage, in Spanish is called *Rosin*, and the word *Ante*, signifies Before: so that *Rozinante* is a horse that sometime was of carriage.

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CHAPTER

I

Wherein is
rehearsed the
calling, and
exercises of
the renowned
Gentleman
Don-Quixote,
of the
Mancha.

Knight would adde to his owne, that also of his Province, and call himselfe Don-Quixote of the Mancha, wherewith it appeared, that he very lively declared his linage and countrey, which he did honor, by taking it for his surname.

His armour being scoured, his morrion transformed into an helmet, his horse named, and himselfe confirmed with a new name also; he forthwith bethought himselfe that now he wanted nothing but a Lady, on whom hee might bestow his service and affection; for the Knight Errant that is loveless, resembles a tree that wants leaves and fruit, or a body without a soule: and therefore he was wont to say, If I should for my sinnes, or by good hap encounter there abroad with some Giant (as Knights Errant doe ordinarily) and that I should overthrow him with one blow to the ground, or cut him with a stroke in two halves, or finally overcome, and make him yeeld to me, would it not be very expedient to have some Lady, to whom I might present him? And that he entring in her presence do lay himself on his knees before my sweet Lady, and say unto her with an humble and submissive voyce: Madam! I am the Giant Caraculiambro, Lord of the Iland called Malindrania, whom the never-too-much-praysed Knight Don-Quixote de la Mancha hath overcome in single combat; and hath commanded to present my selfe to your greatnesse, that it may please your Highnesse to dispose of me according unto your liking. O! how glad was our Knight when he had made this discourse to himselfe, but chiefly when he had found out one, whom he might cal his Lady. For, as it is imagined, there dwelled in the next village unto his Mannor, a young handsome wench, with whom he was sometime in love, although as is understood, she never knew or tooke notice thereof. Shee was called Aldonca Lorenzo, and her he thought fittest to intitle with the name of Lady of his thoughts, and searching a name for her that should not vary much from her owne, and yet should draw and aveere somewhat to that of a Princesse or great Lady, he called her Dulcinea del Toboso (for there she was borne) a name in his conceit harmonious, strange and significative, like to all the others that he had given to his things.

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CHAPTER II

Of the first sally that Don-Quixote made
to seeke adventures.



THESE preventions being made, he would deferre the execution of his designes no longer, being spur'd on the more vehemently, by the want which he esteemed, his delays wrought in the world, according to the wrongs that he resolved to right, the harmes he meant to redresse, the excesses he would amend, the abuses that he would better, and the debts he would satisfie. And therefore without acquainting any living creature with his intention, he unseene of any, upon a certaine morning, somewhat before the day (being one of the warmest of Iuly) armed himselfe *Cap a pie*, mounted on Rozinante, laced on his il-contrived Helmet, imbraced his Target, tooke his Launce, and by a posterne doore of his base-court issued out to the field, marveilous jocund and content to see with what facility he had commenced his good desires. But scarce had he sallied to the fields, when he was suddenly assaulted by a terrible thought, and such a one as did wel-nigh overthrow his former good purposes; which was, he remembered that he was not yet dub'd Knight, and therefore by the lawes of Knighthood neyther could nor ought to combat with any Knight. And though he were one, yet ought he to weare white armour like a new Knight, without any device in his shield, untill he did win it by force of armes.

These thoughts did make him stagger in his purposes; but his follies prevayling more then any other reason, he purposed to cause himselfe to be Knighted by the first he met, to the imitation of many others, that did the same, as he had read in the bookes which distracted him. As touching white armour, he resolved with the first opportunity to

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II

Of the first
sally that
Don-Quixote
made to seek
adventures.

*Melodious.

*His country
the Mancha.

scoure his own so well, that they should rest whiter then Ermines: and thus he pacified his mind, and prosecuted his journey, without chusing any other way then that which his horse pleased, beleiving that therein consisted the vigor of Knightly adventures. Our flourishing adventurer travelling thus onward, did parle with himselfe in this manner: 'Who doubts in the ensuing ages, when the true History of my famous actes shall come to light, but that the wiseman who shall write it, will begin it, when he comes to declare this my first sally so early in the morning, after this manner? Scarce had the ruddy Apollo spread over the face of the vast and spacious earth, the golden twists of his beautifull hayres, and scarce had the little enameld birds with their naked tongues saluted with sweet and *mellifluous harmony, the arrivall of Rosie Aurora; when abandoning her jealous husbands soft couch, shee shewes herselfe to mortall wights through the gates and windowes of the *Manchegall Orizon. When the famous Knight Don-Quixote of the Mancha, abandoning the slouthfull plumes, did mount upon his renowned horse Rozinante, and began to travell through the ancient and notorious fields of Montiel,' (as indeede he did) and following still on with his Discourse, he said: 'O! happy the age, and fortunate the time, wherein my famous feats shall be revealed, feats worthy to be graven in brasse, carved in marble, and delivered with most curious arte in tables, for a future instruction and memory. And thou wise enchanter, who-soever thou beest, whom it shall concerne to be the Chronicler of this strange History, I desire thee not to forget my good horse Rozinante, mine eternall and inseparable companion in all my journies and courses.' And then as if hee were verily enamoured, he said, 'O Princesse Dulcinea, Lady of this captive heart, much wrong hast thou done me by dismissing me, and reproching me with the rigorous decree and commandement not to appeare before thy beauty: I pray thee, sweete Lady, deigne to remember thee of this poore subjected heart, that for thy love suffers so many tortures.' And with these words he inserted a thousand other ravings, all after the very same manner that his bookes

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taught him, imitating as neere as he could their very phrase and language, and did ride therewithall so slow a pace, and the Sunne did mount so swiftly, and with so great heate, as it was sufficient to melt his braines if he had had any left.

He travelled almost all that day, without encountering any thing worthy the recitall, which made him to fret for anger: for he desired to encounter presently some one upon whom he might make triall of his invincible strength. Some authors write, that his first adventure was that of the Lapicean straites, others, that of the Winde-mills; but what I could only find out in this affaire, and that which I have found written in the Annals of the Mancha is, that he travelled all that day long, and at night both he and his horse were tyred, and marveilously prest by hunger, and looking about him on every side, to see whether he could discover any Castle or Sheepe-fold, wherein he might retire himselfe for that night, and remedy his wants; he perceived an Inne, neare unto the high way wherein he travelled; which was as welcome a sight to him, as if he had seene a starre, that did addresse him to the porch, if not to the Pallace of his redemption. Then spurring his horse, he hyed all he might towards it, and arrived much about night fall. There stood by chance at the Inne dore, two yong women adventurers likewise, which travelled toward Sivill with certaine Carriers, and did by chance take up their lodging in that Inne the same evening; and for as much as our Knight Errant esteemed all which he thought, saw, or imagined, was done or did really passe in the very same forme, as he had read the like in his bookes; forthwith as soone as he espied the Vent, he fained to himselfe that it was a Castle with foure Turrets, whereof the Pinacles were of glistening silver, without omitting the draw-bridge, deepe fosse, and other adherents belonging to the like places: And approching by little and little to the Vent, when he drew neere to it, checking Rozinante with the bridle, he rested a while to see whether any dwarfe would mount on the battlements to give warning with the sound of a Trumpet, how some Knight did approach the Castle: but seeing they stayed so long, and

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CHAPTER II

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also that Rozinante kept a coile to goe to his stable, he went to the Inne dore, and there beheld the two distracted wenches, that stood at it, whom hee presently supposed to be two beautifull damzels or lovely Ladies, that did solace themselves before the Castle gates. And in this space it befell by chance, that a certaine Swine-heard as he gathered together his hogges, blew the horne, whereat they are wont to come together; and instantly Don-Quixote imagined it was what he desired, to wit, some dwarfe who gave notice of his arrivall; and therefore with marvellous satisfaction of minde he approached to the Inne and Ladies; who beholding one armed in that manner to draw so neere, with his Launce and Target, they made much hast being greatly affrighted, to get to their lodging. But Don-Quixote, perceiving their feare by their flight, lifting up his pasted Beaver, and discovering his withered and dusty countenance, did accost them with gentle demeanour and grave words in this manner: 'Let not your Ladiships flie, nor feare any outrage, for to the order of Knighthood which I doe profess, it toucheth nor appertaineth not to wrong any body, and least of all such worthy damzels as your presences denote you to be.' The wenches looked on him very earnestly, and did search with their eyes for the visage, which his ill-fashioned Beaver did conceale: but when they heard themselves termed damzels, a thing so farre from their profession, they could not containe their laughter, which was so loude, as Don-Quixote waxed ashamed thereat, and therefore said to them: 'Modesty is a comely ornament of the beautifull, and the excessive laughter that springs from a light occasion, must be reputed great folly: but I do not object this unto you to make you the more ashamed, or that you should take it in ill part: for my desire is none other then to doe you all the honour and service I may.' This he spake unto them in such uncouth words, as they could not understand him, which was an occasion, joyned with his owne uncomelinesse, to encrease their laughter and his wrath, which would have past the bounds of reason, if the In-keeper had not come out at the instant; being a man who by reason of his exceeding fatnesse, must needs

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have beene of a very peaceable condition, who beholding that counterfeit figure, all armed in so unsutable armour, as were his Bridle, Lance, Target, and Corslet, was very neere to have kept the damzels company in the pleasant showes of his merriment: but fearing in effect the Machina and bulke contrived of so various furnitures, he determined to speake him fairely, and therefore began to him in this maner: If your Worship (Sir Knight) doe seeke for lodging, you may chalke your selfe a bed (for there is none in this Inne) wherein you shall finde all other things in abundance. Don-Quixote noting the lowlinesse of the Constable of that Fortresse (for such the Inne and In-keeper seemed unto him) answered, Any thing, Sir * Constable, may serve me; for mine armes are mine ornaments, and battels mine ease, etc. The Hoste thought he had called him a Castellano or Constable, because hee esteemed him to be one of the sincere and honest men of Castile, whereas he was indeede an Andaluzian, and of the commarke of S. Lucars, no lesse thievish then Cacus, nor lesse malicious and crafty then a student or Page; and therefore he answered him thus: If that be so, your bedde must be hard rockes, and your sleepe a perpetuall watching: and being such, you may boldly allight, and shall finde certainly here occasion and oportunitie to holde you waking this twelve-moneth more, for one night: and saying so, laid hand on Don-Quixotes stirrop, who did forthwith allight, though it was with great difficulty and paine (as one that had not eaten all that day one crumme) and then he requested the Hoste to have speciall care of his horse, saying, he was one of the best pieces that ever eate bread. The In-keeper viewed and reviewed him, to whom he did not seeme halfe so good as Don-Quixote valued him; and laying him up in the stable, he turned to see what his Guest would command, who was a-disarming by both the damzels (which were by this time reconciled to him) who, though they had taken off his brest-plate and backe parts, yet knew they not how, nor could any wise undo his gorget, nor take off his counterfeit Beaver, which he had fastened on with greene ribbands: and by reason the knots were so intricate, it was requisite they should be cut, whereunto he

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*Here the
Spanish is
Castellano,
that is in
the Spanish
tongue either
a Constable
of a Castile,
or one borne
in Castile.

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would not in any wise agree; and therefore remained all the night with his Helmet on, and was the strangest and pleasantest figure thereby, that one might behold. And as he was a-disarming (imagining those light wenches that holpe him, to be certaine principall Ladies and dames of that Castle) he said unto them with a very good grace: Never was any Knight so well attended on, and served by Ladies as was Don-Quixote; when he departed from his village, damzels attended on him, and Princesses on his horse. O Rozinante, for (Ladies) that is the name of my horse, and Don-Quixote de la Mancha is mine owne. For although I meant at the first not to have discovered my selfe, untill the acts done in your service and benefite should manifest me, yet the necessity of accommodating to our present purpose, the old Romaunce of Sir Launcelot, hath beene an occasion that you should know my name before the right season: but the time will come wherein your Ladiships may commaund me, and I obey, and then the valor of mine arme shall discover the desire I have to doe you service.

The wenches being unaccustomed to heare so rhetoricall termes, answered never a word to him, but onely demanded, whether he would eate any thing? That I would, replied Don-Quixote, for as much as I thinke the taking of a little meat would be very behoovefull for me. It chanced by hap to be on Friday, and therefore there was no other meat in the Inne, then a few pieces of a fish called in Castile *Abadexo*, in Andaluzia, *Bacallao*, and in some places *Curadillo*, and in others *Truchuela*, and is but poore-Iohn. They demanded of him therefore whether he would eate thereof, giving it the name used in that place of Truchuela or little Troute, for there was no other fish in all the Inne to present unto him but such? Why then, quoth Don-Quixote, bring it in, for if there be many little Trouts, they may serve me in stead of a great one; it being all one to me to be paid my money (if I were to receive any) in eight single Reals, or to be paid the same in one Reall of eight. And moreover those little Trouts are perhaps like unto Veale, which is much more delicate flesh then Beefe; or the Kid, which is better then the Goat: but be it what it list, let it be

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brought in presently; for the labour and weight of armes cannot be well borne, without the well supplying of the guttes. Then was there straight laid a table at the Inne doore, that he mought take the aire: and the Host brought him a portion of evill-watered and worse boyled poore-Iohn, and a loafe as black and hoary as his Harnesse: but the onely sport was to behold him eat: for by reason his Helmet was on, and his Beaver lifted, he could put nothing into his mouth himselfe, if others did not helpe him to finde the way; and therefore one of those Ladies served his turne in that: but it was altogether impossible to give him drinke after that manner, and would have remayned so for ever, if the In-keeper had not boared a Cane, and setting the one end in his mouth, powred downe the wine at the other: all which he suffered most patiently, because he would not breake the ribbans of his Helmet. And as he sate at supper, there arrived by chance a Sow-gelder, who as soone as he came to the Inne, did sound foure or five times a whistle of Canes, the which did confirme Don-Quixote that he was in some famous Castle, where he was served with musicke, and that the poore-Iohn was Trouts, the bread of the finest flower, the whoores Ladies, and the In-keeper Constable of that Castle: Wherefore he accounted his resolution and departure from his owne house very well employed. But that which did most afflict him, was, that

he was not yet dubbed Knight, for as much as he was fully perswaded, that he could not lawfully enterprise or follow any adventure, untill he received the order of Knight-hood.

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II

Of the first
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CHAPTER III

Wherein is recounted the pleasant manner observed
in the Knighting of Don-Quixote.



AND being thus tossed in minde, he did abreviat his Tavernly and limited supper; which being finished, hee called for his host, and shutting the Stable dore very fast, he laid himselfe down upon his knees in it before him, saying, I will never rise from the place where I am valorous Knight, untill your cortesie shall graunt unto me a boone that I meane to demand of you, the which will redound unto your renowne, and also to the profite of all humane kinde. The In-keeper seeing his guest at his feete, and hearing him speake those words, remayned confounded beholding him, not knowing what he might doe or say, and did studie and labour to make him arise: but all was in vaine, untill he must have promised unto him, that he would grant him any gift that he sought at his handes. I did never expect lesse (replied Don-Quixote) from your great magnificence, my Lord: and therefore I say unto you, that the boone which I demaund of you, and that hath beene graunted unto me by your liberality, is, that to morrow in the morning you wil dubbe me Knight, and this night I will watch mine armour in the Chappell of your Castle, and in the morning, as I have said, the rest of my desires shall be accomplished, that I may goe in due manner throughout the foure parts of the world to seeke adventures, to the benefit of the needy, as is the duety of Knight-hood and of Knights Errant, as I am, whose desires are wholly inclined and dedicated to such atchievements. The Host, who, as we noted before, was a great giber, and had before gathered som arguments of the defect of wit in his guest, did wholly now perswade himselfe that his suspicions were true, when

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he heard him speake in that manner: and that hee might have an occasion of laughter, he resolved to feed his humour that night, and therefore answered him, that he had very great reason in that which he desired and sought, and that such projects were proper and naturall to Knights of the garbe and worth he seemed to be of: and that he himselfe likewise in his youthfull yeares had followed that honourable exercise, going through divers parts of the world to seeke adventures, without eyther omitting the *dangers of Malaga, the Isles of Riaran, the compasse of Sivill, the *Quicke-silver-house of Segovia, the Olive-field of Valencia, the Circuit of Granada, the wharfe of S. Lucor, the *Potro or Cowl of Cordova, and the little Tavernes of Toledo; and many other places, wherein he practised the dexterity of his handes, doing many wrongs, solliciting many widowes, undoing certaine maydens, and deceiving many pupils, and finally making himselfe knowne and famous in all the Tribunals and Courts almost of all Spaine, and that at last he had retired himselfe to that his Castle, where he was sustained with his owne and other mens goods; entertayning in it all Knights Errants, of whatsoever quality and condition they were, onely for the great affection he bore towards them, and to the end they might divide with him part of their winnings in recompence of his good will: he added besides, that there was no Chappell in his Castle, wherein he might watch his armes, for he had broken it downe to build it up anew: but notwithstanding he knew very well, that in a case of necessity, they might lawfully be watched in any other place, and therefore hee might watch them that night in the base Court of the Castle; for in the morning, and pleased God, the ceremonies requisite should be done in such sort, as he should remaine a dubbed Knight, in so good fashion, as in all the world he could not be bettered. He demanded of Don-Quixote whether he had any money? Who answered that he had not a blanck, for he had never read in any History of Knights Errants, that any one of them ever carried any money. To this his Hoste replied, that he was deceived; for admit that Histories made no mention thereof,

CHAPTER

III

Wherein is recounted the pleasant manner observed in the Knighting of Don-Quixote.

*Percheles.

*Axoguevo.

*The Potron of Cordova is a certaine fountaine whereon stands a Pegasus: and to that fountaine resort a number of cunny-catching fellows, as to Duke Humfrey at Pauls.

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Wherein is
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because the authours of them deemed it not necessary to expresse a thing so manifest, and needfull to be carried as was money and cleane shirts: it was not therefore to be credited, that they had none; and therefore he should hold for most certaine and manifest, that all the Knights Errant, with the story of whose acts so many bookes are replenished and heaped, had their purses well lined for that which might befall, and did moreover carie with them a little Casket of oyntments and salves, to cure the wounds which they received; for they had not the commodity of a Surgeon to cure them, every time that they fought abroad in the fields and desarts, if they had not by chaunce some wise Enchanter to their friend, who would presently succour them, bringing unto them in some cloude thorow the ayre some damzell or dwarfe, with a Violl of water of so great vertue, as tasting one drop therof, they remained as whole of their sores and wounds, as if they had never received any. But when they had not that benefite, the Knights of times past held it for a very commendable and secure course, that their Squires should be provided of money and other necessary things, as linte, and oyntments for to cure themselves: and when it befell that the like Knights had no Squires to attend upon them (which hapned but very seldome) then would they themselves carie all this provision behinde them on their horses, in some slight and subtill wallets, which could scarce be perceived, as a thing of very great consequence. For if it were not upon such an occasion, the cariage of wallets was not very tolerable among Knights Errant. And in this respect he did advise him, seeing he might yet commaund him as one that by receiving the order of Knight-hood at his hands, should very shortly become his God-childe, that he should not travell from thence forward without money, and other the preventions he had then given unto him; and he should perceive himselfe how behoovefull they would prove unto him, when he least expected it.

Don-Quixote promised to accomplish all that he had counselled him to doe, with all punctuality; and so order was forthwith given how he should watch his armes in a

1] HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

great yard that lay neere unto one side of the Inne : wherefore Don-Quixote gathering all his armes together, laid them on a Cisterne that stood neere unto a Well : and buckling on his Target, he laid hold on his Launce and walked up and downe before the Cisterne very demurely ; and when he began to walke, the night likewise began to locke up the splendor of the day. The In-keeper in the meane season recounted to all the rest that lodged in the Inne the folly of his guest, the watching of his armes, and the Knighthood which he expected to receive. They all admired very much at so strange a kinde of folly, and went out to behold him from a farre off, and saw that sometimes he pranced too and fro with a quiet gesture ; other times leaning upon his Launce he looked upon his armour, without beholding any other thing save his armes for a good space.

The night being shut up at last wholly, but with such cleerenesse of the Moone, as it might well compare with his brightnesse that lent her her splendor, every thing which our new Knight did, was easily perceived by all the beholders. In this season one of the Carriers that lodged in the Inne, resolved to water his Mules, and for that purpose it was necessary to remoove Don-Quixotes armour that lay on the Cesterne ; who seeing him approach, said unto him with a loude voice : O thou ! whosoever thou beest, bold Knight, that commest to touch the armour of the most valorous adventurer that ever gyrded sword, looke well what thou dost, and touch them not, if thou meanest not to leave thy life in payment of thy presumption. The Carrier made no account of those words (but it were better he had, for it would have redounded to his benefite) but rather laying hold on the leatherings, threw the armour a prettie way off from him : which being perceived by Don-Quixote, he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and addressing his thoughts (as it seemed) to his Lady Dulcinea he said, ' Assist me, deere Lady, in this first dangerous scorn ' and adventure offered to this breast, that is intralld to ' thee, and let not thy favour and protection faile me in ' this my first Traunce.' And uttering these and other such

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recounted the
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words, he let slip his Target, and lifting up his Launce with both hands, he paid the Carrier so round a knocke therewithall on the pate, as he overthrew him to the ground in so evill taking, as if he had seconded it with another, he should not have needed any Surgeon to cure him. This being ended, he gathered up his armour againe, and laying them where they had been before, he walked after up and downe by them, with as much quietnesse as he did at the first.

But very soone after, another Carrier without knowing what had hapned (for his companion lay yet in a trance on the ground) came also to give his Mules water, and coming to take away the armes, that he might free the Cesterne of encumbrances, and take water the easier: Don-Quixote saying nothing, nor imploring favor of his Mistris or any other, let slip againe his Target, and lifting his Lance, without breaking of it in pieces, made more then three on the second Carriers noddle; for he broke it in foure places. All the people of the Inne, and amongst them the Host likewise repaired at this time to the noise: which Don-Quixote perceiving, imbracing his Target, and laying hand on his sword, he said, 'O Lady of all beauty, courage, and vigour of my weakned heart, it is now high time that thou doe convert the eyes of thy greatnesse to this thy Captive Knight, who doth expect so marveilous great an adventure.' Saying thus, he recovered as he thought so great courage, that if al the Carriers of the world had assayed him, he would not goe one steppe backward. The wounded mens fellowes, seeing them so evill dight, from a farre off began to raine stones on Don-Quixote, who did defend himselfe the best he might with his Target, and durst not depart from the Cesterne, lest he should seeme to abandon his armes. The Inkeeper cryed to them to let him alone; for he had already informed them that he was madde, and for such a one would scape scot-free although he had slaine them all. Don-Quixote likewise cryed out lowder, terming them all disloyall men and traytors, and that the Lord of the Castle was a treacherous and badde Knight, seeing he consented that Knights Errant should be so basely used; and that if he

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had not yet received the order of Knighthood, he would make him understand his treason, 'but of you base and rascally Kenell (quoth he) I make no reckoning at all: throw at me, approach, draw neare, and doe me all the hurt you may, for you shall ere long perceive the reward you shall carie for this your madnesse and outrage.' Which wordes he spoke with so great spirit and boldnesse, as hee stroke a terrible feare into all those that assaulted him: and therefore moved both by it, and the Inkeepers perswasions, they left off throwing stones at him, and he permitted them to carie away the wounded men, and returned to the guard of his armes, with as great quietnesse and gravity, as he did at the beginning.

The Inkeeper did not like very much these jests of his guest, and therefore he determined to abbreviate, and give him the unfortunate order of Knighthood forthwith, before some other disaster befell: and with this resolution comming unto him, he excused himselfe of the insolencies those base fellows had used to him, without his privy or consent, but their rashnesse, as he said, remayned well chastised: He added how he had already told unto him, that there was no Chappel in his Castel, and that for what yet rested unperfected of their intention, it was not necessary, because the chiefe point of remayning Knighted, consisted chiefly in blowes of the necke and shoulders, as he had read in the ceremoniall booke of the order, and that, that might be given in the very midst of the fieldes; and that he had already accomplished the obligation of watching his armes, which with only two houres watch might be fulfilled; how much more after having watched foure, as he had done. All this Don-Quixote beleevved, and therefore answered, that he was most ready to obey him, and requested him to conclude with all the brevity possible: for if he saw himselfe Knighted, and were once againe assaulted, he meant not to leave one person alive in all the Castle, except those which the Constable should command, whom he would spare for his sake.

The Constable being thus advertised, and fearefull that he would put this his deliberation in execution, brought

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out a booke presently, wherein he was wont to write down the accounts of the straw and Barley, which he delivered from time to time, to such Carriers as lodged in his Inne, for their beasts: and with a but of a candle which a boy held lighting in his hand before him, accompanied by the two damzels above mentioned, he came to Don-Quixote, whom he commanded to kneele upon his knees, and reading in his Manual (as it seemed some devout Orison) he held up his hand in the midst of the Lecture, and gave him a good blow on the necke, and after that gave him another trimme thwacke over the shoulders with his owne sword (alwayes murmuring something betweene the teeth as if he prayed) this being done, he commanded one of the Ladies to gyrd on his sword which shee did with a singular good grace and dexterity, which was much, the matter being of it selfe so ridiculous, as it wanted but little to make a man burst for laughter at every passage of the Ceremonies: but the prowesse which they had already beheld in the new Knight, did limit and contain their delight at the gyrding on of his sword: the good Lady said, God make you a fortunate Knight, and give you good successe in all your debates. Don-Quixote demaunded then how she was called, that he might thenceforward know to whom he was so much obliged for the favour received? And she answered with great buxomnes, that she was named Tolosa, and was a Botchers daughter of Toledo, that dwelt in the Rewes of Sancho Benega, and that she would ever honour him as her Lord. Don-Quixote replied, requesting her for his sake to call her selfe from thenceforth the Lady Tolosa, which she promised him to performe. The other Lady buckled on his spurre, with whom he had the very like conference; and asking her name, she told him shee was called Molinera, and was daughter to an honest Miller of Antequera: her likewise our Knight intreated to call her selfe the Lady Molinera, proffering her new services and favours. The new and never-seene before Ceremonies being thus speedily finished, as it seemed with a gallop, Don-Quixote could not rest untill he were mounted on horse-backe, that hee might goe to seeke adventures; wherefore causing

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Rozinante to be instantly sadled, he leaped on him, and imbracing his Hoste, he said unto him such strange things, gratifying the favour hee had done him in dubbing him Knight, as it is impossible to hit upon the manner of recounting them right. The Inkeeper, that hee might be quickly rid of him, did answer his wordes with others no lesse rethoricall, but was in his speech somewhat briefer; and without demanding of him any thing for his lodging, he suffered him to depart in a fortunate houre.

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URORA began to display her beauties about the time that Don-Quixote issued out of the Inne, so content, lively, and jocund to behold himselfe Knighted, as his very horse-gyrts were ready to burst for joy: but calling to memory the counsels that his Hoste had given him, touching the most needfull implements that he was ever to carie about him, of money and cleane shirts, he determined to returne to his house, and to provide himselfe of them, and also of a Squire; making account to intertaine a certaine labourer his neighbour, who was poore, and had children, but yet one very fit for this purpose, and Squirely function, belonging to Knighthood. With this determination he turned Rozinante towards the way of his owne village, who knowing in a manner his will, began to trot on with so good a will, as he seemed not to touch the ground. He had not travelled farre, when he thought that he heard certaine weake and delicate cries, like to those of one that complayned, to issue out from the

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thickest of a wood that stood on the right hand. And scarce had he heard them when he said, 'I render infinite thanks to heaven for the favor it doth me, by proffering me so soone occasions, wherein I may accomplish the duety of my profession, and gather the fruits of my good desires: these complaints doubtlesly be of some distressed man or woman, who needeth my favor and ayde.' Then turning the raynes, he guided Rozinante towards the place from whence he thought the complaints sallied; and within a few paces, after he had entred into the thicket, he saw a Mare tyed unto an Holme Oake, and to another was tyed a young Youth all naked from the middle upward of about the age of fiteene yeares, and was he that cried so pittifully: and not without cause; for a certaine Countyman of comely personage did whip him with a girdle, and accompanied every blow with a reprehension and counsell, for he said: The tongue must peace, and the eyes be warie: and the boy answered, I will never doe it againe, good Master; for the passion of God, I will never doe it againe. And I promise to have more care of your things from henceforth.

But Don-Quixote viewing all that passed, said with an angry voice, 'Discourteous Knight, it is very uncomely to see thee deale thus with one that cannot defend himselfe, mount therefore a horse-backe, and take thy Launce (for the Farmer had also a Launce leaning to the very same tree, whereunto his Mare was tied) for I will make thee know, that it is the use of Cowards to doe that which thou dost.' The other beholding such an Anticke to hover over him, all laden with armes, and brandishing of his Launce towards his face, made full account that hee should be slaine, and therefore he answered with very milde and submissive words, saying: Sir Knight, the boy which I chastise, is mine owne servant, and keepeth for me a flocke of sheepe in this Commarke; who is growne so negligent, as hee loseth one of them every other day, and because I correct him for his carelesnesse and knavery, he sayes I doe it through covetousnesse and pinching, as meaning to defraud him of his wages; but before God and in conscience he belies me. 'What? The lie, in my presence rascally

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‘ clowne? Quoth Don-Quixote, By the Sunne that shines
‘ on us, I am about to runne thee thorow and thorow with
‘ my Launce base Carle; pay him instantly without more
‘ replying, or else by that God which doth mannage our
‘ sublunar affaires, I will conclude thee and annihilate thee
‘ in a moment; loose him forthwith.’ The Countrey-man
hanging downe of his head, made no replie, but loosed his
servant; of whom Don-Quixote demaunded how much did
his Master owe unto him? Hee said, Nine moneths hire,
at seven Reals a moneth. Don-Quixote made then the
account, and found that all amounted to seventy and three
Reals, and therefore commanded the Farmer to pay the money
presently, if he meened not to die for it. The fearefull
Countrey-man answered, that by the trance wherein he was
then, and by the oath he had made (which was none at all,
for hee swore not) that he ought not so much: for there
should bee deducted out of the accounts three paire of shoes
he had given unto him, and a Reall for twise letting him
bloud, being sicke. All is well, quoth Don-Quixote: but
let the price of the shoes and letting bloud, goe for the
blowes which thou hast given him without any desert; for
if he have broken the leather of those shoes thou hast
bestowed on him, thou hast likewise torne the skinne of his
body; and if the Barber tooke away his bloud being sicke,
thou hast taken it out, he being in health; so as in that
respect he owes thee nothing. The damage is, Sir Knight,
replied the boyes Master, that I have no money here about
me. Let Andrew come with me to my house, and I
will pay him his wages, one Reall upon another. I goe
with him? (quoth the boy) Evill befall me then. No
Sir, I never meant it; for as soone as ever he were alone, he
woud flay me like S. Bartholomew. He will not dare to
doe it, quoth Don-Quixote, for my commaund is sufficient to
make him respect me; and so that he will sweare to me to
observe it by the order of Knighthood which he hath
received, I will set him free, and assure thee of the pay-
ment. Good Sir, quoth the youth, marke well what you
say, for this man my Master is no Knight, nor did ever
receive any order of Knighthood; for he is Iohn Haldudo

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the rich man, a dweller of Quintanar. 'That makes no matter, quoth Don-Quixote, for there may be Knights of the Haldudos: and what is more, every one is sonne of his workes. That's true, quoth Andrew, but of what workes can this my Master be sonne, seeing he denies me my wages, and my sweate and labour? I doe not denie thy wages, friend Andrew, quoth his Master; doe me but the pleasure to come with me, and I sweare by all the orders of Knight-hood that are in the world, to pay thee as I have said, one Reall upon another, yea and those also perfumed. 'For the 'perfuming I thanke thee, quoth Don-Quixote, give it him 'in Reals, and with that I will rest satisfied; and see that 'thou fulfillst it as thou hast sworne: if not, I sweare 'againe to thee by the same oath, to returne and search thee, 'and chastise thee, and I will finde thee out, though thou 'didst hide thy selfe better then a Lizarde: and if thou 'desirest to note who commaunds thee this, that thou mayest 'remaine more firmly obliged to accomplish it, know 'that I am the valorous Don-Quixote of the Mancha, the 'righter of wrongs, and undoer of injuries, and so farewell: 'and doe not forget what thou hast promised and sworne 'on paine of the paines already pronounced.' And saying these wordes, he spurred Rozinante, and in short space was got farre off from them. The Countrey-man pursued him with his eye, and perceiving that he was past the wood and quite out of sight, he returned to his man Andrew, and said to him, Come to me, child, for I will pay thee what I owe thee, as that righter of wrongs hath left me commanded. That I sweare, quoth Andrew, and you shall deale discretely in fulfilling that good Knights commaundement, who I pray God may live a thousand yeares: for seeing he is so valorous and so just a Iudge, I sweare by Rocque, that if you pay me not, he shall returne and execute what he promised. I also doe sweare the same, quoth the Farmer, but in respect of the great affection I beare unto thee, I wil augment the debt, to increase the payment; and catching the youth by the arme, he tied him againe to the Oake, where he gave him so many blowes as he left him for dead. Call now, Master Andrew (quoth he) for the righter of wrongs, and

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thou shalt see that he cannot undo this, although I beleeve it is not yet ended to be done. For I have yet a desire to flea thee alive, as thou didst thy selfe feare. Notwithstanding all these threats, he untied him at last, and gave him leave to goe seeke out his Iudge; to the end he might execute the sentence pronounced. Andrew departed some what discontent, swearing to search for the valorous Don-Quixote of the Mancha, and recount unto him point for point, all that had past, and that he should pay the abuse with usury: but for all his threats he departed weeping, and his Master remained behind laughing; and in this manner the valorous Don-Quixote redressed that wrong.

Who glad above measure for his successe, accounting himselfe to have given a most noble beginning to his feats of armes, did travell towards his village, with very great satisfaction of himselfe, and said in a low tune these words ensuing: 'Well maist thou call thy selfe happy above all other women of the earth, O! above all beauties, beautifull Dulcinea of Toboso, since thy good fortune was such, to hold subject and prostrate to thy will and desire so valiant and renowned a Knight as is, and ever shall be, Don-Quixote of the Mancha: who, as all the world knowes, received the order of Knighthood but yesterday, and hath destroyed to day the greatest outrage and wrong that want of reason could forme, or cruelty commit. To day did he take away the whip out of that pittillesse enemies hand, which did so cruelly scourge without occasion the delicate infant.'

In this discourse he aimed to a way which divided it selfe into foure: and presently these thwarting crosse-wayes represented themselves to his imagination, which oft-times held Knights Errant in suspence, which way they should take; and that hee might imitate them, he stood still a while, and after he had bethought himselfe well, he let slip the raines to Rozinante, subjecting his will to that of his horse, who presently pursued his first designe, which was, to returne home unto his owne stable: and having travelled some two miles, Don-Quixote discovered a great troupe of people, who, as it was after knowne, were certaine Merchants of Toledo, that

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*A thing made like a Canopy, and is used by Travellers to keepe away the Sunne.

rode towards Murcia to buy silkes : they were sixe in number, and came with their *Quitatoes or shadowes of the Sunne, foure Serving-men a horse-backe, and three Lackeyes. Scarce had Don-Quixote perceived them, when he straight imagined them to be a new adventure: and because he would imitate as much as was possible, the passages which he read in his bookes, he represented this to himselfe, to be just such an adventure as he purposed to atchieve. And so with comely gesture and hardinesse, setting himselfe well in the stirrops, he set his Lance into his rest, and imbraced his Target, and placing himselfe in the midst of the way, he stood awayting when those Knights Errant should arrive; for now hee judged and tooke them for such: and when they were so neare as they might heare and see him, he lifted up his voyce, and said, 'Let all the world stand and passe 'no further, if all the world will not confesse, that there 'is not in all the world a more beautifull damzell then 'the Empresse of the Mancha, the peerelesse Dulcinea of 'Toboso.' The Merchants stayed at these words, to behold the marvellous and ridiculous shape of him that spake them, and by his fashion and them joyned, did incontinently gather his folly and distraction, and notwithstanding would leisurely behold to what tended that confession which he exacted of them; and therefore one of them who was somewhat given to gibing, and was withall very discrete, said unto him, Sir Knight, we doe not know that good Lady of whom you speake; shew her therefore to us, and if she be so beautiful as you affirme, we will willingly and without any compulsion confesse the truth, which you now demaund of us. If I did shew her to you, replied Don-Quixote, what mastrie were it then for you to acknowledge a truth so notorious? The consequence of mine affairs consists in this, that without beholding her, you doe beleieve, confesse, affirme, sweare, and defend it; which if you refuse to performe, I challenge you all to battell, proud and unreasonable folke, and whether you come one by one (as the order of Knighthood requires) or all at once, as is the custome and dishonourable practice of men of your broode: here will I expect and awaite you all, trusting in the reason which I

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have on my side. Sir Knight, replied the Merchant, I request you in all these Princes names, as many as we be here, that to the end we may not burden our consciences, confessing a thing which we never beheld nor heard, and chiefly being so prejudiciall to the Empresses and Queenes of the Kingdomes of Alcarria and Estremadura, you will please to shew us some portraiture of that Lady, although it be no bigger then a graine of Wheate; for by one thread we may judge of the whole clew, and we will with this favor rest secure and satisfied, and you likewise remaine content and appaide. And I doe beleeeve moreover that we are already so inclined to your side, that although her picture shewed her to be blinde of the one eye, and that vermillion distilled from the other were brimstone, yet we would notwithstanding, to please you, say in her favour all that you listed. There drops not, infamous Kenell, quoth Don-Quixote, all inflamed with choler; there drops not, I say, from her that which thou sayest, but Amber and Civet, among bombase; and she is not blinde of an eye, or crookebackt, but is straighter then a spindle of Guadarama: but all of you together shall pay for the great blasphemy thou hast spoken against so immense a beautie, as is that of my Mistresse. And saying so, he abased his Launce against him that had answered, with such furie and anger, as if good fortune had not so ordayned it, that Rozinante should stumble, and fal in the midst of the Carrier, it had gone very ill with the bolde Merchant. Rozinante fell in fine, and his Master reeled over a good piece of the field: and though he attempted to arise, yet was he never able, he was so encumbred by his Launce, Target, Spurs, Helmet, and his weighty olde armour. And in the meane while that he strived to arise and could not, he cried, Flie not, cowardly folke: abide, base people, abide; for I lie not here through mine owne fault, but through the defect of my horse.

One of the Lackeyes which came in the company, and seemed to be a man of none of the best intentions, hearing the poore overthrowne Knight speak such insolent words, could not forbear them, without returning him an answer on his ribbes: and with that intention approaching to him

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he tooke his Launce, and after he had broken it in pieces, he gave Don-Quixote so many blowes with one of them, that in despite of his armour he threshed him like a sheafe of wheate. His Masters cried to him, commanding him not to beate him so much, but that he should leave him: but all would not serve, for the youth was angry, and would not leave off the play untill he had avoyded the rest of his choler. And therefore running for the other pieces of the broken Launce, he broke them all on the miserable false Knight, who for all the tempest of blowes that rained on him, did never shut his mouth, but threatned heaven and earth, and those *Murderers; for such they seemed to him. The Lackey tyred himselfe at last, and the Merchants followed on their way, carrying with them occasion enough of talke of the poore belaboured Knight: who when he saw himselfe alone, turned againe to make tryall whether he might arise; but if he could not doe it when he was whole and sound, how was it possible he being so brused and almost destroyed? And yet he accounted himselfe very happy, perswading himselfe that his disgrace was proper and incident to Knights Errant, and did attribute all the fault to his horse, and could in no wise get up, all his body was so *bruised and loaden with blowes.

**Malandrines.*

**Brumado.*

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UT seeing in effect that he could not stirre himselfe, he resolved to have recourse to his ordinary remedy, which was, to thinke on some passage of his Histories, and in the instant his folly presented to his memory that of Valdovinos, and the Marquesse of Mantua, then when Carloto had left him wounded in the mountaine.

A History knowne by children, not hidden to young men, much celebrated, yea, and beleevd by many olde men; and yet for all that no more authentically, then are Mahomets miracles. This History as it seemed to him, was most fit for the traunce wherein hee was, and therefore he began with signes of great paine to tumble up and downe, and pronounce with a languishing breath the same that they faine the wounded Knight to have said in the wood:

Where art thou Lady deere! that griev'st not at my smart?
Or thou dost it not know, or thou disloyall art.

And after this manner he did prosecute the olde song untill these verses that say: O noble Marquesse of Mantua, my carnall Lord and unkle. And it befell by chance that at the very same time there past by the place where he lay a man of his owne village, who was his neighbor, and returned after having carried a load of wheate to the mill: who beholding a man stretched on the ground, he came over to him, and demaunded what he was, and what was it that caused him to complaine so dolefully? Don-Quixote did verily beleve that it was his uncle the Marquesse of Mantua; and so gave him no other answer, but only followed on in the repetition of his old Romaunce,

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wherein he gave him account of his disgrace, and of the love the Emperours sonne bore to his Spouse, all in the very same manner that the Ballad recounts it. The labourer remained much astonished, hearing those follies; and taking off his vizard, which with the Lackeys blowes was broken all to pieces, he wiped his face that was full of poulder; and scarce had he done it when he knew him, to whom he said; Master Quixada, (for so he was probably called when he had his wits, before he left the state of a staide Yeoman, to become a wandring Knight) who hath used you after this manner? But he continued his Romance, answering out of it, to every question that was put to him. Which the good man perceiving, disarmed him the best he could, to see whether he had any wound, but he could see no bloud, or any token on him of hurt. Afterward he endeavoured to raise him from the ground; which he did at last with much adoo; and mounted him on his Asse, as a beast of easiest carriage. He gathered then together all his armes, and left not behind so much as the splinters of the Lance, and tied them all together upon Rozinante, whom he tooke by the bridle, and the Asse by his halter, and led them both in that Equipage faire and easily towards his village, being very pensative to heare the follies that Don-Quixote spoke.

And Don-Quixote was no lesse Melancholy, who was so beaten and bruised, as he could very hardly hold himselfe upon the Asse; and ever and anon he breathed forth such grievous sighes, as he seemed to fixe them in heaven; which mooved his neighbour to intreat them againe to declare unto him the cause of his griefe. And it seemes none other, but that the very Devill himselfe did call to his memorie, Histories accommodated to his successes. For in that instant, wholly forgetting Valdovinos, he remembered the Moore Abindaraez, then, when the Constable of Antequera, Rodericke Narvaez, had taken him, and carried him prisoner to his Castle. So that when his neighbour turned againe, to aske of him how hee did, and what ailed him, hee answered the very same words and speech that Captive Abencerrase said to Narvaez, just as he had read them

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in *Diana* of Montemayor, where the Historie is written; applying it so properly to his purpose, that the Labourer grew almost mad for anger, to heare that Machina of follies; by which hee collected that his neighbour was distracted, and therefore hee hied as fast as possible he could to the village, that so he might free himselfe from the vexation that Don-Quixotes idle and prolix discourse gave unto him. At the end whereof the Knight said, Don Rodericke of Narvaez, you shall understand that this beautifull Xarifa, of whom I spoke, is now the faire Dulcinea of Toboso, for whom I have done, I doe, and will doe such famous acts of Knighthood, as ever have beene, are, and shall be seene in all the world. To this his neighbour answered, Doe not you perceive, Sir, (sinner that I am) how I am neyther Don Rodericke de Narvaez, nor the Marquesse of Mantua, but Peter Alonso your neighbour? nor are you Valdovinos, nor Abindaraez, but the honest Gentleman Master Quixada. I know very well who I am, quoth Don-Quixote, and also I know that I may not onely be those whom I have named, but also all the twelve Peeres of France; yea, and the nine Worthies, since mine acts shall surpasse all those that ever they did together, or every one of them apart.

With these, and such other Discourses, they arrived at last at their Village about Sunne-set; but the Labourer awayted untill it waxed somewhat darke, because folke should not view the Knight so simply mounted. And when he saw his time, he entred into the Towne, and went to Don-Quixotes house, which he found full of confusion. There was the Curate and the Barber of the Village, both of them Don-Quixotes great friends. To whom the old woman of the house said in a lamentable manner, What doe you thinke, Master Licenciado Pero Perez, (for so the Curate was called) of my Masters misfortune? These sixe dayes, neyther he nor his horse have appeared, nor the Target, Lance, or Armour: unfortunate woman that I am, I doe suspect, and I am as sure it is true, as that I shall dye; how those accursed bookes of Knighthood which he hath, and is wont to read ordinarily, have turned his judgement; for now I remember that I have heard him say oftentimes,

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(speaking to himselfe) that he would become a Knight Errant, and goe seeke adventures throughout the world. Let such bookes bee recommended to Sathan and Barrabas, which have destroyed in this sorte the most delicate understanding of all the Mancha. His Niese affirmed the same, and did adde, Moreover you shall understand, good Master Nicholas (for so hight the Barber) that it many times befell my unkle to continue the Lecture of those unhappy bookes of disventures two dayes and two nights together. At the end of which, throwing the booke away from him, hee would lay hand on his sword; and would fall a slashing of the walls: and when hee were wearied, he would say that he had slayne foure Giants, as great as foure Towres, and the sweat that dropped downe through the labour hee tooke, hee would say was bloud that gushed out of those wounds which he had received in the conflict, and then would hee quaffe off a great pot full of colde water, and straight hee did become whole and quiet, saying, that water was a most precious drinke, which the wise man Esquife, a great Inchanter or Sorcerer, and his friend had brought unto him. But I am in the fault of all this, who never advertised you both of mine Uncles raving, to the end you might have redrest it, ere it came to these termes, and burnt all those excommunicated bookes; for hee had many that deserved the fire as much as if they were Hereticall. That doe I likewise affirme, quoth Master Curate, and in sooth to morrow shall not passe over us, without making a publike processe against them, and condemne them to bee burned in the fire, that they may not minister occasion againe to such as may reade them, to doe that which I feare my good friend hath done.

The labourer, and Don-Quixote stood hearing all that which was said, and then hee perfectly understood the disease of his neighbour; and therefore he began to cry aloud: Open the doores to Lord Valdovinus, and to the Lord Marquesse of Mantua, who comes very sore wounded and hurt, and to the Lord Moore Abindaraez, whom the valorous Rodericke of Narvaez Constable of Antequera brings as his prisoner. All the housholde ranne out, hearing these

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cries, and some knowing their friend; the others their Master and Uncle, who had not yet alighted from the Asse, because hee was not able, they ranne to embrace him; but he forbad them, saying, Stand still, and touch me not, for I returne very sore wounded and hurt through default of my horse: carie me to my bed, and if it be possible send for the wise Urganda, that shee may cure and looke to my hurts. See, in an ill houre (quoth the old woman straight-way) if my heart did not very well foretell me on which foot my Master halted: come up in good time, for we shall know how to cure you well enough, without sending for that Urganda you have mentioned. Accursed, say I once againe, and a hundred times accursed may those bookes of Knighthood bee which have brought you to such estate. With that they bore him up to his bed, and searching for his wounds, could not finde any; and then he said, all was but bruising, by reason of a great fall hee had with his horse Rozinante, as he fought with tenne Giants, the most unmeasurable and boldest that might be found in a great part of the earth. Hearken, quoth the Curate, we have also Giants in the dance; by mine honesty I will burne them all before to morrow at night. Then did they aske a thousand questions of Don-Quixote, but he would answere to none of them; and onely requested them to give him some meate, and suffer him to sleepe, seeing rest was most behooveful for him. All which was done, and the Curate informed himselfe at large of the labouring man, in what sort he had found Don-Quixote; which he recounted to him, and also the follies hee said, both at his finding and bringing to towne; which did kindle more earnestly the Licenciats desire to doe what he had resolved the next day; which was, to call his friend the Barber M. Nicholas, with whom he came to Don-Quixotes house.

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Wherein is
prosecuted
the former
Narration of
our Knights
misfortunes.

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HO slept yet soundly. The Curate sought for the keyes of the Library, the onely authors of his harme: which the Gentlemans Niese gave unto him very willingly. All of them entred into it, and among the rest the olde woman, wherein they found more then a hundred great volumes, and those verie well bound, beside the small ones. And as soone as the old woman had seene them, shee departed very hastily out of the chamber, and eft-soones returned with as great speed, with a holy-water pot and a sprinckler in her hand, and said, Hold, M. Licenciat, and sprinkle this chamber all about, lest there should lurke in it some one Inchanter of the many which these bookes containe, and bewitch us in reviling of the many paines wee meane to inflict on these bookes, by banishing them out of this world. The simplicity of the goode olde woman, caused the Licenciat to laugh; who commanded the Barber to fetch him downe the bookes from their shelves, one by one, that hee might peruse their arguments; for it might happen some to be found, which in no sort deserved to be chastised with fire. No, replied the Niese, no, you ought not to pardon any of them, seeing they have all beene offenders; it is better you throw them all into the base court, and there make a pile of them, and then set them a fire; if not, they may be carried into the yard, and there make a bon-fire of them, and the smoake will offend nobody. The old woman said as much, both of them thirsted so much for the death of these innocents, but the Curate would not condescend

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thereto, untill he had first read the titles at the least of
 everie booke. CHAPTER
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The first that Master Nicholas put into his hands, was that of *Amadis of Gaule*; which the Curate perusing a while, This comes not to me first of all others, without some mysterie: for as I have heard tolde, this is the first booke of Knighthood that ever was printed in Spaine, and all the others have had their beginning and originall from this; and therefore me thinkes that we must condemne him to the fire, without all remission, as the Dogmatizer and head of so badde a sect. Not so, fie, quoth the Barber, for I have heard that it is the very best contrived booke of all those of that kinde, and therefore he is to be pardoned as the onely complete one of his profession. That is true, replied the Curate, and for that reason we doe give him his life for this time. Let us see that other which lies next unto him. It is, quoth the Barber, *The Adventures of Splandian*, Amadis of Gaules lawfully begotten sonne: Yet on mine honesty, replied the Curate, his fathers goodnesse shall nothing availe him: Take this booke, old Masters, and opening the window throw it downe into the yard, and let it lay the foundation of our heape for the fire we meane to make. She did what was commaunded, with great alacrity, and so the good *Splandian* fledde into the yard, to expect with all patience the fire which he was threatned to abide. Forward, quoth the Curate. This that comes now, said the Barber, is *Amadis of Greece*, and as I conjecture, all those that lie on this side, are of the same lineage of Amadis. Then let them go all to the yard, quoth the Curate, in exchange of burning Queene Pintiquinestra, and the sheepheard Darinel, with his Eglogues, and the subtile and intricate Discourses of the Author, which are able to intangle the father that ingendred me, if he went in forme of a Knight Errant. I am of the same opinion, quoth the Barber, and I also, said the Niese. Then since it is so, quoth' the old wife, let them come, and to the yard with them all. They were rendred all up unto her, which were many in number: wherefore to save a labour of going up and downe the staires, she threw them out at the window.

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What bundle is that? quoth the Curate. This is, answered Master Nicholas, *Don Olivante of Laura*. The authour of that booke, quoth the Curate, composed likewise *The Garden of flowers*, and in good sooth I can scarce resolve which of the two workes is truest, or to speake better, is lesse lying: onely this much I can determine; that this must goe to the yard, being a booke foolish and arrogant. This that followes is *Florismarte of Hircania*, quoth the Barber. Is Lord Florismarte there? Then replied the Curate, Then by mine honesty hee shall briefly make his arrest in the yard, in despite of his wonderfull birth and famous adventures; for the drouth and harshnesse of his stile deserves no greater favour. To the yard with him, and this other (Good Masters.) With a very good will, Sir, quoth old Mumpsimus; and straightway did execute his commaundement with no small gladnesse. This is *Sir Platyr* (quoth the Barber.) It is an ancient booke, replied the Curate, wherein I finde nothing meriting pardon, let him without any replie keepe company with the rest. Forthwith it was done. Then was another book opened, and they saw the title thereof to be *The Knight of the Crosse*. For the holy title which this booke beareth, quoth the Curate, his ignorance might be pardoned: but it is a common saying: 'The Divell lurkes behind the Crosse': wherefore let it goe to the fire. The Barber taking another booke, said, This is *The Mirrour of Knighthood*. I know his Worship well, quoth the Curate. There goes among those bookes I see, the *Lord Raynald of Montalban* with his friends and companions, all of them greater theeves then Cacus,* and the twelve Peeres of Fraunce, with the true Historiographer Turpin. I am in truth about to condemne them only to exile, for as much as they containe some part of the famous Poet Matthew Boyardo his invention. Out of which the Christian Poet Lodovicke Ariosto did likewise weave his worke, which if I can find among these, and that hee speakes not his owne native tongue, I'll use him with no respect, but if hee talke in his owne language, I will put him for honours sake on my head. If that be so, quoth the Barber, I have him at home in the Italian, but cannot

*A thiefe
that used to
steale cattell
and pull them
backward by
the tayles,
that none
might trace
them.

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understand him. Neither were it good you should understand him, replied the Curate, and here we would willingly have excused the good Captaine that translated it into Spanish from that labour, or bringing it into Spaine if it had pleased himselfe. For he hath deprived it of much naturall worth in the translation; a fault incident to all those that presume to translate Verses out of one language into another: for though they imploy all their industry and wit therein, they can never arrive to the height of that Primitive conceit, which they bring with them in their first birth. I say therefore that this booke, and all the others that may be found in this Library to treat of French affaires, be cast and deposited in some drie Vault, untill wee may determine with more deliberation what wee should doe with them: alwayes excepting *Bernardo del Carpio*, which must be there among the rest, and another called *Roncesvalles*; for these two comming to my handes, shall be rendred up to those of the old guardian, and from hers into the fires, without any remission. All which was confirmed by the Barber, who did ratifie his sentence, holding it for good and discreete, because hee knew the Curate to bee so vertuous a man, and so great a friend of the truth, as hee would say nothing contrary to it for all the goods of the world.

And then opening another booke, he saw it was *Palmerin de Oliva*, neere unto which stood another, intituled *Palmerin of England*: which the Licenciat perceiving, said, Let *Oliva* bee presently rent in pieces, and burned in such sort, that even the very ashes thereof may not bee found: and let *Palmerin of England* be preserved, as a thing rarely delectable, and let such another boxe as that which Alexander found among Darius spoyles, and deputed to keepe Homers works, be made for it: for, gossip, this booke hath sufficient authority for two reasons; the first, because of it selfe it is very good and excellently contrived: the other, for as much as the report runnes, that a certaine discreete King of Portingal was the author thereof. All the adventures of the Castle of Miraguarda, are excellent and artificiall. The discourses very cleere and courtly, observing

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evermore a decorum in him that speakes, with great propriety and conceit: therefore I say, Master Nicholas, if you thinke good, this and *Amadis de Gaule* may be preserved from the fire: and let all the rest, without further search or regard perish. In the divels name do not so, gentle gossip (replied the Barber) for this which I hold now in my hand, is the famous *Don Belianis*: What he? quoth the Curate, the second, third, and fourth part thereof have great neede of some Ruybarbe to purge his excessive choler, and we must moreover take out of him all that of the Castell of Fame, and other impertinencies of more consequence. Therefore wee give them a *terminus Ultramarinus*, and as they shall be corrected, so will we use mercy or justice towards them: and in the meane space, gossip, you may keepe them at your house, but permit no man to reade them. I am pleased, quoth the Barber, and being unwilling to tire himselfe any more by reading of Titles, he bad the old woman to take all the great volumes, and throw them into the yard; the words were not spoken to a Mome or deafe person, but to one that had more desire to burne them, then to weave a piece of linnen, were it never so great and fine. And therefore taking eight of them together, she threw them all out of the window, and returning the second time, thinking to carie away a great many at once, one of them fell at the Barbers feete, who desirous to know the title, saw that it was *The History of the famous Knight Tirante the white*. Good God, quoth the Curate with a loud voyce, is *Tirante the white* here? Give me it, gossip, for I make account to have found in it a Treasure of delight, and a copious Mine of pastime. Here is Don-Quireleison of Montalban, a valiant Knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalban, and the Knight Fonseca, and the combat which the valiant Detriante fought with Alano, and the witty conceits of the damzell Plazerdemivida, with the love and guiles of the widdow Reposada, and of the Empresse enamoured on her Squire Ipolito. I say unto you, gossip, that this booke is for the stile, one of the best of the world: in it Knights do eate, and drinke, and sleepe, and die in their beds naturally, and make their testaments before their

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death: with many other things, which all other bookes of this subject doe want; yet notwithstanding, if I might be judge, the authour thereof deserved, because he purposely penned and writ so many follies, to be sent to the Gallies for all the dayes of his life. Carry it home and reade it, and you shall see all that I have said thereof to be true. I beleeeve it very well, quoth the Barber. But what shall we do with these little bookes that remaine? These as I take, said the Curate, are not bookes of Knighthood, but of Poetry; and opening one, he perceived it was the *Diana* of Montemayor, and beleeving that all the rest were of that stampe, he said, These deserve not to be burned with the rest, for they have not, nor can doe so much hurt as bookes of Knighthood, being all of them workes full of understanding and conceits, and doe not prejudice any other. O good Sir, quoth Don-Quixote his Niese, your reverence shal likewise doe well to have them also burned, lest that mine uncle, after he be cured of his Knightly disease, may fall by reading of these in an humour of becomming a Shepheard, and so wander through the woods and fields, singing of Roundelayes, and playing on a Croud. And what is more dangerous then to become a Poet, which is as some say, an incurable and infectious disease? This maiden saies true, quoth the Curate, and it will not be amisse to remoove this stumbling blocke and occasion out of our friends way: and since we begin with the *Diana* of Montemayor, I am of opinion that it be not burned, but onely that all that which treates of the wise Felicia, and of the enchanted water, be taken away, and also all the longer verses, and let him remaine with his proses, and the honour of being the best of that kinde. This that followes, quoth the Barber, is the *Diana* called the second, written by him of Salamanca, and this other is of the same name, whose author is Gil Polo. Let that of Salamanca, answer'd M. Parson, augment the number of the condemned in the yard, and that of Gil Polo be kept as charily, as if it were Apollo his own work: and go forward speedily, good gossip, for it grows late. This booke, quoth the Barber, opening of another, is *The twelve bookes of the fortunes of love*, written by Anthony Lofraso,

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the Sardinicall Poet. By the holy Orders which I have received, quoth the Curate, since Apollo was Apollo, and the Muses, Muses, and Poets, Poets, was never written so delightfull and extravagant a worke as this; and that in his way and vaine, it is the onely one of all the bookes that have ever issued of that kinde to view the light of the world, and he that hath not read it, may make account that he hath never read matter of delight. Give it to me, gossip, for I doe prize more the finding of it, then I would the gift of a Cassocke of the best Sattin of Florence. And so with great joy he laid it aside, and the Barber prosecuted, saying, These that follow be, *The shepheard of Iberia: The Nymphes of Enares*, and *The Undeceiving of Iealousies*. Then there's no more to be done, but to deliver them up to the secular arme of the olde wife, and doe not demaund the reason, for that were never to make an end. This that comes, is *The Shepheard of Filida*. That is not a Shepheard, quoth the Curate, but a very complete Courtier: let it be reserved as a precious jewell. This great one that followes, is, said the Barber, intituled, *The treasure of divers Poems*. If they had not bin so many, replied the Curate, they would have beene more esteemed. It is necessary that this booke be carded and purged of certaine base things, that lurke among his high conceits. Let him be kept, both because the Author is my very great friend, and in regard of other more Heroicall and loftie Workes he hath written. This is, said the Barber, *The ditty booke* of Lopez Maldonado. The author of that worke is likewise my great friend, replied the Parson, and his lines pronounced by himselfe, doe advise the hearers, and such is the sweetnesse of his voyce, when hee sings them, as it doth inchant the eare. He is somewhat prolix in his Eglogues, but that which is good, is never superfluous: let him be kept among the choysest. But what booke is that, which lies next unto him? *The Galatea* of Michel Cervantes, quoth the Barber. That Cervantes, said the Curate, is mine old acquaintance this many a yeare. And I knowe, he is more practised in misfortunes then in verses. His booke hath some good invention in it, he intends and propounds somewhat, but concludes nothing: therefore we must

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expect the second part, which he hath promised ; perhaps his amendment may obtaine him a generall remission, which until now is denied him, and whilst we expect the sight of his second work, keep this part closely imprisoned in your lodging. I am very well content to doe so, good gossip, said the Barber, and here there come three together ; *The Auracana* of Don Alonso de Ercilla, *The Austriada* of Iohn Ruffo, one of the Magistrates of Cordova, and *The Monserrato* of Christopher de Virues a Valentian Poet. All these three bookes, quoth the Curate, are the best that are written in Heroicall verse in the Castilian tongue, and may compare with the most famous of Italy. Reserve them as the richest pawnes that Spaine enjoyeth of Poetry. The Curate with this grew wearie to see so many bookes, and so he would have all the rest burned at all adventures. But the Barber, ere the sentence was given, had opened by chance one intituled *The Teares of Angelica*. I would have shed those teares my selfe, said the Curate, if I had wittingly caused such a booke to be burned ; for the authour thereof was one of the most famous Poets of the world, not onely of Spaine : and was most happy in the translation of certaine fables of Ovid.

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CHAPTER VII

Of the second departure which our good Knight
Don-Quixote made from his house
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WHILE they were thus busied, Don-Quixote began to crie aloud, saying, Heere, heere, valorous Knights, heere it is needfull that you shew the force of your valiant armes; for the Courtiers begin to beare away the best of the Tourney. The folke repaying to this rumour and noyse, was an occasion, that any farther speech and visitation of the bookes was omitted, and therefore it is to be suspected, that *The Carolea* and *Lion of Spaine*, with the actes of the Emperour Charles the fift, written by Don Luis de Avila were burned, without being ever seene or heard; and perhaps if the Curate had seene them, they should not have past under so rigorous a sentence. When they all arrived to Don-Quixote his chamber, he was risen already out of his bedde, and continued still his outcries, cutting and slashing on every side, being as broadly awake, as if he never had slept. Wherefore taking him in their armes, they returned him by maine force into his bedde: and after he was somewhat quiet and settled, he said, turning himselfe to the Curate, In good sooth, L. Archbishop Turpin, it is a great dishonour to us that are called the twelve Peeres, to permit the Knights of the Court to beare thus away the glory of the Tournay without more adoe; seeing that we the adventurers have gained the prize thereof the three formost dayes. Hold your peace, good gossip, quoth the Curate, for fortune may be pleased to change the successe, and what is lost to day, may be wonne againe to morrow: Looke you to your health for the pre-

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sent, for you seeme at least to be very much tyred, if besides
you be not sore wounded. CHAPTER VII

Wounded? No, quoth Don-Quixote, but doubtlesse I am somewhat bruised: for that bastard Don Rowland hath beaten me to poulder with the stocke of an Oake-tree, and all for envy, because he sees that I onely dare oppose my selfe to his valour: but let me be never againe called Raynold of Montealban, if he pay not deerely for it, as soone as I rise from this bed in despite of all his enchantment. But I pray you call for my breakefast, for I know it will doe me much good, and leave the revenge of this wrong to my charge. Presently meat was brought, and after he had eaten, he fell asleepe, and they remained astonished at his wonderfull madnesse. That night the old woman burned all the bookes that she found in the house and yard, and some there were burned that deserved for their worthinesse to be kept up in everlasting Treasuries, if their fortunes and the lazinesse of the searchers had permitted it. And so the proverbe was verified in them, That the Iust payes sometimes for Sinners. One of the remedies which the Curate and Barber prescribed for that present, to helpe their friends disease, was, that they should change his chamber, and damme up his Study, to the end that when he arose, he might not finde them: for perhaps by removing the cause, they might also take away the effects: and moreover they bad them to say, that a certaine inchanter had carried them away Study and all; which device was presently put in practice. And within two daies after, Don-Quixote got up, and the first thing he did, was to go and visite his bookes; and seeing he could not find the chamber in the same place, where he had left it, he went up and downe to find it. Sometimes he came to the place where the dore stood, and felt it with his hands, and then would turne his eyes up and downe, here and there to seeke it, without speaking a word. But at last, after deliberation, he asked of the old woman the way to his bookes? Shee as one well schooled before what shee should answer, said, What Study, or what nothing is this you looke for? There is now no more Study, nor bookes in

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this house; for the very Divell himselfe carried all away with him. It was not the Divell, said his Niese, but an Inchanter that came here one night upon a cloude, the day after you departed from hence; and alighting downe from a Serpent upon which he rode, he entred into the Studie, and what he did therein I know not; and within a while after, he fledde out at the roofof the house, and left all the house full of smoake: and when we accorded to see what he had done, we could neyther see booke or Studie: onely this much the old woman. And I doe remember very well, that the naughty olde man at his departure, said with a loud voyce, that he, for hidden enmitie, that he bore to the Lord of those bookes, had done all the harme to the house: that they might perceive when he were departed, and added that he was named the wise Muniaton. Frestron, you would have said, quoth Don-Quixote. I know not, quoth the old woman, whether he hight Frestron or Friton, but well I wot, that his name ended with Ton. That is true, quoth Don-Quixote, and he is a very wise Inchanter, and my great adversary, and lookes on me with a sinister eye, for he knowes by his arte and science, that I shal in time fight a single combat with a Knight his very great friend, and overcome him in battel without being able to be by him assisted, and therefore he labours to doe me all the hurt he may; and I have sent him word that he strives in vaine to divert or shun that which is by heaven already decreed. Who doubts of that? quoth his Niese, but I pray you good uncle, say, what need have you to thrust your selfe into these difficulties and brabbles? were it not better to rest you quietly in your owne house, then to wander thorow the the world, searching bread of *blasted corne; without once considering how many there goe to seeke for wooll, that returne againe shorne themselves? O Niese, quoth Don-Quixote, how ill dost thou understand the matter? before I permit my selfe to be shorne I will pill and pluck away the beards of as many as shall dare or imagine to touch but a haire onely of mee. To these words the women would make no replie, because they saw his choler increase.

Fifteene dayes hee remained quietly at home, without

**Buscando
pan de
Trastrigo,
p. 47.*

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giving any argument of seconding his former vanities: in which time past many pleasant encounters betweene him and his two gossip, the Curate and Barber, upon that point which hee defended, to wit, that the world needed nothing so much as Knights Errant, and that the erraticall Knighthood ought to bee againe renewed therein. Master Parson would contradict him somtimes, and other times yeelde unto that he urged; for had they not observed that manner of proceeding, it were impossible to bring him to any conformity. In this space Don-Quixote dealt with a certaine labourer his neighbour, an honest man (if the title of honesty may be given to the poore) but one of a very shallow wit; in resolution he said so much to him, and perswaded him so earnestly, and made him so large promises, as the poore fellow determined to goe away with him, and serve him as his Squire. Don-Quixote among many other things bad him to dispose himselfe willingly to depart with him, for now and then such an adventure might present it selfe, that in as short space as one would take up a couple of strawes, an Island might be wonn, and he be left as governour thereof. With these and such like promises Sancho Pança (for so he was called,) left his wife and children, and agreed to be his Squire. Afterward Don-Quixote began to cast plots how to come by some mony, which he atchieved by selling one thing, pawning another, and turning all upside downe. At last he got a prettie summe, and accommodating himselfe with a buckler which he had borrowed of a friend, and patching up his broken Beaver againe as wel as he could, he advertised his Squire Sancho of the day and houre wherein he meant to depart, that hee might likewise furnish himselfe with that which he thought needfull; but above all things he charged him to provide himselfe of a Wallet; which he promised to performe, and said, That hee meant also to carie a verie good Asse, which he had of his owne, because he was not wont to travell much afoot. In that of the Asse Don-Quixote stood a while pensive, calling to minde whether ever he had read, that any Knight Errant carried his Squire Assishly mounted, but he could not remember any authority

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house to seeke
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for it: yet notwithstanding he resolved that he might bring his beast, with intention to accommodate him more honourably when occasion were offered, by dismounting the first discourteous Knight they met, from his horse, and giving it to his Squire; he also furnished himselfe with shirts, and as many other things as hee might, according unto the Inkeepers advice. All which being finished, Sancho Pança, without bidding his wife or children farewell; or Don-Quixote his Niese and olde servant, they both departed one night out of the village unknowne to any person living; and they travelled so farre that night, as they were sure in the morning not to be found, although they were pursued. Sancho Pança rode on his beast like a Patriarke, with his Wallet and Bottle, and a marvellous longing to see himselfe governour of the Iland which his master had promised unto him.

Don-Quixote tooke by chance the same very course and way that he had done in his first voyage through the field of Montiel, wherein he travelled then with lesse vexation then the first; for by reason that it was early, and the Sunne-beames stroke not directly downe, but athwart, the heat did not trouble them much. And Sancho Pança seeing the oportunity good, said to his Master, I pray you have care good Sir Knight, that you forget not that government of the Island which you have promised me, for I shall bee able to governe it were it never so great. To which Don-Quixote replied, 'You must understand, 'friend Sancho Pança, that it was a custome very much 'used by ancient Knights Errant, to make their Squires 'governours of the Islands and Kingdomes that they conquered, and I am resolved that so good a custome shall 'never be abolished by me, but rather I will passe and 'exceed them therein: for they sometimes, and as I take it, 'did for the greater part expect untill their Squires waxed 'aged, and after they were cloyed with service, and had 'suffered many bad dayes and worse nights, then did they 'bestow upon them some title of an Earle, or at least of 'a *Marquesse of some valley or Province, of more or lesse 'account.

*The title of
a Marquesse
is less then
that of an
Earle in
Spaine.

I] HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

But if thou livest, and I withall, it may happen that I might conquer such a Kingdome within sixe dayes, that hath other Kingdomes adherent to it, which would fall out as just as it were cast in a mould for thy purpose, whom I would crowne presently King of one of them. And doe not account this to be any great matter, for things and chances doe happen to such Knights adventurers as I am, by so unexpected and wonderfull wayes and meanes, as I might give thee very easily a great deale more then I promised. After that maner, said Sancho Pança, If I were a King through some miracle of those which you say, then should Ioan Gutierrez my wife become a Queene, and my children Princes. Who doubts of that? said Don-Quixote. That doe I, replied Sancho Pança, for I am fully perswaded, that although God would raine Kingdomes downe upon the earth, none of them would sit well on Mary Gutierrez her head. For Sir, you must understand that shee's not worth a Dodkin for a Queene. To be a Countesse would agree with her better: and yet I pray God shee be able to discharge that calling. Commend thou the matter to God, quoth Don-Quixote, that he may give her that which is most convenient for her. But doe not thou abase thy minde so much, as to content thy selfe with lesse then at least to be a Vice-Roy. I will not, good Sir, quoth Sancho, especially seeing I have so worthy a Lord and Master as your selfe, who knowes how to give me all that may turne to my benefit, and that I shall be able to discharge in good sort.

CHAPTER

VII

Of the second
departure
which our
good Knight
Don-Quixote
made from his
house to seeke
adventures.

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CHAPTER VIII

Of the good successe Don-Quixote had, in the
dreadfull and never imagined adventure of
the Windemils, with other accidents
worthy to be recorded.



Thus thus they discoursed, they discovered some thirty or forty Windemils, that are in that field: and as soone as Don-Quixote espied them, he said to his Squire: Fortune doth addresse our affaires better then wee our selves could desire; for behold there, friend Sancho Pança, how there appeares thirty or forty monstrous Giants, with whom I meane to fight, and deprive them all of their lives; with whose spoyles we will begin to be rich; for this is a good warre, and a great service unto God, to take away so bad a seede from the face of the earth. What Giants? quoth Sancho Pança. Those that thou seest there, quoth his Lorde, with the long armes, and some there are of that race, whose armes are almost two leagues long. I pray you understand, quoth Sancho Pança, that those which appeare there, are no Gyants but Windemils: and that which seemes in them to be armes, are their Sayles, that are swung about by the Winde, doe also make the Mill goe. It seemes well, quoth Don-Quixote, that thou art not yet acquainted with matter of adventures: they are Giants, and if thou beest afeard, goe aside and pray, whilst I enter into cruell and unequall battell with them. And saying so, he spurd his horse Rozinante, without taking heed to his Squire Sanchos cries, advertising him how they were doubtlesly Windemils that he did assault, and no Giants; but he went so fully perswaded, that they were Giants, as he neither heard his Squires out-cries, nor did

1] HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

discerne what they were, although he drew very neere to them, but rather said as loud as he could: Flie not, ye cowards and vile creatures, for it is onely one Knight that assaults you. With this the Winde increased, and the Mill Sailes began to turn about; which Don-Quixote espying, said, Although thou movedst more armes then the Gyant Briareo, thou shalt stoope to me; and after saying this, and commending himselfe most devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, desiring her to succour him in that trance, covering himselfe well with his buckler, and setting his Launce on his rest, he spurred on Rozinante, and encountred with the first Mill that was before him, and striking his Lance into the Sayle, the Winde swunged it about with such furie, that it broke his Launce into shivers, carrying him and his horse after it, and finally tumbled him a good way off from it, on the field in very evill plight. Sancho Pança repayred presently to succour him, as fast as his Asse could drive: and when he arrived, he found him not able to stir, he had gotten such a crush with Rozinante.

* Good God! quoth Sancho, did I not foretell unto you that you should looke well what you did? for they were none other then Windemils, nor could any think otherwise, unlesse hee had also Windemils in his braines. Peace, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, for matters of warre are more subject then any other thing to continuall change: how much more seeing I do verily perswade my self, that the wise Freston who robbed my Studie and bookes, hath transformed these Giants into Mills, to deprive me of the glory of the victory? such is the enmity hee beares towards me. But yet in fine, all his bad arts shal but little prevaile against the goodnesse of my sword. God grant it, as he may, said Sancho Pança; and then helpt him to arise: and presently he mounted on Rozinante, who was *halfe shoulder-picht by rough encounter; and discoursing upon that adventure, they followed on the way which guided towards the passage or gate of Lapice, for there as Don-Quixote avouched, it was not possible, but to finde many adventures, because it was a thorough-fare much frequented, and yet he affirmed that he went very much grieved because hee wanted

CHAPTER VIII

Of the good successe Don-Quixote had, in the dreadful and never imagined adventure of the Windemils, with other accidents worthy to be recorded.

*This word (love) will have no grace in the worke, seeing the actions are presumed to be Christian, although otherwise distracted in minde, as was Don-Quixote.

**Medio spaldado.*
A passage thorough the mountaines.

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CHAPTER VIII

Of the good
successes Don-
Quixote had,
in the dread-
full and never
imagined ad-
venture of the
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with other
accidents
worthy to be
recorded.

a Lance, and telling it to his Squire, he said, I remember how I have read that a certaine Spanish Knight called Diego Peres of Vargas, having broken his sword in a battaile, tore off a great branch, or stock from an Oak-tree, and did such marvailles with it that day, and battered so many Moores, as he remained with the surname of Machuca, which signifies a stumpe, and as well hee, as all his progenie were ever after that day called Vargas and Machuca. I tell thee this, because I meane to teare another branch, such, or as good at least as that, from the first Oake we shall encounter, and I meane to atchieve such adventures therewithall, as thou wilt account thy selfe fortunate, for having merited to behold them, and be a witnesse of things almost incredible. In Gods name, quoth Sancho, I doe beleeeve every word you said: but I pray you sit right in your saddle, for you ride sideling, which proceeds as I suppose of the bruising you got by your fall. Thou sayest true, quoth Don-Quixote, and if I doe not complaine of the griefe, the reason is, because Knights Errant use not to complaine of any wound, although their guts did issue out therof. If it be so (quoth Sancho) I know not what to say, but God knowes that I would be glad to heare you to complaine when any thing grieves you. Of my selfe I dare affirme, that I must complaine of the least griefe that I have, if it be not likewise meant that the Squires of Knights Errant must not complaine of any harme. Don-Quixote could not refraine laughter, hearing the simplicitie of his Squire; and after shewed unto him, that he might lawfully complaine both when he pleased, and as much as he listed, with desire, or without it, for he had never yet read any thing to the contray, in the order of Knighthood. Then Sancho said unto him, that it was dinner time. To whom he answered, that he needed no repast, but if he had will to eate, he might begin when he pleased. Sancho having obtained his licence, did accommodate himselfe on his Asse backe, the best he might; taking out of his wallet some belly munition, he rode after his Master, travelling and eating at once, and that with great leasure, and ever anone he lifted up his bottle with such pleasure, as the best

1] HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

fed Tapster of Malaga might envy his state, and whilst he rode multiplying of quaffes in that manner, he never remembred any of the promises his Master had made him, nor did he hold the fetch of adventures to be a labour, but rather a great recreation and ease, were they never so dangerous. In conclusion, they past over that night under certaine trees, from one of which Don-Quixote tore a withered branch, which might serve him in some sort for a lance, and therefore he set thereon the yron of his owne, which he had reserved when it was broken. All that night Don-Quixote slept not one winke, but thought upon his Ladie Dulcinea that he might conforme himself to what he had read in his bookes of adventures, when knights passed over many nights without sleepe in forrests and fields, onely intertained by the memorie of their Maistresses: but Sancho spent not his time so vainely, for having his stomacke well stuffed, and that not with Succorie water, he carried smoothly away the whole night in one sleepe: and if his Master had not called him up, neyther the sunne-beames which strucke on his visage, nor the melodie of the Birds which were many, and did cheerfully welcome the approach of the new day, could have beene able to awake him: at his arriving hee gave one assay to the bottle, which he found to bee somewhat more weake then it was the night before, whereat his heart was somewhat grieved, for he mistrusted that they tooke not a course to remedie that defect so soone as he wished: nor could Don-Quixote breake his fast, who, as we have said, meant onely to sustaine himselfe with pleasant remembrances. Then did they returne to their commenced way, towards the Port of Lapice, which they discovered about three of the clocke in the after-noone: here (said Don-Quixote) as soone as he kend it, may we (friend Sancho) thrust our hands up to the very elbows in that, which is called adventures. But observe well this Caveat which I shall give thee, that although thou seest me in the greatest dangers of the world, thou must not set hand to thy sword in my defence, if thou dost not see that those which assault me, be base and vile vulgar people; for in such a case thou maist assist mec. Marry if they bee

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Of the good
successe Don-
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imagined ad-
venture of the
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Knights, thou maist not doe so in any wise, nor is it permitted by the lawes of armes that thou maist helpe me, untill thou beest likewise dubd Knight thy selfe. I doe assure you, Sir, quoth Sancho, that herein you shal be most punctually obeyed; and therefore chiefly, in respect that I am of mine owne nature a quiet and peaceable man, and a mortall enemy of thrusting my selfe into stirres or quarrels: yet is it true, that touching the defence of mine owne person, I wil not be altogether so observant of those lawes, seeing that both Divine and Humane allow every man to defend himselfe, from any one that would wrong him. I say no lesse, answered Don-Quixote, but in this of ayding me against any Knight, thou must set bounds to thy naturall impulses. I say that I will doe so, quoth Sancho, and I wil observe this commandement as punctually, as that of keeping holy the Saboth day. Whilst thus they reasoned, there appeared in the way two Monkes of S. Benets order, mounted on two Dromedaries; for the Mules whereon they rode, were but little lesse. They wore masks with Spectacles in them, to keepe away the dust from their faces, and each of them besides bore their Umbrilles; after them came a Coach and foure or five a horse-backe accompanying it, and two Lackeyes that ranne hard by it. There came therein, as it was after knowne, a certaine Biscaine Lady, which travelled towards Sivil, where her husband sojourned at the present, and was going to the Indies, with an honourable charge: the Monks rode not with her, although they travelled the same way. Scarce had Don-Quixote perceived them, when he said to his Squire, Either I am deceived, or else this will prove the most famous adventure, that ever hath beene seene. For these two great blacke bulkes which appeare there, are questionlesse Inchanters that steale or carrie away perforce some Princesse in that Coach; and therefore I must with all my power undoe that wrong. This will be worse then the adventure of the Windemils, quoth Sancho. Doe not you see, Sir, that those are Fryers of S. Benets Order? and the Coach can be none other, then of some travellers. Therefore listen to mine advice, and see well what you

I] HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

doe, lest that the diuell doe deceive you. I have said already to thee, Sancho, that thou art very ignorant in matter of adventures. What I say is true, as now thou shalt see: and saying so, he spurd on his horse, and placed himselfe just in the midst of the way, by which the Friars came: and when they approached so neere as he supposed they might heare him, he said with a loude voyce: 'Divillesh and wicked people, leave presently those high Princesses which you violently carie away with you in that Coach; or if you will not, prepare your selves to receive suddaine death, as a just punishment of your bad workes.' The Friars held their horses, and were amazed both at the shape and words of Don-Quixote. To whom they answered, Sir Knight, we are neither devillish nor wicked, but religious men of S. Benets Order, that travell about our affaires, and we know not whether, or no, there comes any Princesses forced in this Coach. With me faire wordes take no effect, quoth Don-Quixote. For I know you very well, treacherous knaves; and then without expecting their replie, he set spurs to Rozinante, and laying his Lance on the thigh, charged the first Friar with such fury and rage, that if he had not suffered himselfe willingly to fall off his Mule, he would not onely have overthrowne him against his wil, but likewise have slaine, or at least wounded him very ill with the blow. The second religious man seeing how ill his companion was used, made no words, but setting spurs to that Castell, his Mule did flie away thorow the field, as swift as the winde it selfe. Sancho Pança seeing the Monke overthrowne, dismounted very speedily off his Asse, and ran over to him, and would have ransackt his habites. In this arrived the Monkes two Lackeyes, and demanded of him, why he thus dispoyled the Friar? Sancho replied, that it was his due by the law of armes, as lawfull spoyles gained in battell by his Lord Don-Quixote. The Lackeyes which understood not the jest, nor knew not what words of battell or spoyles meant, seeing that Don-Quixote was now out of the way, speaking with those that came in the Coach, set both at once upon Sancho, and left him not a haire in his beard but they pluckt, and did so trample

CHAPTER

VIII

Of the good success Don-Quixote had, in the dreadful and never imagined adventure of the Windemills, with other accidents worthy to be recorded.

THE FIRST PART OF THE [LIB.

CHAPTER VIII

Of the good
successes Don-
Quixote had,
in the dread-
full and never
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venture of the
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accidents
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him under their feete, as they left him stretched on the ground without either breath or feeling: the Monke cutting off all delayes, mounted againe on horse-backe, all affrighted, having scarce any droppe of bloud left in his face through feare. And being once up, he spurd after his fellow, who expected him a good way off, staying to see the successe of that assault; and being unwilling to attend the end of that strange adventure, they did prosecute their journey, blessing and crossing themselves [as] if the Divell did pursue them.

Don-Quixote, as is rehearsed, was in this season speaking to the Lady of the Coach, to whom he said, 'Your beauty, deere Lady, may dispose from henceforth of your person, as best ye liketh; for the pride of your robbers lies now prostrated on the ground, by this my invincible arme. And because you may not bee troubled to know your deliverer his name, know that I am called Don-Quixote de la Mancha, a Knight Errant and adventurer, and Captive to the Peerelesse and beautifull Ladie Dulcinea of Toboso: and in reward of the benefite which you have received at my handes, I demaund nothing else, but that you returne to Toboso; and there present your selves in my name before my Lady, and recount unto her, what I have done to obtaine your liberty.' To all these words which Don-Quixote said, a certaine Biscaine Squire that accompanied the Coach gave eare, who seeing that Don-Quixote suffered not the Coach to passe onward, but said that it must presently returne backe to Toboso, he drew neere to him, and laying hold on his Launce, he said in his bad Spanish and worse Basquish; get thee away, Knight in an ill houre, by the God that created me, if thou leave not the Coach, I will kill thee, as sure as I am a Biscaine. Don-Quixote understanding him, did answer with great staidnesse, if thou werest a * Knight as thou art not, I would by this have punished thy folly and presumption, caytife creature. The Biscaine replied with great furie, Not I a Gentleman? I swear God thou liest as well as I am a Christian. If thou cast away thy Lance, and draw thy sword, * thou shalt see the water as soone as thou shalt carie away

*Cavallero in
Spanish is
taken as well
for a Gentle-
man, as for a
Knight.

*Page 58.

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the Cat : A Biscaine by land, and a Gentleman by Sea, a Gentleman in despite of the Divell, and thou liest if other things thou sayest. Straight thou shalt see that, said Agrages; replied Don-Quixote, and throwing his Launce to the ground, he out with his sword, and tooke his Buckler, and set on the Biscaine, with resolution to kill him. The Biscaine seeing him approch in that manner, although he desired to alight off his Mule, which was not to be trusted, being one of those naughty ones which are wont to be hired, yet had he no leisure to do any other thing, then to draw out his sword: but it befell him happily to be neere to the Coach, out of which he snatched a cushion that served him for a shield: and presently the one made upon the other like mortall enemies. Those that were present, laboured all that they might, but in vaine, to compound the matter betweene them; for the Biscaine swore in his bad language, that if they hindred him from ending the battell, hee would put his Lady, and all the rest that dared to disturbe him, to the sword.

The Lady astonished and fearefull of that which shee beheld, commanded the Coach-man to goe a little out of the way, and sate aloofe, beholding the rigorous conflict. In the progresse whereof, the Biscaine gave Don-Quixote over the Target a mighty blow on one of the shoulders, where if it had not found resistance in his armour, it would doubtlesly have cleft him downe to the girdle. Don-Quixote feeling the waight of that unmeasurable blow, cried with a loud voyce, saying, 'O Dulcinea, Lady of my soule, the flowre of all beauty, succour this thy Knight, who to set forth thy worth, finds himselfe in this dangerous trance.' The saying of these words, the griping fast of his sword, the covering of himselfe well with his Buckler, and the assayling of the Biscaine, was done all in one instant, resolving to venter all the successe of the battell on that one only blow. The Biscaine, who perceiving him come in that manner, perceived by his doughtinesse his intention, and resolved to doe the like; and therefore expected him very well covered with his Cushion, not being able to manage his Mule as he wished from one part to another, who

CHAPTER VIII

Of the good successe Don Quixote had, in the dreadfull and never imagined adventure of the Windemills, with other accidents worthy to be recorded.

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER VIII

*Of the good
successe Don-
Quixote had,
in the dread-
full and never
imagined ad-
venture of the
Windemils,
with other
accidents
worthy to be
recorded.*

was not able to goe a steppe, it was so wearied, as a beast never before used to the like toyes. Don-Quixote, as wee have said, came against the weary Biscaine, with his sword lifted aloft, with a full resolution to part him in two; and all the beholders stood with great feare suspended, to see the successe of those monstrous blowes wherewithall they threatned one another. And the Lady of the Coach, with her Gentlewoman, made a thousand vowes, and offerings to all the devout places of Spaine, to the end that God might deliver the Squire, and themselves, out of that great danger wherein they were.

But it is to be deplored, how in this very point and tearme, the Author of this History leaves this battell depending, excusing himselfe, that he could finde no more written of the actes of Don-Quixote, then those which he hath already recounted. True it is, that the second writer of this worke would not beleieve, that so curious a History was drownd in the jawes [of] oblivion, or that the wits of the Mancha were so little curious, as not to reserve among their treasuries or records, some papers treating of this famous Knight: and therefore encouraged by this presumption, he did not despaire to finde the end of this pleasant History; which, heaven being propitious to him, he got at last after the manner that shall be recounted in the second Part.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART

THE SECOND BOOKE

CHAPTER I

Wherein is related the events of the feareful
battell which the gallant Biscaine fought
with Don-Quixote.



WE left the valorous Biscaine, and the famous Don-Quixote in the first part, with their swords lifted up and naked in termes, to discharge one upon another two furious Cleavers, and such, as if they had allighted rightly, would cut and divide them both from the top to the toe, and open them like a Pomegranate. And that in so doubtfull a taking the delightfull History stopped and remained dismembred, the author thereof leaving us no notice where we might finde the rest of the narration. This grieved me not a little, but wholly turned the pleasure I tooke in reading the beginning thereof, into disgust, thinking how small commodity was offered, to finde out so much as in mine opinion wanted of this so delectable a tale. It seemed unto me almost impossible, and contrary to all good order, that so good a Knight should want some wise man, that would undertake his wonderfull prowesses and feats of Chivalrie. A thing that none of those Knights Errant ever wanted, of whom people speake; for each of them had one or two wise men of purpose, that did not only write their actes, but also depainted their very least thoughts and

THE FIRST PART OF THE [LIB.

CHAPTER I

Wherein is
related the
events of
the feareful
battell which
the gallant
Biscaine
fought with
Don-Quixote.

toyes, were they never so hidden. And surely so good a Knight could not be so unfortunate, as to want that where-with Platyr and others his like abounded; and therefore could not induce my selfe to beleeeve, that so gallant a Historie might remaine maimed and lame, and did rather cast the fault upon the malice of the time, who is a consumer and devourer of all things, which had eyther hidden or consumed it. Me thought on the other side, seeing that among his bookes were found some moderne workes, such as the *Undeceiving of Iealousie*, and *The nymphs and sheepeheardes of Henares*, That also his owne History must have bin new; and if it were not written, yet was the memory of him fresh among the dwellers of his owne village, and the other villages adjoyning. This imagination held me suspended and desirous to learne really and truly all the life and miracles of our famous Spaniard Don-Quixote of the Mancha, the light and mirrour of all Manchicall Chivalrie; being the first who in this our age and time so full of calamities did undergoe the travels and exercise of armes errant; and undid wrongs, succourd widdowes, protected damzels that rode up and downe with their whips and Palfrayes, and with all their virginity on their backes, from hill to hill, and dale to dale: for if it hapned not that some lewd miscreant, or some Clowne with a hatchet and long haire, or some monstrous Giant did force them, damzels there were in times past, that at the end of fourescore yeares old, all which time they never slept one day under a roofe, went as intire and pure maydens to their graves, as the very mother that bore them. Therefore I say, that as well for this, as for many other good respects, our gallant Don-Quixote is worthy of continuall and memorable prayses; nor can the like be justly denied to my selfe, for the labour and diligence which I used to find out the end of this gratefull Historie; although I know very well, that if Heaven, Chance, and Fortune had not assisted me, the world had bin deprived of the delight and pastime, that he may take for almost two houres together, who shall with attention read it. The manner therefore of finding it, was this:

Being one day walking on the Exchange of Toledo, a

II] HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

certaine boy by chance would have sold divers old quires and scroules of bookes to a Squire that walked up and down in that place, and I being addicted to reade such scroules, though I found them torne in the streets, borne away by this my naturall inclination, tooke one of the quiers in my hand, and perceived it to be written in Arabicall characters, and seeing that although I knew the letters, yet could I not read the substance, I looked about to view whether I could perceive any Moore translated Spaniard, thereabouts that could reade them: nor was it very difficult to finde there such an interpreter: for if I had searched one of another better and more ancient *language, that place might easily afford him. In fine my good fortune presented one to me, to whom telling my desire, and setting the booke in his hand, he opened it, and having read a little therein, began to laugh. I demaunded of him why he laughed? and he answered, At that marginall note which the booke had. I bad him to expound it to me, and with that took him a little aside: and he continuing still his laughter, said, There is written here on this margine these wordes. 'This Dulcinea of Toboso so many times spoken of in this historie, had the best hand for powdring of Porkes, of any woman in all the Mancha.' When I heard it make mention of Dulcinea of Toboso, I rested amazed and suspended, and imagined forthwith, that those quiers contained the *Historie of Don-Quixote*: with this conceit I hastned him to read the beginning, which he did, and translating the Arabicall into Spanish in a trice, he said that it began thus, *The Historie of Don-Quixote of the Mancha*, written by Cyde Hamete Benengeli, an Arabicall Historiographer. Much discretion was requisite to dissemble the content of mind I conceived, when I heard the title of the booke, and preventing the Squire, I bought all the boyes scroles and papers for a Riall: and were he of discretion, or knew my desire, he might have promised himselfe easily, and also borne away with him more then sixe Rials for his Merchandize. I departed after with the Moore, to the Cloyster of the great Church, and I requested him to turne me all the Arabicall sheetes that treated of Don-

CHAPTER

I
Wherein is related the events of the feareful battell which the gallant Biscaine fought with Don-Quixote.

*To wit, a Jew.

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CHAPTER

I

Wherein is
related the
events of
the feareful
battell which
the gallant
Biscaine
fought with
Don-Quixote,

Quixote into Spanish, without adding or taking away any thing from them, and I would pay him what he listed for his paines: he demaunded fifty pounds of Reasons and three bushels of Wheate, and promised to translate them speedily, well, and faithfully. But I, to hasten the matter more, lest I should lose such an unexpected and welcome treasure, brought him to my house, where he translated all the worke in lesse then a moneth and a halfe, even in the manner that it is here recounted.

There was painted in the first Quire, very naturally, the battell betwixt Don-Quixote and the Biscaine; even in the same manner that the History relateth it, with their swords lifted aloft, the one covered with his Buckler, the other with the Cushion: and the Biscaines Mule was delivered so naturally, as a man might perceive it was hired; although he stood farther off then the shot of a Crosbow: the Biscaine had a title written under his feet that said, Don Sancho de Azpetia, for so belike hee was called: and at Rozinante his feete there was another that said, Don-Quixote. Rozinante was marvellous well pourtrated, so long and lanke, so lanke and leane, so like one labouring with an incurable consumption, as he did shew very cleerely with what consideration and propriety hee had given unto him the name Rozinante. By him stood Sancho Pança, holding his Asse by the halter; at whose feete was another scroule, saying, Sancho Canças: and I thinke the reason thereof was, that as his picture shewed, he had a great belly, a short stature, and thicke legges. And therefore I judge he was called Pança or Çanca; for both these names are written of him indifferently in the History. There were other little things in it worthy the noting, but all of them are of no great importance, nor any thing necessary for the true relation of the Historie, for none is ill if it be true. And if any objection be made against the truth of this, it can bee none other, then that the author was a Moore, and it is a knowne propriety of that nation to be lying: yet in respect that they hate us so mortally, it is to be conjectured that in this History there is rather want and concealment of our Knights worthy Actes, then

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any superfluity; which I imagine the rather, because I finde in the progresse thereof many times, that when hee might and ought to have advanced his penne in our Knights prayses, hee does as it were of purpose passe them over in silence. Which was very ill done, seeing that Historiographers ought and should bee very precise, true, and unpassionate, and that neither profit, or feare, rancor or affection should make them to treade awry from the truth, whose mother is History, the Emulatsse of Time, the depository of actions, the witnesse of things past, and advertiser of things to come. In this Historie I know a man may finde all that hee can desire in the most pleasing manner; and if they want any thing to be desired, I am of opinion that it is through the fault of that ungratious knave that translated it, rather then through any defect in the subject. Finally, the second part thereof (according to the translation) began in this manner:

The trenchant swords of the two valorous and intraged combatants being lifted aloft, it seemed that they threatned Heaven, the earth, and the depths. Such was their hardines and courage: and the first that discharged his blow was the Biscaine, which fell with such force and fury, as if the sword had not turned a little in the way, that onely blow were sufficient to set an end to the rigorous contention, and all other the adventures of our Knight. But his good Fortune which reserved him for greater affaires, did wrest his adversaries sword awry in such sort, as though he stroke him on the left shoulder, yet did it no more harme, then disarme all that side, carrying away with it a great part of his Beaver, with the halfe of his care; all which fell to the ground with a dreadfull ruine, leaving him in very ill case for a good time. Good God! who is he that can well describe at this present the fury that entred into the heart of our Manchegan, seeing himselfe used in that manner? Let us say no more, but that it was such, that stretching himselfe againe in the stirrops, and griping his sword fast in both his handes, he discharged such a terrible blow on the Biscaine, hitting him right upon the Cushion, and by it on the head, that the strength

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I

Wherein is related the events of the fearful battell which the gallant Biscaine fought with Don-Quixote.

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and thicknesse thereof so little availed him, that as if a whole mountaine had falne upon him, the blood gushed out of his mouth, nose, and eares, all at once, and hee tottered so on his Mule, that every steppe he tooke he was ready to fall off, as he would indeed, if he had not taken him by the necke: yet neverthelesse he lost the stirrops, and loosing his gripe of the Mule, it being likewise frightened by that terrible blow, ranne away as fast as it could about the fields, and within two or three winches, overthrew him to the ground. All which Don-Quixote stood beholding with great quietnesse, and as soone as he saw him fall he leapt off his horse, and ranne over to him very speedily, and setting the point of his sword on his eyes, he bad him yeeld himselfe or else he would cut off his head. The Biscaine was so amazed as hee could not speake a word, and it had succeeded very ill with him, considering Don-Quixotes fury, if the Ladies of the Coach, which until then had beheld the conflict with great anguish, had not come where he was, and earnestly besought him to do them the favour to pardon their Squires life. Don-Quixote answered with a great loftinesse and gravity: 'Truely, faire Ladies, I am well appaid to graunt your request, but it must be with this agreement and condition, that this Knight shall promise me to goe to Toboso, and present himselfe in my name to the Peerelesse Ladie 'Dulcinea, to the end she may dispose of him as shee pleaseth.' The timorous and comfortlesse Lady, without considering what Don-Quixote demaunded, or asking what Dulcinea was, promised that her Squire should accomplish all that he pleased to commaund. Why then, quoth Don-Quixote, trusting to your promise, I'll do him no more harme, although he hath well deserved it at my handes.

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CHAPTER II

Of that which after befell unto Don-Quixote,
when he had left the Ladies.



BY this Sancho Pança had gotten up, though somewhat abused by the Friars Lackeyes, and stood attentively beholding his Lords combate, and prayed to God with all his hart, that it would please him to give him the victory ; and that he might therein winne some Island, wherof he might make him governour, as he had promised. And seeing the controversie ended at last, and that his Lord remounted upon Rozinante ; hee came to hold him the stirrop, and cast himselfe on his knees before him ere he got up, and taking him by the hand, he kist it, saying, I desire that it will please you good my Lorde Don-Quixote, to bestow upon me the government of that Island which in this terrible battell you have wonne ; for though it were never so great, yet doe I finde my selfe able enough to governe it, as well as any other whatsoever that ever governed Island in this world. To this demand Don-Quixote answered, Thou must note, friend Sancho, that this adventure, and others of this kind, are not adventures of Islands, but of thwartings and high-ways, wherein nothing else is gained but a broken pate, or the losse of an eare. Have patience a while, for adventures will be offered, whereby thou shalt not only be made a governour, but also a greater man. Sancho rendred him many thanks, and kissing his hand againe, and the skirt of his Habergeon, hee did helpe him to get up on Rozinante, and he leapt on his Asse, and followed his Lord : who, with a swift pace, without taking leave, or speaking to those of the Coach, entred into a wood that was hard at hand. Sancho followed him as fast as his beast could trotte, but

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Rozinante went off so swiftly, as he perceiving he was like to be left behinde, was forced to call aloud to his Master that hee would stay for him. Which Don-Quixote did by checking Rozinante with the bridle, untill his wearied Squire did arrive, who as soone as hee came, said unto him: Me thinkes (Sir) that it will not bee amisse to retire our selves to some Church; for according as that man is ill dight with whom you fought, I certainly perswade my selfe that they will give notice of the fact to the holy brotherhood, and they will seeke to apprehend us; which if they doe, in good faith before wee can get out of their claws, I feare me we shall sweate for it. Peace, quoth Don-Quixote, where hast thou ever read or seene that Knight errant that hath beene brought before the Iudge, though hee committed never so many homicides and slaughters. I know nothing of Omicilles, quoth Sancho, nor have I cared in my life for any: but well I wot, that it concernes the holy Brotherhood, to deale with such as fight in the fields, and in that other I wil not intermeddle. Then be not afraid, friend, quoth Don-Quixote, for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Caldeans, how much more out of those of the brotherhood. But tell me in very good earnest whether thou didst ever see a more valorous Knight then I am, throughout the face of the earth? Didst thou ever reade in Histories, of any other that hath, or ever had more courage in assaying, more breath in persevering, more dexterity in offending, or more arte in overthrowing, then I? The truth is, quoth Sancho, that I have never read any History, for I can neither read nor write, but that which I dare wager, is, that I never in my life served a bolder Master then you are, and I pray God that we pay not for this boldnes, there where I have said. That which I request you, is, that you will cure your selfe, for you loose much bloud by that eare; and here I have linte, and a little *Unguentum Album* in my Wallet. All this might be excused, quoth Don-Quixote, if I had remembred to make a Violl full of the Balsamum of Fierebras, for with one drop of it we might spare both time, and want well all those other medicines. What Viall, and what Balsamum is that?

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said Sancho Pança. It is, answered Don-Quixote, a CHAPTER
Balsamum whereof I have the receipt in memory, which II
one possessing, he needes not feare death, nor ought he to Of that which
thinke that he may be killed by any wound: and there- after befell
fore after I have made it, and given it unto thee, thou hast unto Don-
nothing else to doe, but when thou shalt see that in any Quixote,
battell, I be cleven in twaine (as many times it happens) when he
thou shalt take faire and softly that part of my body that had left the
is false to the ground, and put it up againe with great Ladies.
subtilty on the part that rests in the saddle, before the
blood congeale, having evermore great care that thou place
it just and equally; then presently after, thou shalt give
me two draughts of that Balsamum, which I have said, and
thou shalt see me streight become sounder then an apple.
If that be true, quoth Sancho, I doe presently here renounce
the government of the Island you promised, and will de-
mand nothing else in recompence of my services of you, but
only the receipt of this precious liquor; for I am certaine
that an ounce thereof will be worth two Reals in any place,
and when I have it I should need nothing else to gaine my
living easily and honestly. But let me know, is it costly
in making? With lesse then three Reals, quoth Don-
Quixote, a man may make three gallons of it. But I meane
to teach thee greater secrets then this, and do thee greater
favours also. And now let me cure my selfe, for mine eare
grieves me more then I would wish. Sancho then tooke
out of his Wallet his lint and oyntment to cure his Master.
But when Don-Quixote saw that the Vizar of his helmet
was broken, he was ready to run mad, and setting his
hand to his sword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven,
he said, I vow to the Creator of all things, and to the
four Gospels where they are largest written, to lead such
another life as the great Marquesse of Mantua did, when
he swore to revenge the death of his Nephew Valdovinos,
which was, not to eate on Table-cloth, nor sport with his
wife, and other things, which although I doe not now
remember I give them heere for expressed, until I take
complete revenge on him that hath done me this outrage.
Sancho hearing this, said, You must note, Sir Don-Quixote,

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that if the Knight hath accomplished that which you ordayned, to goe and present himselfe before my Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, then hath he fully satisfied his debt, and deserves no new punishment, except he commit a new fault. Thou hast spoken wel and hit the marke right, said Don-Quixote, and therefore I disanull the oath in that of taking any new revenge on him: but I make it, and confirme it againe, that I wil leade the life I have said, untill I take another helmet like, or as good as this perforce from some Knight. And doe not thinke, Sancho, that I make this resolution lightly, or, as they say, with the smoke of strawes; for I have an author whom I may verie well imitate herein, for the very like in every respect past about Mambrinos Helmet, which cost Sacriphante so deerly. I would have you resigne those kind of oathes to the Divil, quoth Sancho, for they wil hurt your health, and prejudice your conscience. If not, tell me now, I beseech you, if we shal not these many dayes encounter with any that weares a helmet, what shall we doe? Will you accomplish the oath, in despite of all the inconveniences and commodities that ensue thereof? to wit, to sleepe in your clothes; not to sleepe in any dwelling, and a thousand other penitencies, which the oath of the madde old man, the Marquesse of Mantua contained, which you meane to ratifie now? Doe not you consider that armed men travell not in any of these wayes, but Carriers and Waggoners, who not onely carie no helmets, but also for the most part never heard speake of them in their lives? Thou dost deceive thy selfe saying so, replied Don-Quixote, for wee shall not haunt these wayes two houres, before we shall see more armed Knights then were at the siege of Albraca, to conquer Angelica the faire. Well then, let it be so, quoth Sancho, and I pray God it befall us well; whom I devoutly beseech that the time may come of gayning that Island which costs me so deere, and after let me dye presently, and I care not. I have already said to thee, Sancho, (quoth his Lord) that thou shouldst not trouble thy selfe in any wise about this affaire; for when an Iland were wanting, we have then the Kingdome of Denmarke or that of Sobradisa, which will come

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as fit for thy purpose as a ring to thy finger, and principally thou art to rejoyce, because they are on the continent. But omitting this till his owne time, see whether thou hast any thing in thy Wallet, and let us eate it, that afterward we may goe search out some Castle, wherin we may lodge this night, and make the Balsamum which I have tolde thee. For I vow to God, that this eare grieves mee marvellously. I have here an Onion, replied the Squire, a peece of Cheese and a few crustes of bread, but such grosse meates are not befitting so noble a Knight as you are. How ill dost thou understand it? answered Don-Quixote. I let thee to understand, Sancho, that it is an honour for Knights errant, not to eat once in a moneths space; and if by chaunce they should eate, to eate onely of that which is next at hand. And this thou mightest certainly conceive, hadst thou read so many bookes as I have done. For though I past over many, yet did I never finde recorded in any, that Knights errant did ever eate, but by meere chance and adventure, or in some costly banquets that were made for them, and all the other daies they past over with hearbes and rootes: and though it is to be understood that they could not live without meate, and supplying the other needes of nature, because they were, in effect, men as wee are: it is likewise to bee understood, that spending the greater part of their lives in Forrests and desarts, and that too without a Cook, that their most ordinary meats were but course and rustically, such as thou dost now offer unto mee. So that, friend Sancho, let not that trouble thee which is my pleasure, nor goe not thou about to make a new world, or to hoist Chivalrie errant off of her hinges. Pardon me, good Sir, quoth Sancho; for by reason I can neyther reade nor write, as I have said once before, I have not falne rightly in the rules and lawes of Knighthod; and from henceforth my Wallet shall bee well furnished with all kindes of drie fruits for you, because you are a Knight; and for my selfe, seeing I am none, I will provide fowles and other things, that are of more substance. I say not, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, that it is a forcible law to Knights errant, not to eate any other things then such fruits, but that their most ordinary

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sustenance could be none other then those, and some hearbes they found up and downe the fields, which they knew very well, and so doe I also. It is a vertue, quoth Sancho, to know those hearbes: for as I imagine, that knowledge will some day stand us in stead: and saying so, he tooke out the provision he had, which they both ate together with good conformity. But being desirous to search out a place where they might lodge that night, they did much shorten their poore dinner, and mounting anon a horse-backe, they made as much hast as they could, to find out some dwellings, before the night did fall, but the Sunne and their hopes did faile them at once, they being neare the Cabins of certaine Goat-heards; and therefore they concluded to take up their lodging there for that night; for though Sanchoes griefe was great to lie out of a village, yet Don-Quixotes joy exceeded it farre, considering he must sleepe under open heaven, because he made account as oft as this befell him, that he did a worthy acte, which did facilitate and ratifie the practice of his Chivalrie.

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CHAPTER III

Of that which past betweene Don-Quixote,
and certaine Goat-heards.



E was intertained very cheerefully by the Goat-heards, and Sancho having set up Rozinante, and his Asse, as well as hee could, he presently repaired to the smell of certaine peeces of Goat-flesh that stood boyling in a Kettle over the fire, and although he thought in that very moment to trie whether they were in season to be translated out of the Kettle into the stomake, he did omit it, because he saw the Heards take them off the fire, and spreading certaine Sheepskins, which they had for that purpose on the ground, lay in a trice their rusticall table, and invited the Master and man with very cheerefull mind, to come and take part of that which they had. There sate downe round about the skinnes sixe of them, which were all that dwelled in that Foulde, having first (using some course complements) placed Don-Quixote upon a trough, turning the bottome up. Don-Quixote sate downe, and Sancho stood, to serve the cuppe, which was made of horne. His Master seeing him afoot, said, Sancho, to the end that thou mayest perceive the good included in wandring Knighthood, and also in what possibility they are, which exercise themselves in any ministry thereof to arrive briefly to honour and reputation in the world: My will is, that thou dost sit here by my side, and in company with this good people, and that thou beest one and the very selfe same thing with me, who am thy Master and naturall Lord, that thou eate in my dish, and drinke in the same cuppe wherein I drinke: for the same may be said of Chivalrie that is of Love, to wit, that it makes all things equall. I yeeld you great thankses, quoth Sancho, yet dare I avouch unto you, that

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so I had wherewithall to eate well, I could eate it as well or better standing and alone, then if I sate by an Emperour. And besides, if I must say the truth, me thinkes, that which I eat in a corner without ceremonies, curiosity, or respect of any, though it were but bread and an Onion, smackes a great deale better, then Turkey-Cockes at other tables, where I must chaw my meat leisurely, drinke but litle, wipe my hands often, must not neese nor cough, though I have a desire or be like to choake, nor doe other things that solitude and libertie bring with them. So that, (good Sir) I would have you convert these honours that you would bestow upon me, in respect that I am an adherent to Chivalry, as I am being your Squire, into things more essentiall and profitable for me then these; and though I remayne as thankefull for them, as if they were received, yet doe I here renounce from this time until the worlds end. For all that, thou shalt sit, for the humble shall be exalted; and so taking him by the arme, he forced him to sit downe neere himselfe.

The Goatherds did not understand that Gibbrish of Squires and Knights errant, and therefore did nothing else but eate, and hold their peace, and looke on their guests, that tossed in with their fists whole slices, with good grace and stomachs. The course of flesh being ended, they served in on the rugges a great quantitie of sheld Akorns, and halfe a Cheese harder then if it were made of rough-casting. The horne stood not the while idle, for it went round about so often, now full, now empty, much like a conduit * of Noria. And in a trice it emptied one of the two wine bags that lay there in the publike view. After that Don-Quixote had satisfied his appetite well, he tooke up a fistfull of Acornes, and beholding them earnestly, he began to discourse in this manner:

‘Happy time, and fortunate ages were those, whereon
‘our Ancestors bestowed the title of Goulden, not because
‘Gold (so much prized in this our yron age) was gotten in
‘that happy time, without any labours, but because those
‘which lived in that time, knew not these two words, *Thine*
‘and *Mine*, in that holy age all things were in common:

**Arcadus de
Noria*, p. 76.

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' No man needed for his ordinarie sustenance to doe ought
' else then lift up his hand, and take it from the strong
' Oke, which did liberally invite them [to] gather his sweete
' and savory fruit. The cleare fountaines, and running
' rivers, did offer them these savorie and transparent Waters
' in magnificent abundance. In the clifts of rocks and
' hollow trees did the carefull and discreete bees erect their
' commonwealth, offering to every hand without interest,
' the fertile croppe of their sweetest travailes. The loftie
' Corke tree did dismisse, of themselves without any other
' art then that of their native liberalitie, their broad and
' light rindes. Wherewithall houses were at first covered,
' being sustained by rusticall stakes, to none other end, but
' for to keepe backe the inclemencies of the Ayre. All then
' was peace, all amitie, and all concord: as yet the plow-
' share presumed not with rude encounter to open and
' search the compassionate bowels of our first mother; for
' she without compulsion offered up through all the parts
' of her fertill and spacious bosome, all that which might
' satisfie, sustaine, and delight those children which it then
' had: yea it was then that the simple and beautifull young
' Sheepheardesses went from valley to valley, and hill to hill,
' with their haire sometimes playted, sometimes disheveld,
' without other apparrell then that which was requisite to
' cover comelily that which modesty wils and ever would
' have concealed. Then were of no request the attires and
' ornamentes which are now used, by those that esteeme the
' purple of Tyre, and the so-many-ways-martyrized Silke so
' much: but onely certaine greene leaves of Burdocks and
' Ivie intertexed and woven together, wherewithall perhaps
' they went as gorgeously and comely deckt, as now our
' Court-dames with all the rare and out-landish inventions
' that idlenesse and curiositie hath found out. Then, were
' the amorous conceits of the minde, simply and sincerely de-
' livered and imbellished in the very forme and manner that
' she had conceived them, without any artificiall contex-
' ture of wordes to indeere them: fraude, deceit, or malice
' had not then meddled themselves with plainnesse and
' truth: Iustice was in her proper termes, favor daring not

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‘ to trouble or confound her, or the respect of profite, which
‘ doe now prosecute, blemish, and disturbe her so much.
‘ The law of corruption or taking bribes had not yet pos-
‘ sest the understanding of the Iudge; for then was neyther
‘ Iudge nor person to be judged. Maydens and honesty
‘ wandred then, I say, where they listed, alone, signior-
‘ izing secure, that no stranger liberty or lascivious intent
‘ could prejudice it, or their owne native desire or will any
‘ way endamage it. But now in these our detestable times
‘ no damzell is safe, although she be hid and shut up
‘ in another new Labyrinth, like that of Creete; for even
‘ there it selfe the amorous plague would enter, eyther by
‘ some cranie, or by the ayre, or by the continuall urgings
‘ of cursed care, to infect her. For whose protection and
‘ security was last instituted, by successe of times the
‘ order of Knighthood; to defend damzels, protect widowes,
‘ and assist Orphans and distressed wights. Of this order
‘ am I, friends Goatheards, whom I doe heartily thanke for
‘ the good intertainment which you give unto me and my
‘ Squire: for although that every one living is obliged by
‘ the law of nature to favour Knights Errant; yet notwith-
‘ standing, knowing that you knew not this obligation, and
‘ yet did receive and make much of me, it stands with all
‘ reason that I doe render you thankes with all my heart.’

Our Knight made this long Oration (which might have
beene well excused) because the Acornes that were given
unto him, called to his minde the golden world: and there-
fore the humour tooke him to make the Goat-heards that
unprofitable discourse, who heard him all amazed and sus-
pended with very great attention all the while. Sancho
likewise held his peace, eating Acornes, and in the meane
while visited very often the second wine bagge, which
because it might be fresh, lay hanged upon a Corke tree.
Don-Quixote had spent more time in his speech then in
his supper; at the end whereof one of the Goat-heards
said, To the end that you may more assuredly know, Sir
Knight Errant, that we doe intertaine you with prompt
and ready will, we will likewise make you some pastime,
by hearing one of our companions sing, who is a Heard of

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good understanding, and very amorous withall; and can besides reade and write, and playes so well on a Rebecke, that there is nothing to be desired. Scarce had the Goatheard ended his speech, when the sound of the Rebecke touched his eare, and within a while after he arrived that played on it, being a youth of some twenty years old, and one of a very good grace and countenance. His fellowes demaunded if he had supped, and answering that he had; he which did offer the curtesie, said; Then Anthony, thou mayst do us a pleasure by singing a little, that this Gentleman our guest may see, that we enjoy amidst these groves and woods, those that know what musicke is: we have told him already thy good qualities, and therefore we desire that thou shew them, to verifie our wordes. And therefore I desire thee by thy life, that thou wilt sit and sing the Dittie which thy Uncle the Prebendary made of thy love, and was so wel liked of in our village. I am content, quoth the Youth, and without further intreaty, sitting downe on the truncke of a lopped Oake, he tuned his Rebecke, and after a while began with a singular good grace to sing in this manner:

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I know, Olalia! thou dost me adore,
Though yet to me, the same thou hast not said:
Nor shewen it once, by one poore glaunce or more,
Since love is soonest by such tongues bewrayde.
Yet cause I ever held thee to be wise,
It me assures, thou bearest me good will:
And he is not unfortunate that sees
How his affections are not taken ill.
Yet for all this, Olalia! tis true
I by observance gather to my woe:
Thy minde is framde of brasse by art undew
And flint thy bosome is, though it seemes snow.
And yet amidst thy rigor's Winter face
And other shifts thou usest to delay mee,
Sometime hope peeping out, does promise grace
But woe is mee, I feare tis to betray mee.
Sweetest! once in the ballance of thy minde
Poyse with just waights my faith, which never yet
Diminisht, though disfavor it did finde;
Nor can increase more, though thou favourd'st it:

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Of that which
past betweene
Don-Quixote,
and certaine
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If love be courteous, as some men say ;
By thy humanity, I must collect :
My hopes, hows'ever thou dost use delay,
Shall reape at last, the good I doe expect.
If many services be of esteeme,
Or power to render a hard heart benigne :
Such things I did for thee, as make me deeme,
I have the match gainde, and thou shalt be mine.
For if at any time, thou hast tane heede,
Thou more then once mightst view, how I was clad,
To honour thee, on Mundayes with the weede,
Which worne on Sundayes, got me credit had :
For love and bravery still themselves consort,
Because they both shoote ever at one end :
Which made me, when I did to thee resort,
Still to be neat and fine I did contend.
Heere I omit the daunces I have done,
And Musiques I have at thy window given :
When thou didst at Cockcrow listen alone,
And seemd'st hearing my voyce, to be in heaven.
I doe not eke, the prayes here recount
Which of thy beauty I so oft have said :
Which though they all were true, were likewise wont
To make the envious, mee for spight upbraide.
When to Teresa, shee of Berrocal,
I of thy worthes discourse did sometime shape :
Good God ! quoth shee, you seeme an Angels thrall,
And yet for Idoll, you adore an Ape.
Shee to her bugles, thanks may give and chaines,
False haire, and other shifts that she doth use,
To mend her beauty, with a thousand paynes
And guiles ; which might loves very selfe abuse.
Wroth at her words, I gave her streight the lie,
Which did her and her cousen so offend :
As me to fight, he challengd presently,
And well thou knowst of our debate the end :
I meane not thee, to purchase at a clap,
Nor to that end, doe I thy favour sue :
Thereby thine honour either to intrap,
Or thee perswade, to take courses undue.
The Church hath bands, which doe so surely hold,
As no silke string for strength comes to them neere :
To thrust thy necke once in the yoke be bold,
And see if I to follow thee will feare.
If thou wilt not, here solemnly I vow
By holliest Saint, enwrapt in precious shrine,
Never to leave those hils where I dwell now,
If't be not to become a Capucine.

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Heere the Goat-heard ended his Ditty, and although Don-Quixote intreated him to sing somewhat else, yet would not Sancho Pança consent to it; who was at that time better disposed to sleepe then to hear musicke: and therefore said to his Master, You had better provide your selfe of a place wherein to sleepe this night, then to heare musicke, for the labour that these good men indure all the day long, doth not permit that they likewise spend the night in singing. I understand thee well enough, Sancho, answered Don-Quixote, nor did I thinke lesse, but that thy manifold visitations of the wine bottle, would rather desire to be recompenced with sleepe then with musicke. The wine liked us all well, quoth Sancho: I doe not denie it, replied Don-Quixote, but goe thou, and lay thee downe where thou pleasest, for it becomes much more men of my profession to watch then to sleepe. Yet notwithstanding it will not be amisse to lay somewhat againe to mine eare; for it grieves me very much. One of the Goat-heards beholding the hurt, bad him be of good cheere, for he would apply a remedie that should cure it easily. And taking some Rosemary leaves of many that grew thereabouts, he hewd them, and after mixed a little salt among them, and applied this medicine to the eare; he bound it up well with a cloth, assuring him that hee needed to use no other medicine, as it proved after in effect.

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CHAPTER IIII

Of that which one of the Goat-heards recounted to those that were with Don-Quixote.



ABOUT this time arrived another youth, one of those that brought them provision from the Village, who said; Companions, doe not you know what passeth in the Village? How can we know it being absent? saies another of them. Then wit, quoth the youth, that the famous Sheepeheard, and Student Grisostome died this morning, and they murmure, that he died for love of that devillish lasse Marcela, William the rich his daughter, she that goes up and downe these plaines and hils among us, in the habite of a Pastora. Dost thou meane Marcela? quoth one of them. Even her, I say, answered the other; and the jest is, that he hath commaunded in his Testament, that he be buried in the fields as if he were a Moore; and that it be at the foote of the Rocke, where the fountaine stands of the Corke tree. For that according to fame, and as they say, he himselfe affirmed, was the place wherein he viewed her first. And he hath likewise commaunded such other things to be done, as the auncienter sort of the Village doe not allow, nor thinke fit to be performed; for they seeme to be ceremonies of the Gentiles. To all which objections his great friend Ambrosio the Student, who likewise apparrelled himselfe like a Sheepeheard, at once with him answers, that all shall be accomplished, without omission of any thing, as Grisostome hath ordayned, and all the Village is in an uprore about this affaire, and yet it is said that what Ambrosio and all the other Sheepeheards his friends doe pretend, shall in fine be done: and to morrow morning they will come to the place I have named, to burie him with great pompe. And

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as I suppose, it will be a thing worthy the seeing: at leastwise, I will not omit to go and behold it, although I were sure that I could not return the same day to the Village. We will all doe the same, quoth the Goatheards, and will draw lots who shall tarry here to keepe all our Heards. Thou sayest well, Peter, quoth one of them, although that labour may be excused; for I meane to stay behinde for you all; which you must not attribute to any vertue, or little curiosity in me, but rather to the forke that prickt my foot the other day, and makes me unable to travell from hence. We doe thanke thee notwithstanding, quoth Peter, for thy good will. And Don-Quixote, who heard all their discourse, intreated Peter to tell him who that dead man was, and what the Sheepherdesse of whom they spoke.

Peter made answer, that what he knew of the affaire was, that the dead person was a rich Gentleman of a certaine Village, seated among those mountaines, who had studied many yeares in Salamanca, and after returned home to his house, with the opinion to be a very wise and learned man: but principally it was reported of him, that he was skilfull in Astronomie, and all that which passed above in heaven, in the Sunne and the Moone; for he would tell us most punctually the clips of the Sunne and the Moone. Friend, quoth Don-Quixote, the darkening of these two greater Luminaries, is called an Eclipse, and not a Clipse: but Peter stopping not at those trifles, did prosecute his History, saying, He did also Prognosticate when the yeare would be abundant or Estil. Thou wouldest say Sterril, quoth Don-Quixote. Steril or Estil, said Peter, all is one for my purpose: and I say, that by his words, his father and his other friends, that gave credite to him, became very rich. For they did all that hee counselled them, who would say unto them: sow Barley this yeare and no Wheat. In this you may sow Pease and no Barley. The next yeare will be good for Oyle. The three ensuing you shall not gather a drop. That science is called Astrologie, quoth Don-Quixote. I know not how it is called, replied Peter; but I know well, he knew all this and much more.

Finally, a few moneths after he came from Salamanca,

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he appeared one day apparrelled like a Sheepheard with his flocke, and leather coat; having laid aside the long habites that hee wore, being a Scholer, and joyntly with him came also a great friend of his, and fellow Student called Ambrosio, apparrelled like a Sheepheard. I did almost forget to tell how Grisostome the dead man, was a great maker of verses; insomuch that he made the Carrols of Christmas day at night, and the playes for Corpus Christi day, which the youthes of our Village did represent, and all of them affirmed, that they were most excellent. When those of the Village saw the two Scholers so suddenly clad like Sheepheards, they were amazed and could not ghesse the cause that mooved them to make so wonderfull a change. And about this time Grisostomes Father died, and he remained possessed of a great deale of goods, as well moveable as immoveable and no little quantity of cattell great and smal; and also a great summe of money; of all which the young man remained a dissolute Lord. And truely he deserved it all; for hee was a good fellow, and a charitable and a friend of good folke, and he had a face like a blessing. It came at last to be understood, that the cause of changing his habite was none other, then for to goe up and downe thorow these desarts after the Pastora Marcela, whom our Heard named before; of whom the poore dead Grisostome was become enamoured. And I will tell you now, because it is fit you should know it, what this wanton lasse is, perhaps, and I thinke without perhaps you have not heard the like thing in all the dayes of your life, although you had lived more yeares then Sarna. Say Sarra, quoth Don-Quixote, being not able to heare him any longer to change one word for another. The Sarna or scabbe, quoth Peter, lives long enough too. And if you go thus, Sir, interrupting my tale at every pace, we shall not be able to end it in a yeare. Pardon me, friend, quoth Don-Quixote, for I speake to thee by reason there was such difference betweene Sarna and Sarra. But thou didst answer well; for the Sarna or scabbe lives longer then Sarra. And therefore prosecute thy Historie: for I will not interrupt thee any more. I say then, deere

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Sir of my soule, quoth the Goat-heard, that there was in our Village a farmer that was yet richer then Grisostomes Father, who was called William, to whom fortune gave in the end of his great riches a daughter called Marcela, of whose birth her mother died, who was the best woman that dwelled in all this circuit. Me thinkes I doe now see her quicke before me, with that face, which had on the one side the Sunne, and on the other the Moone, and above all, shee was a thriftie houswife, and a great friend to the poore: For which I beleve that her soule is this very houre enjoying of the Gods in the other world. For grieve of the losse of so good a wife, her husband William likewise died, leaving his daughter Marcela young and rich in the custody of his Uncle, who was a Priest, and Curate of our Village. The childe grew with such beauty, as it made us remember that of her mother, which was very great. And yet notwithstanding they judged that the daughters would surpasse hers, as indeed it did: for when shee arrived to the age of fourteene or fifteene yeares old, no man beheld her, that did not blesse God for making her so faire: and most men remained enamoured and cast-away for her love. Her Uncle kept her with very great care and closenesse: and yet neverthelesse the fame of her great beautie did spread it selfe in such sort, that as well for it as for her great riches, her Uncle was not onely requested by those of our Village, but also was prayed, sollicitated, and importuned by all those that dwelled many leagues about, and that by the very best of them, to give her to them in marriage. But he (who is a good Christian every inch of him) although he desired to marrie her presently as soone as she was of age, yet would he not doe it without her good will; without ever respecting the gaine and profit hee might make by the possession of her goods, whilst he desired her marriage. And in good sooth this was spoken of, to the good Priest his commendation, in more then one meeting of the people of our Village. For I would have you to wit, Sir Errant, that in these little Villages they talke of all things, and make account, as I doe, that the Priest must have beene too good, who could oblige his Parishioners to speake so well of

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him, and especially in the Villages. Thou hast reason, quoth Don-Quixote, and therefore follow on, for the History is very pleasant; and thou, good Peter, dost recount it with a very good grace. I pray God, said Peter, that I never want our Heard; for it is that which makes to the purpose. And in the rest you shall understand, that although her Uncle propounded and told to his Niese the quality of every wooer, of the many that desired her for wife, and intreated her to marrie and chuse at her pleasure; yet would shee never answer other, but that she would not marry as then, and that in respect of her over-greene yeeres, shee did not finde her selfe able enough yet to beare the burden of marriage. With these just excuses which shee seemed to give, her Uncle left of importuning of her, and did expect untill shee were farther entred into yeares, and that she might know how to chuse one that might like her. For he was wont to say, and that very well, 'That Parents were not to place or bestow their children where they bore no liking.' But see here, when wee least imagined it, the coy Marcela appeared one morning to become a Pastora, and neither her Unkle nor all those of the Village which dissuaded her from it, could worke any effect, but she would needes goe to the fieldes, and keepe her owne sheepe with the other yong Lasses of the towne. And she comming thus in publike, when her beauty was seene without hinderance, I cannot possibly tell unto you, how many rich youthes, as well Gentlemen as Farmers, have taken on them the habit of Grisostome, and follow wooing of her up and downe those fields. One of which, as is said already, was our dead man, of whom it is said, that leaving to love her, he had at last made her his Idoll. Nor is it to be thought that because Marcela set her selfe in that liberty, and so loose a life, and of so little or no keeping, that therefore she hath given the least token or shadow of dishonesty or negligence: nay rather, such is the watchfulnesse wherewithall shee lookes to her honour, that among so many as serve and sollicite her, not one hath praised or can justly vaunt himselfe to have received at her hands, the least hope that may be to obtaine his desires. For although she did not flie or shunne the company and

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conversation of Shepheards, and doth use them courteously and friendlily, whensoever any one of them begin to discover their intention, be it ever so just and holy, as is that of Matrimony, shee casts them away from her, as with a sling. And with this manner of proceeding shee does more harme in this countrey, then if the plague had entred into it by her meanes: for her affability and beauty doth draw to it hearts of those which do serve and love her. But her disdain and resolution doe conduct them to termes of desperation; and so they know not what to say unto her, but to call her with a loude voyce, cruell and ungratefull, with other titles like unto this, which doe cleerely manifest the nature of her condition. And Sir, if you staid here but a few daies, you should heare these mountaines resound with the lamentations of those wretches that follow her. There is a certaine place not farre off, wherein are about two douzens of Beech trees, and there is not any one of them in whose rinde is not ingraven Marcelas name, and over some names graven also a crowne in the same tree, as if her lover would plainly denote that Marcela beares it away, and deserves the garland of all humane beauty. Heere sighes one Shepheard; there another complaines, in another place are heard amorous ditties, heere in another, dolefull and despayring laments. Some one there is that passeth over all the whole houres of the night at the foote of an Oake or a rocke; and without foulding once his weeping eyes, swallowed and transported by his thoughts, the Sunne finds him there in the morning. And some other there is, who without giving way or truce to his sighes, doth amidst the fervor of the most fastidious heate of the Summer, stretcht upon the burning sand, breathe his pittifull complaints to heaven: and of this, and of him, and of those, and these, the beautifull Marcela doth indifferently and quietly triumph: all we that know her, doe await to see wherein this her loftinesse will finish, or who shall be so happy as to gaine dominion over so terrible a condition, and enjoy so Peerelesse a beauty. And because all that I have recounted is so notorious a truth, it makes me more easily beleieve that our companion hath told, that is said of the occasion of Grisostomes death: and therefore

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I doe counsell you, Sir, that you doe not omit to be present to morrow at his buriall, which will be worthy the seeing, for Grisostome hath many friends, and the place wherein he commaunded himselfe to be buried, is not halfe a league from hence. I doe meane to be there, said Don-Quixote, and doe render thee many thanks for the delight thou hast given me, by the relation of so pleasant a History. O, quoth the Goat-heard, I doe not yet know the halfe of the adventures succeeded to Marcelas lovers, but peradventure we may meete some Sheeheard on the way to morrow that will tell them unto us. And for the present, you will doe well to goe take your rest under some roofe, for the ayre might hurt your wound, although the medicine be such that I have applied to it, that any contrary accidents needes not much to be feared. Sancho Pança being wholly out of patience with the Goat-heards long discourse, did sollicite for his part his Master so effectually, as he brought him at last into Peters Cabin to take his rest for that night; whereinto after he had entred, he bestowed the remnant of the night in remembrances of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcelas lovers. Sancho Pança did lay himselfe downe betweene Rozinante and his Asse, and slept it out, not like a dis-favoured lover, but like a man stamped and bruised with tramlings.

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UT scarce had the day begun to discover it selfe by the Orientall windowes, when five of the sixe Goat-headers arising, went to awake Don-Quixote, and demanded of him whether he yet intended to goe to Grisostomes buriall, and that they would accompany him. Don-Quixote that desired nothing more, got up and commaunded Sancho to saddle and empannell in a trice; which he did with great expedition, and with the like they all presently began their journey. And they had not yet gone a quarter of a league, when at the crossing of a pathway they saw sixe Shepheards comming towards them, apparrelled with black skins, and crowned with Garlands of Cypresse and bitter *Emula campana*. Every one of them caried in his hand a thick truncheon of Elme. There came likewise with them two Gentlemen a horse-backe, very well furnished for the way, with other three Lackeyes that attended on them. And as soone as they encountred, they saluted one another courteously, and demanded whither they travelled; and knowing that they all went towards the place of the buriall, they began their journey together. One of the horse-men speaking to his companion, said, I thinke (M. Vivaldo) we shall account the time well imployed that we shall stay to see this so famous an intertainment; for it cannot chuse but be famous, according to the wonderfull things these Shepheards have recounted unto us, as well of the dead Shepheard, as also of the murthering Pastora. It seemes so to me likewise, quoth Vivaldo. And I say I would not onely stay one day, but a whole weeke, rather then misse to behold it. Don-Quixote

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demanded of them what they had heard of Marcela and Chrisostome? The traveller answered, That they had encountred that morning with those Shepheards, and that by reason they had seene them apparrelled in that mournfull attire, they demanded of them the occasion thereof, and one of them rehearsed it, recounting the strangenesse and beauty of a certaine Pastora called Marcela; and the amorous pursuits of her by many, with the death of that Chrisostome, to whose buriall they rode. Finally, he tolde all that againe to him, that Peter had told the night before.

This discourse thus ended, another began, and was, that he who was called Vivaldo, demaunded of Don-Quixote the occasion that moved him to travell thus armed thorough so peaceable a countrey? To whom Don-Quixote answered, The profession of my exercise doth not license, or permit me to doe other: good dayes, cockering and ease were invented for soft Courtiers; but travell, unrest, and armes were onely invented and made for those which the world termes Knights Errant, of which number I my selfe (although unworthy) am one, and the least of all. Scarce had they heard him say this, when they all held him to bee wood. And to finde out the truth better, Vivaldo did aske him againe, what meant the word Knights Errant? 'Have 'not you read then, quoth Don-Quixote, the Histories and 'Annals of England, wherein are treated the famous actes 'of King Arthur, whom we continually call in our Castilian 'Romance, King Artus? of whom it is an auncient and 'common tradition in the Kingdome of Great Brittain that 'hee never died, but that he was turned by art of enchantment into a Crow, and that in processe of time hee shall 'returne againe to raigne, and recover his Scepter and 'Kingdome. For which reason, it cannot bee proved that 'ever since that time untill this, any Englishman hath killed 'a Crow. In this good Kings time was first instituted the 'famous order of Knighthood of the Knights of the Round 'Table, and the love that is there recounted, did in every 'respect passe as it is laid downe betweene Sir Launcelot 'du Lake, and Queene Genever, the honourable Ladie

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' Quintaniona being a dealer, and privie therto. Whence
 ' sprung that so famous a Dittie, and so celebrated here in
 ' Spaine, of, "Never was Knight of Ladies so well served, as
 ' Launcelot, when that he in Britanie arrived," etc. With
 ' that progresse so sweet and delightfull of his amorous and
 ' valiant actes: and from that time forward the order of
 ' Knight went from hand to hand, dilating and spreading it
 ' selfe through many and sundry parts of the world: and in it
 ' were famous and renowned for their feats of armes, the
 ' valiant Amadis of Gaule, with all his progenie untill the
 ' fift generation: and the valorous Felixmarte of Hircania,
 ' and the never-duely praysed Tirante the White, together
 ' with Sir Bevis of Hampton, Sir Guy of Warwick, Sir
 ' Eglemore, with divers others of that nation and age.
 ' And almost in our dayes we saw, and communed, and
 ' heard of the invincible and valiant Knight Don Belianis of
 ' Greece. This then, good Sirs, is to be a Knight Errant,
 ' and that which I have said, is the order of Chivalry:
 ' wherein, as I have already said, I (although a sinner) have
 ' made profession, and the same doe I professe, that those
 ' Knights professed, whom I have above mentioned; and
 ' therefore I travell thorough these solitudes and desarts,
 ' seeking adventures, with full resolution to offer mine owne
 ' arme and person to the most dangerous that fortune shall
 ' present, in the aide of weake and needy persons.'

By these reasons of Don-Quixotes the travellers perfectly
 perceived that he was none of the wisest, and knew the
 kinde of folly wherewithall he was crossed, whereat those
 remained wonderfully admired, that by the relation of the
 others came to understand it: and Vivaldo who was very
 discreete, and likewise of a pleasant disposition, to the end
 they might passe over the rest of the way without heavi-
 nesse, unto the rocke of the buriall, which the Sheepheards
 said was neere at hand, hee resolved to give him further
 occasion to passe onward with his follies, and therefore
 said unto him: Me thinkes, Sir Knight, that you have
 profest one of the most austere professions in the world:
 And I doe constantly hold, that even that of the Charter-
 house Monkes is not neere so straight. 'It may bee as

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‘straight as our profession, quoth Don-Quixote, but that it
‘should be so necessary for the world, I am within the
‘breadth of two fingers to call it in doubt. For if wee
‘would speake a truth, the souldier that puts in execution
‘his Captaines commaund, doth no lesse then the very
‘Captaine that commaunds him. Hence I inferre, that
‘religious men doe with all peace and quietnesse seeke
‘of heaven the good of the earth: but souldiers and we
‘Knights doe put in execution that which they demand,
‘defending it with the valour of our armes, and files of our
‘swords: not under any rooffe, but under the wide heavens,
‘made as it were in Summer a marke to the insupportable
‘Sunne-beames, and in Winter to the rage of withering
‘frosts. So that wee are the ministers of God on earth, and
‘the armes wherewith he executeth here his justice. And
‘as the affaires of warre and things thereunto pertayning,
‘cannot bee put in execution, without sweate, labour and
‘travell; it followes, that those which professe warfare, take
‘questionlesse greater paine, then those which in quiet
‘peace and rest doe pray unto God, that he will favour, and
‘assist those that neede it. I meane not therefore to
‘affirme, nor doth it once passe through my thought, that
‘the state of a Knight Errant is as perfect as that of a
‘retyred religious man, but onely would inferre through
‘that which I my selfe suffer, that it is doubtlesly more
‘laborious, more battered, hungry, thirsty, miserable, torne
‘and lowsie. For the Knights Errant of times past did,
‘without al doubt, suffer much woe and miserie in the dis-
‘course of their life. And if some of them ascended at last
‘to Empires, won by the force of their armes, in faith it
‘cost them a great part of their sweate and bloud: and if
‘those which mounted to so high a degree, had wanted
‘those inchanters and wisemen that assisted them, they
‘would have remained much defrauded of their desires, and
‘greatly deceived of their hopes.’ I am of the same opinion,
replied the Traveller: but one thing among many others
hath seemed to me very ill in Knights Errant, which is,
when they perceive themselves in any occasion to begin any
great and dangerous adventure: in which appears manifest

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perill of losing their lives, they never in the instant of attempting it, remember to commend themselves to God, as every Christian is bound to doe in like dangers, but rather doe it to their Ladies with so great desire and devotion as if they were their God ; a thing which in mine opinion smelles of gentility. ‘ Sir, quoth Don-Quixote, they can doe no lesse in any wise, and the Knight Errant which did any other, would digresse much from his duety. For now it is a received use and custome of Errant Chivalry, that the Knight adventurous, who attempting of any great feate of armes shall have his Lady in place, do mildely and amorously turne his eyes towards her, as it were by them demanding that she doe favour and protect him in that ambiguous traunce which he undertakes ; and moreover, if none doe heare him, hee is bound to say certaine words betweene his teeth, by which he shall with all his heart commend himselfe to her : and of this we have innumerable examples in Histories. Nor is it therefore to be understood, that they doe omit to commend themselves to God, for they have time and leisure enough to doe it, in the progresse of the worke.’

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For all that, replied the traveller, there remaines in me yet one scruple, which is, that oftentimes, as I have read, some speech begins betweene two Knights Errant, and from one word to another their choler begins to be inflamed, and they to turne their horses, and to take up a good piece of the field, and without any more adoe to runne as fast as ever they can drive to incounter againe ; and in the midst of their race, doe commend themselves to their dames, and that which commonly ensues of this incountring is, that one of them fals downe throwne over the crouper of his horse, past thorow and thorow by his enemies Launce, and it befalls the other, that if hee had not caught fast of his horse mane, he had likewise falne. And here I cannot perceive, how hee that is slaine had any leisure to commend himselfe unto God in the discourse of this so accelerate and hasty a worke. Me thinkes it were better that those words which he spent in his race on his Lady, were bestowed as they ought, and as every Christian is bound to bestow them. And the rather,

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because I conjecture, that all Knights Errant have not Ladies to whom they may commend themselves; for all of them are not amorous.

‘That cannot be, answered Don-Quixote, I say it cannot be that there’s any Knight Errant without a Lady; for it is as proper and essentiall to such to be enamored, as to heaven to have starres: and I dare warrant that no History hath yet bin seene, wherein is found a Knight Errant without loves: for by the very reason that hee were found without them, he would be convinced to be no legitimate Knight, but a bastard, and that he entred into the Fortresse of Chivalrie, not by the gate, but by leaping over the Staccado like a robber and a thiefe.’

Yet notwithstanding, replied the other, I have read (if I doe not forget my selfe) that Don Galaor, brother to the valorous Amadis de Gaule, had never any certaine Mistresse, to whom he might commend himselfe; and yet for all that, he was nothing lesse accounted of, and was a most valiant and famous Knight. To that objection our Don-Quixote answered, one Swallow makes not a Summer. How much more that I know, that the Knight whom you alledge, was secretly very much enamoured: besides that, that his inclination of loving all Ladies well, which he thought were faire, was a naturall inclination, which he could not governe so well. But it is in conclusion sufficiently verified, that yet he had one Lady whom he crowned Queene of his will, to whom he did also commend himselfe very often and secretly, for he did not a little glory to be so secret in his loves.

Then Sir, if it be of the essence of all Knights Errant to be in love, quoth the traveller, then may it likewise be presumed that you are also enamoured, seeing that is annex to the profession? And if you doe not prize your selfe to be as secret as Don Galaor, I doe intreate you as earnestly as I may, in all this companies name and mine owne, that it will please you to tell us the name, countrey, quality and beauty of your Ladie; for I am sure shee would account her selfe happy, to thinke that all the world doth know shee is beloved and served by so worthy a Knight as is your self. Here

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Don-Quixote breathing forth a deepe sigh, said, ‘ I cannot
 ‘ affirme whether my sweet enemy delight or no, that the
 ‘ world know how much she is beloved, or that I serve
 ‘ her. Onely I dare avouch (answering to that which you
 ‘ so courteously demaunded) that her name is Dulcinea, her
 ‘ countrey Toboso, a Village of Mancha: her calling must
 ‘ be at least of a Princesse, seeing she is my Queene and
 ‘ Lady, her beauty soveraigne; for in her are verified and
 ‘ give glorious lustre to all those impossible and Chimericall
 ‘ attributes of beauty, that Poets give to their Maystresses:
 ‘ that her haire is golde, her forehead the Elisian fields,
 ‘ her browes the Arkes of heaven, her eyes Sunnes, her
 ‘ cheekes Roses, her lips currall, her teeth Pearles, her necke
 ‘ Alabaster, her bosome Marble, Ivorie her hands, and her
 ‘ whitenesse Snow, and the parts which modesty conceales
 ‘ from humane sight, such as I thinke and understand, that
 ‘ the discreete consideration may prize, but never be able
 ‘ to equalize them. Her lineage, progeny, and pedegree wee
 ‘ desire to know likewise, quoth Vivaldo. To which Don-
 ‘ Quixote answered, She is not of the ancient Romane
 ‘ Curcios, Cayos, or Scipios, nor of the moderne Colomnas
 ‘ or Ursinos, nor of the Moncadas or Requesenes of Cata-
 ‘ luna, and much lesse of the Rebelias and Villanovas of
 ‘ Valencia, Palafoxes, Nuças, Rocabertis, Corelias, Alagones,
 ‘ Urreas, Fozes and Gurreas of Aragon, Cerdas, Manriquez,
 ‘ Mendoças, and Guzmanes of Castile, Lancasters, Palias and
 ‘ Meneses of Portugal; but she is of those of Toboso of
 ‘ the Mancha; a lineage, which though it be moderne, is
 ‘ such as may give a generous beginning to the most Noble
 ‘ families of ensuing ages. And let none contradict me in
 ‘ this, if it be not with those conditions that Cerbino put at
 ‘ the foote of Orlandos armour, to wit:

Let none from hence presume these armes at all to move,
 But he that with Orlando dares his force to prove.

Although my lineage be of the Cachopines of Laredo, replied
 the traveller, yet dare I not to compare it with that of
 Toboso in the Mancha, although to speake sincerely, I never
 heard any mention of that lineage you say, untill now.

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What, quoth Don-Quixote, is it possible that you never heard of it till now?

All the company travelled, giving marvellous attention to the reasons of those two; and even the very Goatheards and Sheepeheards began to perceive the great want of judgement that was in Don-Quixote: onely Sancho Pança did verily beleieve, that all his Masters words were most true, as one that knew what he was, from the very time of his birth. But that wherein his beleefe staggered somewhat, was of the beautifull Dulcinea of Toboso; for he had never heard speake in his life before of such a name, or Princesse, although he had dwelled so many yeares hard by Toboso.

And as they travelled in these discourses, they beheld discending betwixt the clift of two loftie mountaines, to the number of twenty Sheepeheards, all apparelled in skinnes of blacke wooll, and crowned with garlands; which as they perceived afterward, were all of Ewe and Cipresse; sixe of them carried a Beare, covered with many sorts of flowers and boughes. Which one of the Goatheards espying, hee said, those that come there, are they which bring Grisostoms body, and the foot of that mountaine is the place where he hath commaunded them to burie him. These words were occasion to make them haste to arrive in time; which they did just about the instant that the others had laid downe the corpes on the ground: and foure of them with sharpe pickaxes, did digge the grave at the side of a hard rocke. The one and the others saluted themselves very courteously: and then Don-Quixote, and such as came with him, beganne to behold the Beare, wherein they saw laid a dead body all covered with flowers, and apparelled like a Sheepeheard, of some thirtie years old; and his dead countenance shewed that he was very beautifull, and an able-bodied man. He had placed round about him in the Beare certaine bookes, and many papers, some open and some shut, and all together, as well those that beheld this, as they which made the grave, and all the others that were present kept a marvellous silence, untill one of them which had carried the dead man, said to another, See well, Ambrosio, whether

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this bee the place that Grisostome said, seeing that thou wouldest have all so punctually observed, which hee commanded in his Testament? This is it, answered Ambrosio: for many times my unfortunate friend recounted to me in it the History of his mishaps: even there he told me that he had seene that cruell enemy of mankinde first; and there it was, wher he first broke his affection too, as honest as they were amorous: and there was the last time, wherein Marcela did end to resolve, and began to disdaine him, in such sort as she set end to the Tragedie of his miserable life. And here in memory of so many misfortunes, he commaunded himselfe to be committed to the bowels of eternall oblivion: and converting himselfe to Don-Quixote, and to the other travellers he said: This body, Sirs, which you do now behold with pitifull eyes, was the treasury of a soule, wherein heaven had houred up an infinite part of his treasures. This is the body of Grisostome, who was peerelesse in wit, without fellow for courtesie, rare for comelinesse, a Phœnix for friendship, magnificent without measure, grave without presumption, pleasant without offence; and finally the first in all that which is good, and second to none in all unfortunate mischances. He loved well, and was hated; he adored and was disdained; hee prayed to one no lesse savage then a beast; he importuned a heart as hard as Marble; he pursued the winde, he cried to desarts, he served ingratitude, and hee obtayned for reward the spoyles of death in the midst of the Cariere of his life: to which a Sheephardesse hath given end, whom he laboured to eternize, to the end shee might ever live in the memories of men: as those papers which you see there might very well prove, had he not commanded mee to sacrifice them to the fire, as soone as his body was rendred to the earth.

If you did so, quoth Vivaldo, you would use greater rigour and crueltie towards them then their very Lord, nor is it discreete or justly done, that his will bee accomplished, who commands any thing repugnant to reason. Nor should Augustus Cæsar himselfe have gained the reputation of wisdom, if he had permitted that to bee put in execution, which the divine Mantuan had by his will

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ordained. So that, Seignior Ambrosio, now that you commit your friends body to the earth, do not therefore commit his labour to oblivion: for though hee ordeined it as one injured, yet are not you to accomplish it, as one void of discretion: but rather cause, by giving life to these Papers, that the crueltie of Marcela may live eternally, that it may serve as a document to those that shall breathe in insuing ages, how they may avoid and shunne the like downefals: for both my selfe and all those that come here in my companie, doe already know the Historie of your enamoured and despairing friend, the occasion of his death, and what he commaunded eare hee deceased. Out of which lamentable relation may be collected, how great hath beene the crueltie of Marcela, the love of Grisostome, the faith of your affection, and the conclusion which those make, which doe rashly runne through that way, which indiscreete love doeth present to their view. Wee understood yesternight of Grisostomes death, and that he should be entred in this place, and therefore wee omitted our intended journeyes, both for curiositie and pitie, and resolved to come and behold with our eyes that, the relation whereof did so much grieve us in the hearing; and therefore we desire thee (discreete Ambrosio) both in reward of this our compassion, and also of the desire which springs in our breasts, to remedie this disaster if it were possible; but chiefly I for my part request thee, that omitting to burne these Papers, thou wilt licence mee to take away some of them. And saying so, without expecting the Shepheards answer, hee stretched out his hand, and tooke some of them that were next to him. Which Ambrosio perceiving, said, I will consent, Sir, for courtesies sake, that you remaine Lord of those which you have ceased upon, but to imagine that I would omit to burne these that rest, were a very vaine thought. Vivaldo, who did long to see what the papers contained which he had gotten, did unfould presently one of them, which had this title, *A Ditty of despair*. Ambrosio overheard him, and said: That is the last paper which this unfortunate Shepheard wrote, and because, Sir, that you may see the

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termes to which his mis-haps conducted him, I pray you to read it, but in such manner as you may be heard; for you shall have leisure enough to doe it whilst the grave is a digging. I will doe it with all my heart, replied Vivaldo: and all those that were present, having the like desire to heare it, they gathered about him, and he reading it with a cleere voyce, pronounced it thus :

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CHAPTER VI

Wherein are rehearsed the dispayring Verses of the dead Sheepheard, with other unexpected accidents.

The Canzone of Chrysostome.

- 1 SINCE cruell thou (I publish) dost desire,
From tongue to tongue, and th' one to th' other pole,
The efficacy of thy rigor sharpe
I'le hell constrain t' assist my soules desire,
And in my brest infuse a tune of dole,
Wheron my voice, as it is wont may harpe,
And labour as I wish, at once to carpe,
And tell my sorrowes and thy murdring deedes :
The dreadfull voyce and accent shall agree,
And with them meete for greater torture bee,
Lumpes of my wretched bowels, which still bleedes.
Then listen, and lend once attentive eare,
Not well consorted tunes, but howling t' heare,
That from my bitter bosoms depth takes flight:
And by constraind raving borne away,
Issues forth for mine ease and thy despight.
- 2 The Lions roaring and the dreadfull howles
Of ravening Wolfe ; and hissing terrible
Of squamy Serpent : and the fearefull bleats
Of some sad monster : of foretelling foules,
The Pies crackling, and rumor horrible
Of the contending winde, as it doth beate

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- The Sea : and implacable bellowing, yet
Of vanquisht Bull : and of the Turtle sole
The feeling mourning, and the dolefull song
Of th' envious Owle, with the dyre plaints among,
Of all th' infernall Squadron full of dole,
Sallie with my lamenting soule around,
All mixed with so strange unusuall sound,
As all the senses may confounded bee.
For my fierce torments a new way exact,
Wherein I may account my miserie.
- 3 The dolefull Echoes of so great confusion,
Shall not resound o're father Tagus sands,
Nor touch the Olive-watring Betis eares.
Of my dyre pangs I 'le onely make effusion
'Mongst those steepe rocks, and hollow bottom lands,
With mortified tongue, but living teares,
Sometimes in hidden dales where nought appeares,
Or in unhaunted playnes free from accesse :
Or where the Sunne could ne're intrude a beame,
Amidst the venomous crue of beasts uncleane,
Whose wants with bountie, the free plaines redresse.
For though among those vast and desert downes
The hollow Eccho indistinctly sounds
Thy matchlesse rigor, and my cruell paine,
Yet by the priviledge of my niggard fates,
It will their force throughout the world proclaime.
- 4 A disdaine kills ; and patience runs a-ground,
By a suspicion eyther false or true :
But jealousie with greater rigour sleese,
A prolix absence doth our life confound.
Against feare of oblivion to insue,
Firme hope of best successe, gives little ease,
Inevitable death lurkes in all these,
But I (O unseene miracle) doe still live
Iealous, absent, disdain'd, and certaine too
Of the suspicions that my life undoo,
Drown'd in oblivion which my fire revives,
And amongst all those paines I never scope
Got, to behold the shadow once of hope :
Nor thus despaired, would I it allow.
But cause I may more aggravate my moanes,
To live ever without it, here I vow.
- 5 Can hope and feare at once in one consist ?
Or is it reason that it should be so ?
Seing the cause more certayne is of feare.
If before me dyre Iealousie exist,
Shall I deflect mine eyes ? since it will show
It selfe by a thousand wounds in my soule there.

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- Or who will not the gates unto despaire
Wide open set, after that he hath spide
Murdring disdaine ? and noted each suspicion,
To seeming truths transformde, O sowre conuersation !
Whilst veritie by falshood is belide ?
O Tyrant of Loves state, fierce Iealousie,
With cruell chaines these hands together tie,
With stubborne cords couple them, rough disdaine.
But, woe is mee, with bloody victory,
Your memory is by my sufferance alaine.
- 6 I die in fine, and cause I 'le not expect
In death or life for the least good successe,
I obstinate will rest in Fantasia.
And say he doth well, that does affect,
And eke the soule most libertie possesse,
That is most thrall to loves old Tyrannie,
And will affirme mine ever enemie.
In her faire shrine, a fayrer soule contains :
And her oblivion from my fault to spring,
And to excuse her wrongs will witnesse bring,
That love by her in peace his state maintaines.
And with a hard knot and this strange opinion,
I will accelerate the wretched summon,
To which guided I am by her scornes rife.
And offer to the ayre body and soule,
Without hope or reward of future life.
- 7 Thou that by multiplying wrongs dost show,
The reason forcing me t' use violence
Unto this loathsome life, growne to me hatefull,
Since now by signes notorious thou mayst know
From my hearts deepest wound ; how willingly sense
Doth sacrifice me to thy scornes ungratefull.
If my deserts have seem'd to thee so bootefull,
As thy faire eyes cleere heaven should be oreicast,
And clouded at my death : yet doe not so,
For I 'le no recompence take for the woe,
By which, of my soules spoyles possessest thou wast ;
But rather laughing at my funerals sad,
Shew how mine end begins to make thee glad.
But tis a folly to advise thee this :
For I know in my deaths acceleration
Consists thy glorie, and thy chiefest blisse.
- 8 Let Tantalus from the profoundest deepes,
Come, for it is high time now, with his thirst :
And Sisifus with his oppressing stone.
Let Ticius bring his Raven that never sleepees,
And Ixion make no stay with wheele accurst,
Nor the three Sisters ever labouring on.

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And let them all at once their mortall moane,
Translate into my brest, and lovely sound,
(If it may be a debt due to dispaire)
And chaunt sad obsequies with dolefull ayre,
Over a corse unworthy of the ground,
And the threefac'd infernall porter grimme,
With thousand Monsters, and Chymæras dimme,
Rellish the dolorous descant out amaine :
For greater Pompe then this I thinke not fit
That any dying lover should obtaine.
9 Despayring Canzone, doe not thou complaine,
When thou my sad societie shalt refraine :
But rather since the cause whence thou didst spring,
By my misfortune growes more fortunate,
Even in the grave, thou must shunne sorrowing.

Grisostomes Canzone liked wonderfully all the hearers, although the reader thereof affirmed, that it was not conformable to the relation that hee had receyved of Marcelas vertue and care of her selfe. For in it Grisostome did complayne of jealousies, suspicions and absence, being all of them things that did prejudice Marcelas good fame. To this objection Ambrosio answered (as one that knew very well the most hidden secrets of his friend) you must understand, Sir, to the end you may beter satisfie your owne doubt, that when the unfortunate Sheepheard wrote that Canzone, hee was absent from Marcela; from whose presence he had wittingly withdrawn himselfe, to see if he could deface some part of his excessive passions, procured by absence. And as every thing doth vexe an absent Lover, and every feare afflict him; so was Grisostome likewise tormented by imagined jealousies, and feared suspicions, as much as if they were reall and true. And with this remaynes the truth in her perfection and point of Marcelas vertue, who excepting that she is cruell, and somewhat arrogant, and very disdainfull, very envy it selfe neyther ought nor can attaynt her of the least defect. You have reason (quoth Vivaldo,) and so desiring to read another paper, he was interrupted by a marvellous vision (for such it seemed) that unexpectedly offered it selfe to their view : Which was, that on the top of the rocke wherein they made the grave, appeared the Sheephardesse Marcela, so fayre,

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that her beautie surpassed farre the fame that was spread thereof; such as had not beheld her before, did looke on her then with admiration and silence: and those which were wont to view her, remained no lesse suspended then the others, which never had seene her. But scarce had Ambrosio eyed her, when with an irefull and disdayning mind he spake these words: Com'st thou by chance, O fierce Basiliske of these mountaines, to see whether the wounds of this wretch will yet bleed at thy presence? Or dost thou come to insult and vaunt in the Tragicall feats of thy sterne nature? Or to behold from that height, like another merciles Nero, the fire of inflamed Rome? Or arrogantly to trample this infortunate Carkasse, as the ingratefull daughter did her father Tarquines? Tell us quickly, why thou commest? or what thou dost most desire? for seeing I know that Grisostomes thoughts never disobeyed thee in life, I will likewise cause that all those his friends shall serve and reverence thee.

'I come not here, good Ambrosio, to any of those ends
' thou sayest, quoth Marcela, but onely to turne for mine
' honour, and give the world to understand how little reason
' have all those which make me the authour eyther of their
' owne paines, or of Grisostomes death; and therefore I
' desire all you that bee here present, to lend attention unto
' me; for I meane not to spend much time or words, to per-
' swade to the discreet, so manifest a truth. Heaven, as you
' say, hath made me beautifull, and that so much that my
' feature moves you to love, almost whether you will or no.
' And for the affection you shew unto me, you say, I and
' you affirme that I ought to love you againe: I know by
' the naturall instinct that Iove hath bestowed on me, that
' each faire thing is amiable: but I cannot conceive, why for
' the reason of being beloved, the partie that is so beloved
' for her beautie, should be bound to love her lover, although
' he be foule. And seeing that foule things are worthe of
' hate, it is a bad argument to say, I love thee because faire;
' therefore thou must affect mee, although uncomely. But
' set the case that the beauties occurre equall on both sides,
' it followes not therefore that their desires should runne

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‘ one way. For all beauties doe not enamour, for some doe
‘ onely delight the sight, and subject not the will; for if
‘ all beauties did enamour and subject together, mens wils
‘ would ever runne confused and straying, without beeing
‘ able to make any election; for the beautifull subjects
‘ being infinite, the desires must also perforce be infinite:
‘ and as I have heard, true love brookes no division, and
‘ must needs be voluntary, and not inforced. Which being
‘ so, as I presume it is, why would you have me subject my
‘ will forcibly, without any other obligation then that, that
‘ you say you love me? If not, tell me, if heaven had
‘ made me foule, as it hath made me beautifull, could I
‘ justly complaine of you because you affected mee not?
‘ How much more, seeing you ought to consider, that I did
‘ not chuse the beautie I have: for such as it is, heaven
‘ bestowed it gratis, without my demaunding or electing it.
‘ And even as the Viper deserves no blame for the poyson
‘ shee caries, although therewithall shee kill, seeing it was
‘ bestowed on her by nature, so doe I as little merit to be
‘ reprehended because beautifull; for beautie in an honest
‘ woman, is like fire a farre off, or a sharp edged sword; for
‘ neyther that burnes, nor this cuttes any but such as come
‘ neere them. Honour and vertues are the ornaments of the
‘ soule, without which, the fairest body is not to be esteemed
‘ such. And if that honesty be one of the vertues that
‘ adorneth and beautifies most the bodie and soule, why
‘ should shee that is beloved because faire, adventure the
‘ losse thereof, to answer his intention, which onely for his
‘ pleasures sake labours that she may lose it with all his
‘ force and industry? I was borne free, and because I
‘ might live freely, I made election of the solitude of the
‘ fields. The trees of these mountaines are my companions,
‘ the cleare water of these streames my mirrours. With the
‘ trees and waters I communicate my thoughts and beauty:
‘ I am a parted fire, and a sword laid aloofe. Those whom
‘ I have enamoured with my sight, I have undeceyved with
‘ my wordes. And if desires be sustained by hopes, I never
‘ having given any to Grisostome or to any other, it may
‘ well be said that he was rather slaine by his owne obsti-

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'nacie, then by my cruelty : and if I be charged that his
 'thoughts were honest, and that I was therefore obliged to
 'answere unto them, I say, that when in that very place
 'where you make his Sepulchre, he first broke his mind
 'unto mee : I told him that mine intention was to live
 'in perpetuall solitude, and that onely the earth should
 'gather the fruits of my solitarinesse, and the spoyles of
 'my beautie; and if hee would after this my resolution
 'persist obstinately without all hope, and saile against
 'the wind, what wonder is it that he should bee drowned
 'in the midst of the gulfes of his rashnesse? If I had inter-
 'tained him, then were I false : if I had pleased him, then
 'should I doe against my better purposes and projects.
 'He strived, being perswaded to the contrary : he dispaired
 'e're he was hated. See then if it bee reason that I beare
 'the blame of his torment? Let him complaine who hath
 'beene deceived; let him dispaire, to whom his promised
 'hopes have failed; let him confesse it, whom I shall ever
 'call; let him vaunt, whom I shall admit. But let him not
 'call me cruell or an homicide, whom I never promised,
 'deceived, called or admitted. Heaven hath not yet or-
 'dained that I should love by destiny, and to thinke that
 'I would doe it by election may be excused. And let this
 'generall caveat serve every one of those which sollicite
 'me for his particular benefite: and let it be known,
 'that if any shall hereafter die for my love, that hee dies
 'not jealous or unfortunate: for whosoever loves not any,
 'breedes not in reason jealousie in any, nor should any re-
 'solutions to any be accounted disdaynings. He that calles
 'me a savage, and Basiliske, let him shunne me as a hurt-
 'full and prejudiciall thing: he that calls me ungratefull,
 'let him not serve me: he that's strange, let him not know
 'me: he that's cruell, let him not follow me: for this savage,
 'this Basiliske, this ingrate, this cruell and strange one,
 'will neither seeke, serve, know, or pursue any of them.
 'For if Grisostomes impatience and head-long desire slew
 'him, why should mine honest proceeding and care be in-
 'culpated therewithall? if I preserve mine integritie in the
 'society of these trees, why would any desire me to lose it,

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accidenta.

‘seeing every one covets to have the like himselfe, to converse the better among men? I have, as you all know, riches enough of mine owne, and therefore doe not covet other mens. I have a free condition, and I doe not please to subject me. Neyther doe I love or hate any. I do not deceive this man, or sollicite that other; nor doe I jest with one, and passe the time with another. The honest conversation of the Pastoras of these Villages, and the care of my Goats doe intertaine me. My desires are limited by these mountaines, and if they doe issue from hence, it is to contemplate the beauty of Heaven, steps wherewithal the soule travels towards her first dwelling.’ And ending here, without desiring to heare any answer, she turned her back, and entred into the thickest part of the wood, that was there at hand, leaving all those that were present, marvellously admired at her beautie and discretion.

Some of the Shepheards present, that were wounded by the powerfull beames of her beautifull eyes, made proffer to pursue her, without reaping any profite out of her manifest resolution made there in their hearing; which Don-Quixote noting, and thinking that the use of this Chivalry did jump fitly with that occasion, by succouring distressed damzels; laying hand on the pommell of his sword, he said in loud and intelligible words: ‘Let no person of whatsoever state or condition he be, presume to follow the faire Marcela, under paine of falling into my furious indignation. She hath shewne by cleere and sufficient reasons, the little or no fault she had in Grisostomes death, and how far she lives from meaning to condescend to the desires of any of her lovers; for which respect it is just, that in stead of being pursued and persecuted, she be honoured and esteemed by all the good men of the world; for she shewes in it, that it is onely she alone, that lives therein with honest intention.’ Now whether it was through Don-Quixotes menaces, or whether because Ambrosio requested them to conclude with the obligation they ought to their good friend; none of the Shepheards moved or departed from thence, untill the grave being made, and Grisostomes

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papers burned, they laid the body into it, with many teares of the beholders. They shut the Sepulchre with a great stone, untill a monument were wrought, which Ambrosio said he went to have made, with an Epitaph to this sense :

Heere of a loving Swaine
The Frozen Carkasse lies :
Who was a Heard likewise,
And died through disdaine.
Sterne rigour hath him alaine,
Of a coy, faire, ingrate,
By whom love doth dilate
Her Tyrannie amaine.

CHAPTER
VI
Wherein are
rehearsed the
dispayring
Verses of the
dead Sheep
heard, with
other un-
expected
accidents.

They presently strowed on the grave many flowers and boughes, and every one condoling a while with his friend Ambrosio, did afterward bid him farewell and departed. The like did Vivaldo and his companion : and Don-Quixote bidding his hoste and the travellers adieu, they requested him to come with them to Sivill, because it was a place so fit for the finding of adventures, as in every streete and corner of it, are offered more then in any other place whatsoever. Don-Quixote rendred them thanks for their advice, and the good will they seemed to have to gratifie him, and said, he neyther ought, nor would goe to Sivill, untill hee had freed all those mountaines of theeves and robbers, whereof as fame ranne, they were full. The travellers perceiving his good intention, would not importune him more, but bidding him againe farewell, they departed, and followed on their journey : In which they wanted not matter of discourse, as well of the History of Marcela and Grisostome, as of the follies of Don-Quixote ; who determined to goe in the search of the Pastora Marcela, and offer unto her all that he was able to doe in her service. But it befell him not as he thought, as shall be rehearsed in the discourse of this true Historie, giving
end heere to the second Part.

THE THIRD BOOKE

CHAPTER I

Wherein is rehearsed the unfortunate adventure
happed to Don-Quixote, by encountring with
certaine Yanguesian Carriers.



THE wise Cid Hamete Venengeli recounteth, that as soone as Don-Quixote had taken leave of the Goatheads his hostes the night before, and of all those that were present at the buriall of the Shepheard Grisostome, he and his Squire did presently enter into the same wood, into which they had seene the beautifull Sheephardesse Marcela enter before. And having travelled in it about the space of two houres, without finding of her, they arrived in fine to a pleasant meadow, inriched with abundance of flourishing grasse, neere unto which runnes a delightfull and refreshing streame, which did invite, yea constraineth them thereby to passe over the heat of the day, which did then beginne to enter with great fervour and vehemencie. Don-Quixote and Sancho alighted, and leaving the Asse and Rozinante to the spaciousnesse of these plaines, to feed on the plenty of grasse that was there, they ransackt their Wallet, where without any ceremony the Master and man did eate, with good accord and fellowship, what they found therein. Sancho had neglected to tie Rozinante sure, that he knew him to be so sober and little wanton, as all the

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Mares of the Stood of Cordova could not make him to thinke the least sinister thought. But fortune did ordaine, or rather the Divell who sleepes not at all houres, that a troupe of Galician Mares belonging to certaine Yanguesian Carriers, did feede up and downe in the same valley: which Carriers are wont with their beasts to passe over the heats in places situated neere unto grasse and water. And that wherein Don-Quixote hapned to be, was very fit for their purpose. It therefore befell, that Rozinante tooke a certaine desire to sollace himselfe with the Ladie Mares, and therefore as soone as he had smelt them, abandoning his naturall pace and custome, without taking leave of his Master, he began a little swift trot, and went to communicate his necessities to them. But they, who as it seemed, had more desire to feed, then to sollace them, entertained him with their heeles and teeth in such sort, as they broke all his girts, and left him in his naked haire, having overthrowne the Saddle. But that which surely grieved him most was, that the Carriers perceiving the violence that was offered by him to their Mares, repaired presently to their succours, with clubs and trunchions, and did so be-labour him, as they fairely laid him along. Now in this season Don-Quixote and Sancho (which beheld the bombasting of Rozinante) approached breathlesse, and Don-Quixote said to Sancho; for as much as I can perceive, friend Sancho, these men are no Knights, but base rascally people of vile quality: I say it, because thou mayest helpe me to take due revenge, for the outrage which they have done before our faces to Rozinante. What a Divell, quoth Sancho, what revenge should we take, if these be more then twentie, and we but two, and peradventure but one and a halfe? I am worth a hundred, replied Don-Quixote: and without making any longer discourse, hee set hand to his sword, and flew upon the Yanguesians: and Sancho Pança, mooved by his Lords example, did the like, when with the first blow Don-Quixote piercing a buffe coate that one of them wore, wounded him grievously in the showlder. The Yanguesians seeing themselves so rudely handled by two men onely, they being so many, ran to the stakes and trunchions of their

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carriage, and hemming in their adversaries in the midst of them, they laid on them with admirable speede and vehemencie. True it is, that at the second peale they stricke Sancho downe to the ground, and the like hapned to Don-Quixote, his dexterity and courage being nothing avaleable in that traunce: and his fate so ordayning, he fell just at his coursers feet, who had not yet gotten up: by which we may ponder the fury wherewithall trunchions batter, being placed in wrathfull and rusticall fists. The Carriers perceiving the evill they had committed, trussing up their loading with all possible speede, followed on their way, leaving both the Adventurers in a bad fashion, and a worse talent. The first that came to himselfe, was Sancho Pança, who seeing his Lord neere unto him, said with a weake and pitifull voyce, Sir Don-Quixote! O Sir Don-Quixote! What wouldest thou have, brother Sancho? replied the Knight with the like effeminate and dolefull tune. I would, quoth Sancho, have of your worship, a draught or two of the liquor of Feoblas, if you have any of it at hand, perhaps it is good to cure broken bones, as well as it helpes wounds. What would we want, unhappy that I am, replied Don-Quixote, if I had it here? But I sweare unto thee, Sancho Pança, by the faith of a Knight Errant, that before two daies passe (if fortune dispose not otherwise) I will have it in my power, or it shall hardly escape my hands. I pray you, quoth Sancho, within how many dayes, thinke you, shall we be able to stir our feet? I can say of my selfe, quoth the crushed Knight, that I cannot set a certaine terme to the dayes of our recovery, but I am in the fault of all, for I should not have drawne my sword against men that are not Knights, as well as I am, and therefore I beleieve that the God of battels hath permitted, that this punishment should be given unto mee, in paine of transgressing the lawes of Knighthood. Wherefore, brother Sancho, it is requisite that thou beest advertised of that which I shall say unto thee now, for it importeth both our goods very much, and is, that when thou beholdest, that the like rascally kenell doe us any wrong, doe not wait till I set hand to my sword against

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them; for I will not doe it in any sort. But draw thou thine, and chastise them at thy pleasure: and if any Knights shall come to their assistance and succour, I shall know then how to defend thee, and offend them with all my force; for thou hast by this perceived by a thousand signes and experiences, how farre the valor of this mine invincible arme extendeth it selfe, (so arrogant remained the poore Knight, through the victory he had gotten of the hardy Biscaine.) But this advice of his Lord, seemed not so good to Sancho Pança, as that hee would omit to answer unto him, saying, Sir, I am a peaceable, quiet, and sober man, and can dissemble any injurie, for I have wife and children to maintaine and bring up: wherefore let this likewise be an advise to you (seeing it cannot be a commandement) that I will not set hand to my sword in any wise, be it against Clowne or Knight: and that from this time forward I do pardon before God all the wrongs that they have done, or shall doe unto me, whether they were, be, or shall be done by high or low person, rich or poore, Gentleman or Churle, without excepting any state or condition. Which being heard by his Lord, hee said: I could wish to have breath enough, that I might answer thee with a little more ease, or that the griefe which I feele in this ribbe, were asswaged ever so little, that I might, Pança, make thee understand the errour wherein thou art. Come here, poore foole, if the gale of Fortune hitherto so contrarie, doe turne in our favour, swelling the sayles of our desire, in such sort as we may securely and without any hinderance, arrive at the Haven of any of those Ilands, which I have promised unto thee, what would become of thee, if I conquering it, did make thee Lord thereof, seeing thou wouldest disable thy selfe in respect thou art not a Knight, nor desirest to be one, nor wouldst have valour or will to revenge thine injuries, or to defend thy Lordships? For thou must understand, that in the Kingdomes and Provinces newly conquered, the minds of the inhabitants are never so thorowly appeased or wedded to the affection of their new Lord, that it is not to be feared, that they will worke some noveltie to alter things againe, and turne, as men say, afresh to trie fortune.

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by encoun-
tring with
certaine
Yanguenian
Carriers.

*Sinabaz.

*Caccha.

And it is therefore requisite that the new possessour have understanding to governe, and valour to offend and defend himselfe, in any adventure whatsoever. In this last that hath befallen us, quoth Sancho, I would I had had that understanding and valour of which you speake; but I vow unto you, by the faith of a poore man, that I am now fitter for plaisters then discourses. I pray you trie whether you can arise, and wee will helpe Rozinante, although he deserves it not, for he was the principall cause of all these troubles; I would never have beleaved the like before of Rozinante, whom I ever held to bee as chaste and peaceable a person as my selfe. In fine, they say well, that one must have a long time to come to the knowledge of bodies; and that thers nothing in this life secure. Who durst affirme, that after those mightie blowes which you gave to that unfortunate Knight Errant, would succeed so in poste, and as it were in your pursuite this so furious a tempest of staves, that hath discharged it selfe on our shoulders? Thine, Sancho, replied Don-Quixote, are perhaps accustomed to beare the like showres, but mine nursed betweene *Cottons and Hollands, it is most evident that they must feele the grieve of this disgrace. And were it not that I imagine, (but why doe I say I imagine?) I know certainly that all these incommodities are annex to the exercise of armes, I would here die for very wrath and displeasure. To this the Squire answered, Sir, seeing these disgraces are of the *essence of Knighthood, I pray you whether they succeed very often, or whether they have certaine times limited wherein they befall. For mee thinkes that within two adventures more, we shall wholly remaine disinabled for the third, if the Gods in mercy doe not succour us. Know, friend Sancho, replied Don-Quixote, that the life of Knights Errant, is subject to a thousand dangers and misfortunes; and it is also as well in the next degree and power, to make them Kings and Emperours, as experience hath shovne in sundry Knights, of whose Histories I have intire notice. And I could recount unto thee now, (did the paine I suffer permit me) of some of them which have mounted to those high degrees which I have said, onely by

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the valour of their arme. And the very same men found them both before and after in divers miseries and calamities. For the valorous Amadis of Gaule saw himselfe in the power of his mortall enemy Arcalaus the inchanter, of whom the opinion runnes infallible, that he gave unto him being his prisoner, more then two hundred stripes with his horse bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his base-court. And there is moreover a secret Authour of no little credite, who sayes, that the Cavalier del Febo, being taken in a ginne like unto a snatch that slipt under his feet, in a certaine Castell, after the fall found himselfe in a deepe dungeon under the earth bound hands and feete; and there they gave unto him a glister of snow water and sand, which brought him almost to the end of his life; and were it not that hee was succoured in that great distresse, by a wise man his very great friend, it had gone ill with the poore Knight. So that I may very well passe among so many worthy persons: for the dangers and disgraces they suffred were greater then those which we doe now indure. For, Sancho, I would have thee to understand, that these wounds which are given to one, with those instruments that are in ones hand by chance, doe not disgrace a man; and it is written in the lawes of single combat in expresse termes, that if the Shoe-maker strike another with the Last which he hath in his hand, although it be certainly of wood, yet cannot it be said, that he who was stricken, had the Bastanado. I say this, to the end thou maist not thinke, although we remaine bruised in this last conflict, that therefore we be disgraced; for the armes which those men bore, and wherewithall they belaboured us, were none other then their packe staves, and as farre as I can remember, never a one of them had a tucke, sword, or dagger. They gave mee no leisure, answered Sancho, to looke to them so neerely, for scarce had I laid hand on my Trunchant, when they blist my shoulders with their Pines, in such sort as they wholly deprived me of my sight, and the force of my feete together, striking mee downe on the place where I yet lie straught, and where the paine of the disgrace received by our Cudgelling, doth not so much pinch me,

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as the griefe of the blowes, which shall remaine as deeply imprinted in my memorie, as they doe in my backe. For all this thou shalt understand, brother Pança, replied Don-Quixote, that there is no remembrance, which time will not end, nor griefe which death will not consume. What greater misfortune, quoth Sancho, can there be then that, which onely expecteth time and death to end and consume it? If this our disgrace were of that kind, which might bee cured by a payre or two of playsters, it would not be so evill; but I begin to perceive, that all the salves of an Hospitall will not suffice to bring them to any good termes. Leave off, Sancho, and gather strength out of weakenesse, said Don-Quixote, for so will I likewise doe, and let us see how doth Rozinante; for me thinks that the lest part of this mishap hath not falne to his lot. You ought not to marvell at that, quoth Sancho, seeing he is likewise a Knight Errant; that whereat I wonder, is that mine Asse remaines there without payment, where wee are come away without ribbes. Fortune leaves alwaies one doore open in disasters, quoth Don-Quixote, whereby to remedie them. I say it, because that little beast may supply Rozinantes want, by carying of me from hence unto some Castell, wherein I may be cured of my wounds. Nor doe I hold this kinde of riding dishonourable; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus tutor of the merry God of laughter, when he entred into the Citie of the hundred gates, rode very fairely mounted on a goodly Asse. It is like, quoth Sancho, that he rode as you say upon an Asse; but there is great difference betwixt riding, and being cast athwart upon one like a Sacke of rubbish. To this Don-Quixote answered, the wounds that are received in battell, doe rather give honour, then deprive men of it. Wherefore friend Pança, doe not reply any more unto me, but as I have said, arise as well as thou canst, and lay me as thou pleasest upon thy beast; and let us depart from hence, before the night overtake us in these desarts. Yet I have heard you say, quoth Pança, that it was an ordinary custome of Knights Errant to sleepe in Downes and desarts, the most of the yeare, and that so to doe, they hold for very good hap.

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That is, said Don-Quixote, when they have none other shift, or when they are in love; and this is so true, as there hath beene a Knight that hath dwelt on a rocke exposed to the Sunne, and the shadow, and other annoyances of heaven for the space of two years, without his Ladies knowledge, and Amadis was one of that kinde, when calling himselfe Beltinebros, he dwelt in the Poore Rocke; nor doe I know punctually eight yeares or eight moneths, for I doe not remember the History well; let it suffice that there he dwelt doing of penance, for some disgust which I know not, that his Ladie Oriana did him. But leaving that apart, Sancho, dispatch and away before some other disgrace happen like that of Rozinante to the Asse. Even there lurkes the Divell, quoth Sancho, and so breathing thirty sobs, and threescore sighes, and a hundred and twenty discontents and execrations against him, that had brought him there, he arose, remayning bended in the midst of the way, like unto a Turkish bow, without being able to addresse himselfe: and notwithstanding all this difficulty, he harnessed his Asse (who had beene also somewhat distracted, by the overmuch liberty of that day) and after he hoysted up Rozinante, who were he indued with a tongue to complain, would certainly have borne his Lord and Sancho companie. In the end Sancho laid Don-Quixote on the Asse, and tied Rozinante unto him, and leading the Asse by the halter, travelled that way which he deemed might conduct him soonest towards the highway. And fortune which guided his affaires from good to better, after he had travelled a little league, discovered it unto him, neere unto which he saw an Inne, which in despite of him, and for Don-Quixotes pleasure must needs be a Castle. Sancho contended that it was an Inne, and his Lord that it was not; and their controversie indured so long, as they had leisure before they could decide it, to arrive at the lodging; into which Sancho, without farther verifying of the dispute, entred with all his loading.

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CHAPTER II

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THE Inne-keeper seeing Don-Quixote laid overthwart upon the Asse, demaunded of Sancho, what disease he had? Sancho answered, that it was nothing but a fall downe from a rock, and that his ribs were thereby somewhat bruised. This Inkeeper had a wife, not of the condition that those of that Trade are wont to be, for she was of a charitable nature, and would grieve at the calamities of her neighbours, and did therefore presently occurre to cure Don-Quixote, causing her daughter, a very comely yong mayden, to assist her to cure her guest. There likewise served in the Inne an Asturian Wench, who was broad-faced, flat-pated, saddle-nosed, blinde of one eye, and the other almost out; true it is, that the comelinesse of her bodie supplied all the other defects. She was not seven palmes long from her feete unto her head, and her shoulders which did somewhat burden her, made her looke oftner to the ground then she would willingly. This beautifull piece did assist the young mayden, and both of them made a very bad bedde for Don-Quixote in an old wide chamber, which gave manifest tokens of it selfe, that it had sometimes served many yeares only to keepe chopt straw for horses; in which was also lodged a Carrier, whose bedde was made a little way off from Don-Quixotes, which, though it was made of Canvasse, and coverings of his Mules, was much better then the Knights, that onely contained foure boords roughly plained, placed on two unequal tressels; A flockebed, which in the thinnesse

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seemed rather a Quilt; full of pellets, and had not they shoven that they were wooll, through certaine breaches made by antiquity on the Ticke, a man would by the hardnesse rather take them to be stones: a paire of sheets made of the skinnnes of Targets, and a coverlet whose threeds, if a man would number, he should not lose one onely of the account. In this ungratious bed did Don-Quixote lie: and presently the hostesse and her daughter annoint him all over, and Maritornes (for so the Asturian Wench was called) did holde the candle. The Hostesse at the playstring of him, perceiving him to be so bruised in sundry places, she said unto him, that those signes rather seemed to proceed of blowes then of a fall. They were not blowes, replied Sancho, but the rocke had many sharpe ends and knobs on it, whereof every one left behinde it a token; and I desire you, good Masters, quoth he, to leave some flaxe behind, and there shall not want one that needeth the use of them; for I assure you, my backe doth likewise ake. If that be so, quoth the Hostesse, it is likely that thou didst also fall. I did not fall, quoth Sancho Pança, but with the suddaine affright that I tooke at my Masters fall, my body doth so grieve me, as mee thinkes, I have beene handsomely belaboured. It may wel happen as thou saiest, quoth the Hostlers daughter: for it hath befallne me sundry times to dreame, that I fell down from some high Tower, and could never come to the ground: and when I awaked, I did find my selfe so troubled and broken, as if I had verily falne. There is the point, Masters, quoth Sancho Pança, that I without dreaming at all, but being more awake then I am at this houre, found my selfe to have very few lesse tokens and markes then my Lord Don-Quixote hath. How is this Gentleman called? quoth Maritornes the Asturian. Don-Quixote of the Mancha, replied Sancho Pança, and he is a Knight Errant, and one of the best and strongest that have beene seene in the world these many ages. What is that, a Knight Errant? quoth the Wench. Art thou so yong in the world, that thou knowest it not? answered Sancho Pança. Know then, sister mine, that a Knight Errant is

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CHAPTER

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*Of that which
happned unto
the ingenuous
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a thing, which in two words you see well cudgelled, and after becomes an Emperour. To day he is the most unfortunate creature of the world, and the most needy; and to morrow he will have two or three crowns of Kingdomes to bestow upon his Squire. If it bee so, quoth the Hostesse, why then hast not thou gotten at least an Earledome, seeing thou art this good Knight his Squire? It is yet too soone, replied Sancho, for it is but a moneth sithence we began first to seeke adventures; and we have not yet encountered any worthy of the name. And sometimes it befalls, that searching for one thing, we encounter another. True it is, that if my Lord Don-Quixote recover of this wound or fall, and that I be not changed by it, I would not make an exchange of my hopes for the best title of Spaine. Don-Quixote did very attentively listen unto all these discourses, and sitting up in his bedde as well as hee could, taking his Hostesse by the hand, hee said unto her, 'Beleeve me, beautifull Lady, that you may count your selfe fortunate; for having harboured my person in this your Castle, which is such, that if I doe not praise it, it is because men say, that proper praise stinkes, but my Squire will informe you what I am: onely this I will say my selfe, that I will keepe eternally written in my memory the service that you have done unto me, to be gratefull unto you for it whilst I live. And I would it might please the highest heavens, that love held mee not so inthralled and subject to his lawes as he doth, and to the eyes of that ingratefull faire, whose name I secretly mutter, then should those of this beautifull damzell presently signiorize my liberty.' The Hostesse, her daughter, and the good Maritornes remained confounded, hearing the speech of our Knight Errant, which they understood as well as if hee had spoken Greeke unto them, but yet they conceived that they were words of complements and love, and as people unused to heare the like language, they beheld and admired him, and he seemed unto them a man of the other world, and so returning him thanks, with Tavernly phrase for his large offers, they departed. And the Asturian Maritornes cured Sancho, who needed her helpe no lesse then his Master.

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The Carrier and she had agreed to passe the night together, and she had given unto him her word, that when the guests were quiet and her Master sleeping, she would come unto him, and satisfie his desire, as much as he pleased. And it is said of this good wench, that she never passed the like promise, but that she performed it, although it were given in the midst of a wood, and without any witnesse; for shee presumed to be of gentle blood, and yet shee held it to be no disgrace to serve in an Inne, for shee was wont to affirme, that disgraces and misfortunes brought her to that state. The hard, narrow, niggard and counterfaiť bedde, whereon Don-Quixote lay, was the first of the foure, and next unto it was his Squires, that onely contained a matte and a coverlet, and rather seemed to be of shorne Canvasse, then Wooll. After these two beddes followed that of the Carrier, made as wee have said, of the pannels and furniture of two of his best Mules, although they were twelve all in number, faire, fat, and goodly beasts; for hee was one of the richest Carriers of Arevalo, as the Author of this history affirmeth, who maketh particular mention of him, because he knew him very well: *and besides, some men say, that hee was somewhat a kinne unto him. Omitting that Cid Mahamat Benengeli was a very exact Historiographer, and most curious in all things, as may be gathered very well, seeing that those which are related, being so minute and triviall, he would not over-slip them in silence.

By which those grave Historiographers may take example, which recount unto us matters so short and succinctly, as they doe scarce arrive to our knowledge, leaving the most substantiall part of the workes drowned in the Inkehorne, either through negligence, malice, or ignorance. Many good fortunes betide the Authour of *Tablante de Ricamonte*, and him that wrote the booke wherein are rehearsed the acts of the Counte Tomillas. Lord, with what precisenesse doe they describe every circumstance? To conclude, I say, that after the Carrier had visited his Mules, and given unto them their second ration, he stretched himselfe in his coverlets, and expected the com-

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*Here the Author taxeth some one cunningly, to be descended of a Moorish race.

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the ingenuous
Knight,
within the
Inne, which
he supposed
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ming of the most exquisite Maritornes. Sancho was also by this plaistered and laid downe in his bed, and though he desired to sleepe, yet would not the grieffe of his ribbes permit him. And Don-Quixote with the paine of his sides, lay with both his eyes open like a hare. All the Inne was drowned in silence, and there was no other light in it, then that of a lampe, which hung lighting in the midst of the entry. This marvailous quietnesse, and the thoughts which alwaies represented to our Knight the memory of the successes, which at every pace are recounted in bookes of Knighthood (the principall Authors of his mishap) called to his imagination one of the strangest follies that easily may be conjectured, which was, he imagined that he arrived to a famous Castle (for as we have said, all the Innes wherein he lodged, seemed unto him to be such) and that the Inne-keepers daughter was the Lord of the Castels, who overcome by his comlinessse and valour, was enamoured of him, and had promised, that shee would come to solace with him for a good space, after her Father and Mother had gone to bedde. And holding all this quimera and fiction, which he himselfe had built in his braine, for most firme and certaine, he began to be vexed in minde, and to thinke on the dangerous trance, wherein his honesty was like to fall, and did firmly purpose in heart, not to commit any disloyaltie against his Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, although very Queene Genever with her Lady Queintanonia, should come to sollicite him. Whilst thus hee lay thinking of these *follies, the houre approached (that was unlucky for him) wherein the Asturian wench should come, who entred into the Chamber in search of her Carrier, in her smocke, barefooted, and her haire trust up in a coife of fustian, with soft and wary steps. But she was scarce come to the dore, when Don-Quixote felt her, and arising and sitting up in his bedde in despite of his *plaisters, and with great grieffe of his ribbes, he stretched forth his armes to receive his beautifull Damzell the Asturian, who crouching, and silently went groping with her hands, to finde out her sweetheart, and incountred with Don-Quixotes armes, who presently seized

*Disparates.

*Bismas.

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very strongly upon one of her wrests, and drawing her towards him (shee daring not to speake a word) he caused her to sit upon his beddes side, and presently groped her smocke, and although it was of *the strongest Canvasse, hee thought it was most subtile and fine Holland. Shee wore on her wrests certaine bracelets of glasse, which he esteemed to be precious Orientall pearles. Her haire, which was almost as rough as a horse-taile, he held to be wires of the glistringst gold of Arabia, whose brightnesse did obscure that of the Sunne. And her breath, which certainly smelled like to stale salt fish, reserved from over-night, seemed unto him a most redolent, aromaticall and sweet smell, and finally he painted her in his phantasie of the same very forme and manner; as hee had read in his bookes of Knighthood, of a certaine Princesse which came to visit a Knight who was grievously wounded, being overcome by his love, embellished with all the ornaments that here we have recounted: and the blindnesse of this poore Gallant was such, as neither the touching, savour, or other things that accompanied the good Damzell, could undeceive him, being such as were able to make any other, save a Carrier, vomit up his bowels, but rather he made full account, that he held the Goddess of love betweene his armes, and holding her still very fast, hee beganne to court her with a low and amorous voice in this manner: 'I could wish to finde
' my selfe in termes, most high and beautifull Lady, to
' be able to recompence so great a favour, as that which
' with the presence of your matchlesse feature you have
' shewen unto me: but fortune (who is never weary of
' persecuting the good) hath pleased to lay me in this
' bedde, therein I lie so broken and brused, that although
' I were desirous to satisfie your will, yet is it impossible;
' specially seeing to thy impossibility may bee added a
' greater, to wit, the promised faith which I have given to
' the unmatched Dulcinea of Toboso, the onely Lady of
' my most hidden thoughts: for did not this let mee, doe
' not hold me to be so senselesse and madde a Knight,
' as to overslip so fortunate an occasion as this, which
' your bounty hath offered to me.'

S

CHAPTER

II

Of that which hapned unto the ingenuous Knight, within the Inne, which he supposed to be a Castle.

* *Harpillera.*

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**Endeble.*

Maritornes remained sweating, through anxiety to see her selfe held so fast by Don-Quixote, and without either understanding, or giving attention to his words, shee laboured all that shee could, to free her selfe from him without speaking a word. The Carrier, whose badde intention kept him still waking, did feare his Lady from the time that shee first entred into the roome, and did attentively give eare to all Don-Quixotes discourses, and jealous that Asturian should breake promise with him for any other, he drew nearer unto Don-Quixotes bedde, and stooode quiet, to see whereunto those words which he could not understand, tended. But viewing that the wench strived to depart, and Don-Quixote laboured to with-hold her, the jest seeming evill unto him, he up with his arme, and discharged so terrible a blow on the inamoured Knights jawes, as he bathed all his mouth in bloud, and not content here withall, he mounted upon the Knight, and did tread on his ribbes, and passed them all over with more then a trot. The bedde which was somewhat *weake, and not very firme of foundation, being unable to suffer the addition of the Carrier, fell downe to the ground, with so great a noise, as it waked the Inne-keeper; who presently suspecting, that it was one of Maritornes conflicts, because shee answered him not, having called her lowdly, he forthwith arose, and lighting of a lampe, he went towards the place where he heard the noise. The wench perceiving that her Master came, and that hee was extreme chollericke, did all ashamed and troubled runne into Sancho Pança's bedde, who slept all this while very soundly, and there crouched, and made her selfe as little as an egge. Her Master entered crying, whore, where art thou? I dare warrant that these are some of thy doings. By this Sancho awaked, and feeling that bulke lying almost wholly upon him, hee thought it was the night Mare, and beganne to lay with his fists here and there about him very swiftly, and among others wraught Maritornes I know not how many blows; who grieved for the paine shee indured there, casting all honesty aside, gave Sancho the exchange of his blowes so trimly, as she made him to awake in despite of his sluggishnesse. And

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finding himselfe to bee so abused of an uncouth person, whom he could not behold, he arose and caught hold of Maritornes as well as he could, and they both began the best fight and pleasantest skirmish of the world.

The Carrier perceiving by the light which the Inne-keeper brought in with him, the lamentable state of his Mistris, abandoning Don-Quixote, he instantly repaired to give her the succor that was requisite; which likewise the Inne-keeper did, but with an other meaning, for hee approached with intention to punish the wench, beleiving that shee was infallibly the cause of all that harmony. And so as men say, the Cat to the Rat, the Rat to the Cord, the Cord to the Post; so the Carrier stricke Sancho, Sancho the wench, shee returned him againe his liberality with interest, and the Innekeeper laide lode upon his maide also. And all of them did mince it with such expedition, as there was no leasure at all allowed to any one of them for breathing. And the best of all was, that the Innekeepers lampe went out, and then finding themselves in darkenesse, they belaboured one another so without compassion, and at once, as wheresoever the blow fell, it bruised the place pittingly.

There lodged by chance that night in the Inne one of the Squadron of these, which are called of the old *holy brotherhood of Toledo, hee likewise hearing the wonderfull noise of the fight, he laid hand on his rodde of office, and the tinne-boxe of his titles, and entred into the chamber without light, saying, Stand still to the officer of Iustice, and to the holy brotherhood. And saying so, the first whom he met, was the poore battered Don-Quixote, who lay overthrowne in his bed, stretched, with his face upward without any feeling, and taking hold of his beard, he cryed out incessantly, Helpe the Iustice. But seeing that he whom hee held fast, bowed neither hand or foote, hee presently thought that hee was dead, and that those battailants that fought so eagerly in the roome, had slaine him; wherefore hee lifted his voice and cryed out lowdly, saying, Shut the Inne dore, and see that none escape, for here they have kild a man. This word astonished all the combatants so

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*The holy brotherhood, or the *Sancta Hermandad*, are a certaine number of men, whose chiefe office is to free the highway from Robbers.

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much, as every one left the battaile in the very termes, wherein this voice had overtaken them. The Innekeeper retyred himselfe to his chamber, the Carrier to his coverlets, the wench to her couch, and onely the unfortunate Don-Quixote and Sancho, were not able to move themselves from the place wherein they lay. The officer of the holy brotherhood, in this space letting slip poore Don-Quixotes beard, went out for light, to search and apprehend the delinquents; but hee could not finde any, for the Innekeeper had purposely quenched the lampe, as hee retyred to his bed: wherefore the officer was constrained to repaire to the chimney, where, with great difficulty, after he had spent a long while doing of it, he at last lighted a candle.

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Y this time Don-Quixote was come to himselfe againe out of his trance, and with the like lamentable note, as that wherewithall hee had called his Squire the day before, when he was over-throwne in the Vale of the Packe-staves, he called to him, saying, Friend Sancho, art thou a sleepe? sleepest thou, friend Sancho? What, I a sleepe? I renounce my selfe, quoth Sancho, full of grieve and despite, if I thinke not all the Divels in hell have beene visiting of mee here this night. Thou maist certainly belevee it, replied Don-Quixote, for either I know very

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little, or else this Castle is enchanted. For I let thee to wit, but thou must first sweare to keepe secret that which I meane to tell thee now, untill after my death. So I sweare, quoth Sancho. I say it, quoth Don-Quixote, because I cannot abide to take away any bodies honour. Why, quoth Sancho againe, I sweare that I will conceale it untill after your Worships daies, and I pray God that I may discover it to morrow. Have I wrought thee such harme, Sancho, replied the Knight, as thou wouldest desire to see mee end so soone? It is not for that, Sir, quoth Sancho, but because I cannot abide to keepe things long, lest they should rotte in my custody. 'Let it be for what thou pleasest, said Don-Quixote, for I doe trust greater matters then that to thy love and curtesie. And that I may rehearse it unto thee briefly, know that a little while since, the Lord of this Castels Daughter came unto me, who is the most faire and beautifull Damzell, that can bee found in a great part of the earth. What could I say unto thee of the ornaments of her person? what of her excellent wit? what of other secret things, which, that I may preserve the faith due unto my Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, I passe over in silence? I will only tell thee, that heaven, envious of the inestimable good that fortune had put in my hands; or perhaps (and that is most probable) this Castell, as I have said, is enchanted, just at the time when wee were in most sweet and amorous speech, I being not able to see or know from whence it came, there arrived a hand joyned to the arme of some mighty Giant, and gave mee such a blow on the jawes, as they remaine all bathed in bloud, and did after so thumpe and bruse mee, as I feele my selfe worse now, then yesterday when the Carriers, through Rozinantes madnesse, did use us as thou knowest. By which I conjecture that the treasure of this Damzels beauty, is kept by some enchanted Moore, and is not reserved for me.' Nor for mee, quoth Sancho, for I have beene bumbasted by more then foure hundred Moores, which have hammered me in such sort, as the bruising of the Packe-staves, was gilded bread and spice-cakes in com-

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parison of it: but, Sir, I pray you tell me, how can you call this a good and rare adventure, seeing we remaine so pittifully used after it? and yet your harmes may be accounted lesse, in respect you have held, as you said, that incomparable beauty betweene your armes: but I, what have I had other then the greatest blowes that I shall ever have in my life? Unfortunate that I am, and the Mother which bare mee, that neither am an Errant Knight, nor ever meanes to be any, and yet the greatest part of our mishaps stil falls to my lot. It seemes that thou wast likewise beaten, replied Don-Quixote. Evill befall my linage, quoth Sancho, have not I told you I was? Be not grieved friend, replied the Knight, for I will now compound the precious Balsamum, which will cure us in the twinkling of an eye.

The officer having by this time lighted his lampe, entred into the roome to see him, whom he accounted to be dead: and as soone as Sancho saw him; seeing him to come in, in his shirt, his head lapt up in a kerchiefe, the Lampe in his hand, having withall a very evil-favoured countenance, hee demanded of his Lord: Sir, is this by chance the enchanted Moore, that turnes anew to torment us, for somewhat that is yet unpunished? He cannot bee the Moore, answered Don-Quixote, for Nigromancers suffer not themselves to bee seene by any. If they suffer not themselves to be seene, quoth Sancho, they suffer themselves at least to bee felt: if not, let my shoulders beare witnesse. So might mine also, said Don-Quixote, but notwithstanding this is no sufficient argument to prove him whom wee see to bee the enchanted Moore. As thus they discoursed, the officer arrived, and finding them to commune in so peaceable and quiet manner, he rested admired. Yet Don-Quixote lay with his face upward as he had left him, and was not able to stirre himselfe, hee was so beaten and be-plastered. The officer approching demaunded of him, Well, how dost thou, good fellow? I would speake more mannerly, quoth Don-Quixote, if I were but such a one as thou art: is it the custome of this Countrey, you bottle-head, to talke after so rude a manner to Knights Errant?

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The other impatient, to see one of so vile presence, use him with that badde language, could not indure it, but lifting up the lampe, oile and all, gave Don-Quixote such a blow on the pate with it, as he broke his head in one or two places, and leaving all in darkenesse behinde him, departed presently out of the chamber. Without doubt (quoth Sancho seeing this accident) Sir, that was the enchanted Moore, and I thinke he keepeth the treasure for others, and reserveth only for us fists, and lampe-blows. It is as thou saiest, quoth Don-Quixote, and therefore wee are not to make account of these enchantments, or be wroth and angry at them: for in respect that they are invisible and fantasticall, wee shall not finde him on whom we may take revenge, though wee labour ever so much to doe it. Arise therefore, Sancho, if thou beest able, and call to the Constable of this Fortresse, and procure me some oile, wine, salt, and vineger, that I make the wholsome Balsamum: for verily I beleeve that I doe neede it very much at this time, the blood runneth so fast out of the wound which the spirit gave mee even now. Sancho then got up with grieve enough of his bones, and went without light towards the Innekeepers, and incountred on the way the officer of the holy brotherhood, who stood hearkning what did become of his enemy; to whom hee said; Sir, whosoever thou beest, I desire thee do us the favor and benefit to give me a little Rosemary, Oile, Wine, and Salt, to cure one of the best Knights Errant that is in the earth, who lieth now in that bed sorely wounded by the hands of an enchanted Moore that is in this Inne. When the officer heard him speake in that manner, hee held him to bee out of his wits; and because the dawning beganne, he opened the Inne dore, and told unto the Host, that which Sancho demanded. The Innekeeper presently provided all that hee wanted, and Sancho carried it to his Master, who held his head betweene both his hands, and complained much of the grieve that the blow of his head caused, which did him no other hurt then to raise up two blisters somewhat great, and that which hee supposed to bee blood, was onely the humour, which the

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**Hoja de lata.*

anxiety and labour of minde he past in this last darke adventure, had made him to sweate.

In resolution Don-Quixote tooke his simples, of which he made a compound, mixing them all together, and then boiling of them a good while, untill they came (as hee thought) to their perfection, hee asked for a violl wherein he might lay this precious liquor: but the Inne being unable to afford him any such, hee resolved at last to put it into *a tinne oilepot, which the Host did make freely give him; and forthwith he said over the pot eighty Pater-nosters, and as many Aves, Salves, and Creedes, and accompanied every word with a Crosse, in forme of benediction, at all which ceremonies Sancho, the Innekeeper, and the Officer of the holy brother-hood were present, for the Carrier went very soberly to dresse and make ready his Mules.

The liquor being made, hee himselfe would presently make experience of the vertue of that precious Balsamum, as he did imagine it to bee, and so did drinke a good draught of the overplus that could not enter into his pot, being a quart or thereabouts; and scarce had he done it, when he began to vomit so extremely, as hee left nothing uncast up in his stomacke, and through the paine and agitation caused by his vomits, hee fell into a very abundant and great sweate, and therefore commanded himselfe to bee well covered, and left alone to take his ease. Which was done forthwith, and hee slept three houres: and then awaking, found himselfe so wonderfully eased, and free from all brusing and paine, as hee doubted not but that hee was thorowly whole; and therefore did verily perswade himselfe, that hee had hapned on the right manner of compounding the Balsamum of Fierebras: and that having that medicine, hee might boldly from thenceforth undertake any ruines, battailes, conflicts, or adventures, how dangerous soever. Sancho Pança, who likewise attributed the suddaine cure of his Master to miracle, requested, that it would please him to give him leave to sippe up the remainder of the Balsamum, which rested in the kettle, and was no small quantity; which Don-Quixote granted: and hee lifting it up between both hands, did with a good faith, and better

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talent, quaffe it off all, being little lesse then his Master had drunke. The successe then of the History is, that poore Sancho's stomacke, was not so delicate as his Lords, wherefore before hee could cast, hee was tormented with so many cruell pangues, loathings, sweats, and dismayes, as he did verily perswade himselfe, that his last houre was come: and perceiving himselfe to bee so afflicted and troubled, hee cursed the Balsamum, and on the Theefe which had given it to him. Don-Quixote seeing of him in that pitifull taking, said, I beleeeve, Sancho, all this evill befaller thee, because thou art not dub'd Knight: for I perswade my selfe, that this liquor cannot helpe any one that is not. If your Worship knew that, quoth Sancho, (evill befall mee and all my linage) why did you therefore consent that I should tast it?

In this time the drench had made his operation, and the poore Squire did so swift and vehemently discharge himselfe by both channels, as neither his mat, or canvasse covering could serve after to any use. Hee swet, and swet againe with such excessive swoonings, as not only himselfe, but likewise all the beholders, did verily deeme, that his life was ending. This storme and mishappe endured about some two howres, after which, he remained not cured as his Master, but so weary and indisposed, as hee was not able to stand.

But Don-Quixote, who as we have said, felt himselfe eased and cured, would presently depart to seeke adventures, it seeming unto him, that all the time which hee abode there, was no other then a depriving, both of the world and needfull people, of his favour and assistance: and more through the security and confidence that he had in his Balsamum. And carried thus away by this desire, hee himselfe saddled his Horse Rozinante, and did empannell his Squires beast, whom he likewise holpe to apparell himselfe, and to mount upon his Asse. And presently getting a Horse-backe, hee roade over to a corner of the Inne, and laid hand on a Iaveline that was there, to make it serve him in stead of a Launce. All the people that were in the Inne, stood beholding of him, which were above twentie in number.

The Innekeepers Daughter did also looke upon him, and hee did never withdraw his eye from her, and would ever and

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anon breathe forth so dolefull a sigh, as if he had plucked it out from the bottome of his heart, which all the beholders tooke to proceed from the griefe of his ribbes, but specially such as had seene him playstered the night before. And being both mounted thus a Horse-backe, hee called the Inne-keeper, and said unto him with a grave and stayed voyce, 'Many and great are the favours, Sir Constable, which I have received in this your Castell, and doe remayne most obliged, to gratifie you for them all the dayes of my life. And if I may pay or recompence them by revenging of you upon any prowde Miscreant, that hath done you any wrongs, know, that it is mine Office to helpe the weake, to revenge the wronged, and to chastise Traytours. Call therefore to memory, and if you finde any thing of this kinde to commend to my correction, you neede not but once to say it, for I doe promise unto you by the Order of Knighthood, which I have received, to satisfie and appay you according unto your owne desire.'

The Innekeeper answered him againe with like gravity and staydnesse, saying, Sir Knight, I shall not neede your assistance when any wrong is done to me, for I know very well my selfe, how to take the revenge that I shall thinke good when the injurie is offered. That only which I require, is that you defray the charges whereat you have beene here in the Inne this night, as well for the Straw and Barley given to your two horses, as also for both your beddes. This then is an Inne? quoth Don-Quixote. That it is, and an honourable one too, replied the Inne-keeper. Then have I hitherto lived in an errour, quoth Don-Quixote: for in very good sooth I tooke it till now to be a Castell, and that no meane one neyther. But since that it is no Castell but an Inne, that which you may doe for the present time, is to forgive me those expences, for I cannot doe ought against the customes of Knights Errants; of all which I most certainly know (without ever having read untill this present, any thing to the contrarie) that they never paide for their lodging, or other thing, in any Inne wheresoever they lay. For by all Law and right, any good entertainment that is given unto them, is their due, in recompence of the insup-

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portable travels they indure, seeking of adventures both day and night, in Summer and Winter, a foote and a horse-backe, with thirst and hunger, in heate and cold, being subject to all the distemperatures of Heaven, and all the discommodities of the earth. All that concernes mee nothing, replied the Inne-keeper: pay unto me my due, and leave these tales and Knighthoods apart, for I care for nothing else, but how I may come by mine owne. Thou art a mad and a bad Host, quoth Don-Quixote: and saying so he spurd Rozinante, and flourishing with his lavelin, hee issued out of the Inne, in despiht of them all, and without looking behind him to see once whether his Squire followed, he roade a good way off from it.

The Inkeeper seeing hee departed without satisfying him, came to Sancho Pança, to get his money of him: who answered, that since his Lord would not pay, he would likewise give nothing: for being, as hee was, Squire to a Knight Errand, the very same rule and reason that exempted his Master from payments in Innes and Tavernes, ought also to serve and be understood as well of him. The Inkeeper grew wroth at these words and threatned him, that if he did not pay him speedily, hee would recover it in manner that would grieve him. Sancho replied, swearing by the order of Knighthood which his Lord had received, that he would not pay one denier, though it cost him his life; for the good and auncient customes of Knights Errants, should never through his default bee infringed, nor should their Squires which were yet to come into the world ever complaine on him, or upbraide him for transgressing or breaking so just a dutie. But his bad fortune ordained, that there were at the very time in the same Inne fowre Clothiers of Segovia, and three Point-makers of the Stewes of Cordova, and two neighbours of the Market of Sivill, all pleasant folke, well-minded, malicious, and playsome, all which pricked and in a manner moved all at one time and by the very same spirit, came neere to Sancho, and pulling him downe off his Asse, one of them ranne in for the Inkeepers Coverlet, and casting him into it, they looked up, and seeing the House was somewhat too low for their intended businesse, they determined to

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goe into the base Court, which was over-head onely limitted by heaven: and then Sancho being laide in the midst of the Blanket, they began to tosse him aloft, and sport themselves with him, in the manner they were wont to use Dogges at Shrovetide. The out-cries of the miserable betossed Squire were so many and so lowde, as they arrived at last to his Lords hearing, who standing awhile to listen attentively what it was, believed that some new adventure did approach, untill hee perceived at last that he, which cried, was his Squire: wherefore turning the Raignes, hee made towards the Inne with a loathsome galloppe, and finding it shut, he rode all about it, to see whether hee might enter into it. But scarce was he arrived at the walles of the base Court which were not very hie, when he perceived the foule play that was used towards his Squire; for hee saw him descend and ascend into the ayre againe with such grace and agilitie, that did his choller permit, I certainly perswade my selfe he would have burst for laughter. He assayed to mount the wall from his Horse, but he was so bruised and broken, as he could not doe as much as alight from his backe. Wherefore from his backe he used such reprochfull and vile language to those which tossed Sancho, as it is impossible to lay them downe in writing. And notwithstanding all his scornefull speech, yet did not they cease from their laughter and labour, nor the flying Sancho, from his complaints, now and then medled with threats, now and then with intreaties; but availed very little, nor could prevaile, untill they were constrained by wearinesse to give him over. Then did they bring him his Asse againe, and helping him up upon it, they lapt him in his *mantle. And the compassionate Maritornes beholding him so afflicted and ore laboured, thought it needfull to helpe him to a draught of water, and so brought it him from the well, because the water thereof was coolest. Sancho tooke the pot and laying it to his lips, he abstained from drinking by his Lords perswasion, who cryed to him aloud, saying, Sonne Sancho, drinke not water, drinke it not, Sonne, for it will kill thee. Behold, I have here with me the most holy Balsamum (and shewed him the oile pot of the drenches he had compounded) for with only

*Gauan.

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two drops that thou drinkest, thou shalt without all doubt remaine whole and sound. At those words Sancho looking behinde him, answered his Master with a lowder voice, Have you forgotten perhaps so soone, how that I am no Knight? or doe you desire, that I vomit the remnant of the poore bowels that remaine in mee since yesternight? Keepe your liquor for your selfe in the Divels name, and permit me to live in peace; and the conclusion of this speech, and his beginning to drinke, was done all in one instant: but finding at the first draught that it was water, he would not tast it any more, but requested Maritornes that shee would give him some wine, which shee did streight with a very good will, and likewise paid for it, out of her owne purse; for in effect it is written of her, that though shee followed that trade, yet had shee some shadowes and lineaments in her of Christianity. As soone as Sancho had drunken, he visited his Asse ribs with his heeles twise or thrise; and the Inne being opened, he issued out of it, very glad that he had payed nothing, and gotten his desire, although it were to the cost of his ordinary sureties, to wit, his shoulders. Yet did the Innekeeper remaine possesst of his wallets, as a payment for that he ought him; but Sancho was so distracted when he departed, as he never missed them. After he departed, the Inne-keeper thought to have shut up the Inne doore againe, but the Gentlemen tossers would not permit, being such folke, that if Don-Quixote were verily one of the Knights of the round Table, yet would not they esteeme him two chips.

CHAPTER

III

Wherein are rehearsed the innumerable misfortunes, which Don-Quixote and his good Squire Sancho suffered in the Inne, which he to his harme thought to be a Castle.

THE FIRST PART OF THE [LIB.

CHAPTER IIII

Wherein are rehearsed the discourses passed
betweene Sancho Pança, and his Lord
Don-Quixote, with other adventures
worthy the recitall.



SANCHO arrived to his Master all wanne and dismayed, in so much as he was scarce able to spur on his beast. When Don-Quixote beheld him in that case, hee said to him, Now doe I wholly perswade my selfe, friend Sancho, that that Castle or Inne, is doubtlesly enchanted. For those which made pastime with thee in so cruell manner, what else could they be but spirits, or people of another world? which I doe the rather beleewe, because I saw, that whilst I stooode at the barrier of the yard, beholding the acts of thy sadde Tragedy; I was not in any wise able either to mount it, or alight from Rozinante: for as I say, I thinke they held me then enchanted. For I vow to thee by mine honour, that if I could have either mounted or alighted, I would have taken such vengeance on those lewde and treacherous Caitifs, as they should remember the jest for ever, though I had therefore adventured to transgresse the laws of Knighthood. Which as I have ofttimes said unto thee permitteth not any Knight to lay hands on one that is not Knighted, if it bee not in defence of his proper life and person, and that in case of great and urgent necessity. So would I also have revenged my selfe, quoth Sancho, if I might, were they Knights or no Knights, but I could not: and yet I do infallibly believe, that those which tooke their pleasure with me, were neither ghosts, nor enchanted men as you say, but men of flesh and bones as we are, and all of them, as I heard them cald whilst they tossed mee, had

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proper names, for one was tearmed Peter Martinez, and another Tenorio Hernandez, and I heard also the Innkeeper called Iohn Palameque the deafe: so that for your inability of not leaping over the barriers of the yard, or alighting off your horse, was only inchauntments in you. Whereby I do clearely collect this much, that these adventures which we goe in search of, will bring us at last to so many disventures, as wee shall not be able to know which is our right foote. And that which wee might doe best according to my little understanding, were to returne us againe to our village, now that it is reaping time, and looke to our goods, omitting to leape thus as they say, out of the frying pan into the fire.

How little doest thou know, Sancho, replied Don-Quixote, what appertaineth to Chivalry! Peace, and have patience, for a day will come, wherein thou shalt see with thine owne eyes, how honourable it is to follow this exercise. If not, tell me, what greater content may there be in this world, or what pleasure can equall that of winning a battaile, and of triumphing over ones enemy? none without doubt. I thinke it be so, quoth Sancho, although I doe not know it; only this I know, that since we became Knights errant, or that you are one (for there is no reason why I should count my selfe in so honourable a number) wee never overcame any battaile, if it was not that of the Biscaine, and you came even out of the very same with halfe your eare and beaver lesse. And ever after that time, we have had nothing but cudgels, and more cudgels, blowes, and more blowes: I carrying with me besides of overplus, the tossing in the blanket, and that, by reason it was done to me by enchanted persons, I cannot be revenged, and by consequence shall not know that true gust and delight, that is taken by vanquishing mine enemies, wherof you spake even now. That is it which grieves me, as it should thee also, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote: but I will procure hereafter to get a sword, made with such art, that whosoever shall weare it, no kinde of inchantment shall hurt him. And perhaps fortune will present mee the very same which belonged to Amadis, when he called himselfe the Knight of the burning sword, which was one of the

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IIII

Wherein are rehearsed the discourses passed betweene Sancho Pança, and his Lord Don-Quixote, with other adventures worthy the recitall.

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CHAPTER IIII

Wherein are
rehearsed the
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betweene
Sancho Pança,
and his Lord
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best, that ever Knight had in this world: for besides the vertue that I told, it did also cut like a Razer, and no armour, were it ever so strong or enchanted, could stand before it. I am so fortunate, quoth Sancho, that when this befell, and that you found such a sword, it would only serve and be beneficiall, and stand in stead such as are dubbed Knights, as doth your Balsamum, whilst the poore Squires are cramd full with sorrowes. Feare not that, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, for fortune will deale with thee more liberally then so.

In these discourses Don-Quixote and his Squire roade, when Don-Quixote perceiving a great and thicke dust to arise in the way, wherein he travailed, turning to Sancho said, This is (Sancho) the day, wherein shall be manifest the good which Fortune hath reserved for me. This is the day, wherein the force of mine arme must be shewen as much as in any other whatsoever, and in it will I doe such feats, as shall for ever remaine recorded in the bookes of fame; doest thou see, Sancho, the dust which ariseth there? Know that it is caused by a mighty army, and sundry and innumerable Nations, which come marching there. If that oe so, quoth Sancho, then must there be two armies, for on this other side is raised as great a dust. Don-Quixote turned backe to behold it, and seeing it was so indeed, he was marvailous glad, thinking that they were doubtlesly two armies, which came to fight one with another, in the midst of that spacious plaine. For he had his fantasie ever replenished with these battailes, inchantment, successes, ravings, loves, and challenges, which are rehearsed in bookes of Knighthood: and all that ever hee spoke, thought, or did, was addrest and applyed to the like things: and the dust which hee had seene was raised by two great flocks of Sheepe, that came through the same field by two different waies, and could not be discerned by reason of the dust, untill they were very neare. Don-Quixote did affirme that they were two armies, with so very good earnest as Sancho beleevd it, and demanded of him, Sir, what then shall we two doe? What should we doe (quoth Don-Quixote) but assist the needfull and weaker side? For thou shalt know,

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Sancho, that he who comes towards us, is the great Emperour Alifanfaron, Lord of the great Island of Trapobana. The other who marcheth at our backe, is his enemy the King of the Garamantes, Pentapoline of the naked arme, so called, because he still entereth in battayle, with his right arme naked. I pray you, good Sir, quoth Sancho, to tell me why these two Princes hate one another so much? They are enemies, replied Don-Quixote, because that this Alifanfaron is a furious Pagan, and is enamoured of Pentapolins Daughter, who is a very beautifull and gracious Princesse, and moreover a Christian. And her Father refuseth to give her to the Pagan King, untill first he abandon Mahomets false sect, and become one of his religion. By my beard, quoth Sancho, Pentapolin hath reason, and I will helpe him all that I may. By doing so, quoth Don-Quixote, thou performest thy duty; for it is not requisite that one be a Knight, to the end hee may enter into such battailes. I doe apprehend that my selfe, quoth Sancho, very well: but where shall we leave this Asse in the meane time, that we may be sure to finde him againe after the conflict, for I thinke it is not the custome to enter into battell, mounted on such a beast? 'It is true, quoth Don-Quixote, that which thou maist do is, to leave him to his adventures, and care not whether he be lost or found, for we shall have so many horses, after comming out of this battaile victors, that very Rozinante himselfe, is in danger to be changed for another. But be attentive, for I meane to describe unto thee the principall Knights of both the armies. And to the end thou maiest the better see and note all things, let us retire our selves there to that little hillocke, from whence both the Armies may easily be descryed.'

They did so, and standing on the toppe of a hill, from whence they might have seene both the flocks, which Don-Quixote called an army very well, if the cloudes of dust had not hindred it and blinded their sight, yet notwithstanding our Knight seeing in conceit that which really hee did not see at all, began to say with a lowde voice:

'That Knight which thou seest there with the yellow

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**Gato.*

**Alfana.*

**Esparra-
guera.*

‘ armour, who beares in his shield a Lyon crownd, crouch-
ing at a Damzels feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of
the Silver Bridge: the other, whose armes are powdred
with flowers of gold, and Beares in an Azure field, three
Crownes of silver, is the dreaded Micocolemba, great Duke
of Quirocia: the other limmed like a Giant, that standeth
at his right hand, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of
Boliche, Lord of the three Arabias, and comes armed with
a Serpents skinne, bearing for his shield as is reported
one of the gates of the Temple, which Samson at his
death overthrew, to be revenged of his enemies. But turne
thine eyes to this other side, and thou shalt see first of
all, and in the front of this other army, the ever victor
and never vanquished Timonel of Carcaiona, Prince of
new Biskaye, who comes armed, with armes parted into
Blew, Greene, White, and Yellow quarters, and beares
in his shield in a field of Tawney, *a Cat of gold, with
a letter that saies Miau, which is the beginning of his
Ladies name, which is, as the report runnes, the peerelesse
Miaulina, Daughter to Duke Alfeniquen of Algarve. The
other that burdens and oppresseth the backe of that
mighty * Courser, whose armour is as white as snow, and
also his shield without any devise, is a new Knight of
France, called Pierres Papin, Lord of the Barony of
Utrique. The other that beats his horse sides with his
armed heeles, and beares the armes of pure Azure, is the
mighty Duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood: Who
beares for his device, a * Harrow, with a Motto that saies,
“So trailes my Fortune.” And thus he proceeded forward,
naming many Knights of the one and the other squadron,
even as he had imagined them, and attributed to each one,
his armes, his colours, imprese, and Mottoes, suddainly
borne away by the imagination of his wonderfull distrac-
tion. And without stammering he proceeded, saying, ‘ This
first squadron containeth folke of many Nations, in it are
those which taste the sweet waters of famous Xante. The
Mountainous men that tread the Masilicall fields. Those
that doe sift the most pure and rare gold of Arabia Felix.
Those that possessed the famous and delightfull bankes

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' of cleare Termodonte. Those that let bloud many and
 ' sundry waies the golden Pactolus. The Numides unsted-
 ' fast in their promise. The Persians famous for Archers.
 ' The Parthes and Medes that fight flying. The Arabs,
 ' inconstant in their dwellings. The Scithes as cruell as
 ' white. The Æthiops of boared lips, and other infinite
 ' Nations, whose faces I know and behold, although I have
 ' forgotten their denominations. In that other army come
 ' those that taste the Christaline streames of the Olive-
 ' bearing Betis, those that dippe and polish their faces with
 ' the liquor of the ever-rich and golden Tagus. Those that
 ' possesse the profitable fluent of divine Genile. Those that
 ' trample the Tartesian fields so abundant in pasture. Those
 ' that recreate themselves in the Elisean fields of Xerez. The
 ' rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy eares of corne:
 ' Those apparelled with yron, the ancient reliques of the
 ' Gothish bloud. Those that bathe themselves in Pisuerga,
 ' renowned for the smoothnesse of his current. Those that
 ' feed their flocks in the vast fields of the wreathing
 ' Guadiana, so celebrated for his hidden course. Those that
 ' tremble through the cold of the bushy Pirens, and the
 ' * lofty Apenines. Finally, all those that Europe in it selfe
 ' containeth.'

CHAPTER

III

Wherein are
 rehearsed the
 discourses
 passed
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 Sancho Pança,
 and his Lord
 Don-Quixote,
 with other
 adventures
 worthy the
 recitall.

*Or white
 crested.

Good God, how many Provinces repeated he at that time,
 and how many Nations did he name, giving to every one of
 them, with marvailous celerity and briefnesse, their proper
 attributes, being swallowed up and ingulfed in those things
 which he had read in his lying bookes! Sancho Pança,
 stood suspended at his speech, and spoke not a word, but
 only would now and then turne his head to see, whether he
 could marke those Knights and Giants, which his Lord had
 named; and by reason he could not discover any, he said,
 Sir, I give to the Divell any man, Giant, or Knight, of all
 those you said that appeareth: at least I cannot discerne them.
 Perhaps all is but enchantment, like that of the ghosts of
 yesternight. How? saiest thou so? quoth Don-Quixote.
 Dost not thou heare the horses neigh, the trumpets sound,
 and the noyse of the drummes? I heare nothing else,
 said Sancho, but the great bleating of many Sheepe. And

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CHAPTER III

Wherein we
rehearse the
discovery
of the
true
Sancho Panza,
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worthy the
record

so it was indeede, for by this time, the two flocks did approach them very neare. The feare that thou conceivest, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, maketh thee that thou canst neither heare nor see aright, for one of the effects of feare is to trouble the senses, and make things appeare otherwise then they are: and seeing thou fearest so much, retire thy selfe out of the way, for I alone am sufficient to give the victory to that part which I shall assist, and having ended his speech, he set spurres to Rozinante, and setting his lance in the Rest, hee flung downe from the hillocke like a thunderbolt. Sancho cryed to him as lowd as he could, saying, Returne, good Sir Don-Quixote, for I vow unto God, that all those which you go to charge, are but Sheepe and Muttons. Returne, I say, alas that ever I was borne, what madness is this? looke, for there is neither Giant, nor Knight, nor Cat, nor Armes, nor Shields, parted, nor whole, nor pure Azures, nor divellish. What is it you doe, wretch that I am? For all this Don-Quixote did not returne, but rather coo, saying with a lowde voice: On, on, Knights, all you that serve and march under the banners of the valorous Emperour Pentapolin of the naked Arme, follow mee, all of you, and you shall see how easily I will revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Trapobana: and saying so, hee entred into the middest of the flocke of Sheepe, and began to lance them with such courage and fury, as if hee did in good earnest encounter his mortall enemies.

The Sheepe-heards that came with the flocke, cryed to him to leave off: but seeing their words tooke no effect, they unloosed their slings, and beganne to salute his pate with stones as great as ones fist. But Don-Quixote made no account of their stones, and did fling up and downe among the Sheepe, saying, Where art thou, prowde Alifanfaron, where art thou? come to mee, for I am but one Knight alone, who desires to proove my forces with thee man to man, and deprive thee of thy life, in paine of the wrong thou doest to the valiant Pentapolin the Garamiante. At that instant a stone gave him such a blow on one of his sides, as did bury two of his ribbes in his body. Hee beholding himselfe so ill dight, did presently beleieve that hee

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was either slaine or sorely wounded ; and remembring himselfe of his liquor, hee tooke out his oyle pot, and set it to his mouth to drinke, but ere he could take as much as hee thought was requisite to cure his hurts, there commeth another Almond which strucke him so full uppon the hand and oyle-pot, as broke it into peeces, and carryed away with it besides three or foure of his cheeke teeth, and did more-over bruise very sorely two of his fingers. Such was the first and the second blow, as the poore Knight was constrained to fall downe off his horse. And the Sheep-heards arriving, did verily beleieve they had slaine him ; and therefore gathering their flocke together with all speede, and carrying away their dead Muttons, which were more then seven, they went away without verifying the matter any further.

Sancho remained all this while on the height, beholding his Masters follies, pulling the haire of his beard for very despite, and cursed the houre and moment wherein he first knew him ; but seeing him overthrowne to the earth, and the Sheep-heards fled away, hee came downe to him, and found him in very badde taking, yet had he not quite lost the use of his senses, to whom he said : Did not I bid you, Sir Knight, returne, and told you that you went not to invade an army of men, but a flocke of sheepe ? That theefe the wise man who is mine adversary, quoth Don-Quixote, can counterfait, and make men to seeme such, or vanish away as he pleaseth : for, Sancho, thou oughtest to know, that it is a very easie thing for those kinde of men, to make us seeme what they please : and this Maligne that persecuteth mee, envying the glory which hee saw I was like to acquire in this battaile, hath converted the enemies squadrons into Sheepe ; and if thou wilt not beleieve me, Sancho, yet doe one thing for my sake, that thou maiest remove thine errour, and perceive the truth which I affirme : get up on thine Asse, and follow them faire and softly aloofe, and thou shalt see, that as soone as they are parted any distance from hence, they will turne to their first forme, and leaving to be sheepe, will become men, as right and straight as I painted them to thee at the first : but goe not now ; for I

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III

Wherein are rehearsed the discourses passed betweene Sancho Pança, and his Lord Don-Quixote, with other adventures worthy the recitall.

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discourses
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betweene
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recitall.

*Having left
it behind him
in the Inne,
when he
ranne away
and paid
nothing for
his lodging.

have neede of thy helpe and assistance: draw neerer to me and see, how many cheeke teeth and others I want, for mee thinkes there is not one left in my mouth. With that, Sancho approched so neere, that he laid almost his eyes on his Masters mouth: and it was just at the time that the Balsamum had now wrought his effect in Don-Quixote his stomacke: and at the very season that Sancho went about to looke into his mouth, he disgorged all that he had in his stomacke, with as great violence as it had beene shot out of a Musket, just in his compassionate Squires beard. O holy Mother Mary, quoth Sancho, what is this that hath befallen me? the poore man is mortally wounded, without doubt, for he vomiteth up bloud at his mouth. But looking a little neerer to it, hee perceived by the colour and smell, that it was not bloud, but the Balsamum of his Masters oile-bottle; whereat he instantly tooke such a loathing, that his stomacke likewise turned, and hee vomited out his very bowels almost, all in his Masters face. And so they both remained like Pearles. Soone after, Sancho ranne to his Asse to take somewhat to cleare himselfe, and to cure his Lord out of his wallet, which when he found *wanting, he was ready to runne out of his wits: there hee beganne a new to curse himselfe, and made a firme resolution in minde, that he would leave his Master, and turne to his Countrey againe, although he were sure both to loose his wages, and the hope of the Government of the promised Island.

By this, Don-Quixote arose, and setting his left hand to his mouth, that the rest of his teeth might not fall out, he caught hold on the raignes of Rozinantes bridle with the other, who had never stird from his Master: (such was his loyalty and good nature) he went towards his Squire, that leaned upon his Asse, with his hand under his cheeke, like one pensative and malecontent. And Don-Quixote seeing of him in that guise, with such signes of sadnesse, said unto him, Know, Sancho, that one man is not more then another, if he doe not more then another. All those stormes that fall on us, are arguments that the time will waxe calme very soone, and that things will have better successe hereafter, for it is not possible that either good or ill be durable.

III] HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

And hence wee may collect, that our misfortunes having lasted so long, our fortune and weale must bee likewise neare. And therefore thou oughtest not thus to afflict thy selfe for the disgraces that befall mee, seeing no part of them fall to thy lot. How not? quoth Sancho, was he whom they tossed yesterday in the coverlet by fortune, any other mans sonne then my Fathers? and the wallet that I want to day, with all my provision, was it any others then mine owne? What, doest thou want thy wallet, Sancho? quoth Don-Quixote. I, that I doe, quoth he. In that manner replied Don-Quixote, wee have nothing left us to eate to day. That would be so, quoth Sancho, if we could not finde among these fields the hearbs which I have heard you say you know, wherewithall such unlucky Knights Errant as you, are wont to supply like needs. For all that, quoth Don-Quixote, I would rather have now a quarter of a loafe, or a cake and two pilchers heads, then all the hearbs that Dioscorides describeth, although they came glozed by Doctor Laguna himselfe. But yet for all that, get upon the beast, Sancho the good, and follow me, for God, who is the provider for all creatures, will not faile us: And principally seeing we doe a worke so greatly to his service as we doe, seeing he doth not abandon the little flies of the aire, nor the wormelings of the earth, nor the spawnlings of the water. And he is so mercifull, that he maketh his Sunne shine on the good and the evill, and raines on sinners and just men. You were much fitter, quoth Sancho, to be a Preacher, then for a Knight Errant. Knights Errant knew, and ought to know somewhat of all things, quoth Don-Quixote. For there hath beene a Knight Errant in times past, who would make a Sermon or discourse in the midst of a campe riall, with as good grace, as if he were graduated in the University of Paris: by which we may gather that the Lance never dulled the Pen, nor the Pen the Lance. Well then, quoth Sancho, let it be as you have said, and let us depart hence, and procure to finde a lodging for this night, where, I pray God, may be no coverlets, and tossers, nor Spirits, nor enchanted Moores, for if there be, Ile bestow the flocke and the hooke on the Devill.

CHAPTER IIII

Wherein are rehearsed the discourses passed betweene Sancho Pança, and his Lord Don-Quixote, with other adventures worthy the recitall.

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CHAPTER IIII

Wherein are
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betweene
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and his Lord
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recitall.

Demand that of God, Sonne Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, and lead me where thou pleasest, for I will leave the election of our lodging to thy choice for this time: yet I pray thee give mee thy hand, and feele how many cheeke-teeth or others I want in this right side of the upper jaw, for there I feele most paine. Sancho put in his fingers, and whilst he felt him, demanded, How many cheeke-teeth were you accustomed to have on this side? Foure, quoth he, besides the hindermost; all of them very whole and sound. See well what you say, Sir, quoth Sancho. I say, foure, quoth Don-Quixote, if they were not five, for I never in my life drew or lost any tooth, nor hath any fallen or beene worme-eaten, or mard by any rhume. Well then, quoth Sancho, you have in this nether part but two cheeke teeth and a halfe, and in the upper, neither a halfe, nor any, for all there is as plaine as the palme of my hand. Unfortunate I (quoth Don-Quixote, hearing the sorrowfull newes that his Squire told unto him) for I had rather lose one of mine armes, so it were not that of my sword. For Sancho, thou must wit, 'that a mouth without cheeke teeth, is like a Mill without a milstone'; and a tooth is much more to bee esteemed then a Diamond.

But wee which professe the rigorous Lawes of Armes, are subject to all these disasters: wherefore mount, gentle friend, and give the way, for I will follow thee what pace thou pleasest. Sancho obeyed, and roade the way where hee thought hee might finde lodging, without leaving the high way, which was there very much beaten. And going thus by little and little (for Don-Quixote his paine of his jawes did not suffer him rest, or make overmuch hast), Sancho, to entertaine him and divert his thought, by saying some things, beganne to aboard him in the forme we meane to rehearse in the Chapter ensuing.

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ME THINKS, good Sir, that all the mishaps that befell us these dayes past, are without any doubt in punishment of the sinne you committed against the order of Knighthood, by not performing the Oath you swore, not to eate bread on table clothes, nor to sport with the Queene, with all the rest which insueth, and you vowed to accomplish, untill you had wonne the Helmet of Malandrino, or I know not how the Moore is called, for I have forgotten his name. Thou saiest right, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote : but to tell the truth in deede, I did wholly forget it : and thou maiest likewise thinke certainly, that because thou didst not remember it to mee in time, that of the coverlet was inflicted as a punishment on thee. But I will make amends, for we have also manners of reconciliation for all things in the order of Knighthood. Why, did I by chance sweare any thing ? quoth Sancho. It little imports, quoth Don-Quixote, that thou hast not sworne : let it suffice that I know thou art not very cleare from the fault of an accessary. And therefore at all adventures it will not bee ill, to provide a remedy. If it be so, quoth Sancho, beware you doe not forget this againe, as you did that of the Oath, for if you should, perhaps those spirits will take againe a fansie to solace themselves with mee, and peradventure with you your selfe, if they see you obstinate.

Being in these and other such discourses, the night overtooke them in the way, before they could discover any lodging, and that which was worst of all, they were almost

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famisht with hunger, for by the losse of their wallets, they lost at once both their provision and warder-house. And to accomplish wholly this disgrace, there succeeded a certaine adventure, which certainly hapned as wee lay it downe, without any addition in the world, and was this: the night did shut up with some darkenesse, yet notwithstanding they travailed on still, Sancho beleiving that since that was the high way, there must be within a league or two in all reason some Inne. Travelling therefore as I have said, in a darke night, the Squire being hungry, and the Master having a good stomacke, they saw comming towards them in the very way they travelled, a great multitude of lights, resembling nothing so well as wandering starres. Sancho beholding them, was stricke into a wonderfull amazement, and his Lord was not much better. The one drew his Asse-halter, the other held his horse, and both of them stooke still, beholding attentively what that might be, and they perceived that the lights drew still nearer unto them; and the more they approched, they appeared the greater; at the sight Sancho did tremble like one infected by the savour of Quicksilver: and Don-Quixotes haire did stand up like bristles, who animating himselfe a little, said, Sancho, this must be questionlesse a great and most dangerous adventure, wherein it is requisite that I shew all my valour and strength. Unfortunate I, quoth Sancho, if by chance this adventure were of ghosts, as it seemeth to me that it is, where will there bee ribs to suffer it? Bee they never so great Ghosts, said Don-Quixote, I will not consent that they touch one haire of thy garment: For if they jested with thee the other time, it was because I could not leape over the walles of the yard: but now wee are in plaine field, where I may brandish my sword as I please. And if they inchant and benumme you as they did the other time, quoth Sancho, what will it then availle us to bee in open field or no? For all that, replied Don-Quixote, I pray thee, Sancho, be of good courage, for experience shall show thee how great my valour is. I will and please God, quoth Sancho: and so departing somewhat out of the way, they beganne againe to view earnestly what that of the travelling lights might be; and after a very little

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space, they espied many white things, whose dreadfull visions did in that very instant abate Sancho Pança his courage, and now beganne to chatter with his teeth, like one that had the cold of a Quartane: and when they did distinctly perceive what it was, then did his beating and chattering of teeth increase, for they discovered about some twenty all covered with white a horse-backe, with Tapers lighted in their hands, after which followed a litter covered over with blacke, and then insued other sixe a horse-backe, attired in mourning, and likewise their Mules, even to the very ground; for they perceived that they were not horses, by the quietnesse of their pace. The white folke rode murmuring somewhat among themselves with a low and compassionate voice. Which strange vision, at such an houre, and in places not inhabited, was very sufficient to strike feare into Sancho's heart, and even in his Masters, if it had beene any other then Don-Quixote: but Sancho tumbled here and there, being quite overthrowne with terrour. The contrary hapned to his Lord, to whom in that same houre his imagination represented unto him most lively, the adventure wherein he was, to bee such a one as hee oftimes had read in his bookes of Chivalry. For it is figured unto him, that the litter was a beere, wherein was carried some grievously wounded or dead Knight, whose revenge was only reserved for him. And without making any other discourse, he set his Launce in the Rest, seated himselfe surely in his saddle, and put himselfe in the midst of the way, by which the white folke must forcibly passe, with great spirit and courage. And when he saw them draw neare, he said with a lowde voice, Stand, Sir Knight, whosoever you be, and render mee account what you are? from whence you come? where you goe? and what that is which you carry in that beere? for according as you shew, either you have done to others, or others to you some injury. And it is convenient and needfull that I know it, either to chastise you for the ill you have committed, or else to revenge you of the wrong which you have suffred. We are in hast, quoth one of the white men, and the Inne is farre off, and therefore cannot expect to give so full relation as you request: and with that, spurring his Mule, passed forward.

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Don-Quixote, highly disdayning at the answere, tooke by the bridle and held him, saying, Stay, prowde Knight, and bee better mannered another time, and give mee account of that which I demanded : if not, I defie you all to mortall battaile. The Mule whereon the white-man rode, was somewhat fearefull and skittish, and being taken thus rudely by the Bridle, shee tooke such a fright, that rising up on her hinder legges, shee unhorsed her Rider. One of the Lackeyes that came with them, seeing him fallen, beganne to revile Don-Quixote, who being by this thorowly enraged, without any more adoe, putting his Launce in the Rest, runne upon one of the Mourners, and threw him to the ground very sore wounded : and turning upon the rest, it was a thing worthy the noting, with what dexterity he did assault, breake upon them, and put them all to flight, and it seemed none other, but that Rozinante had gotten then wings, hee bestirred himselfe so nimbly and couragiously.

All those white men were fearefull people, and unarmed, and therefore fled away from the skirmish in a trice, and beganne to traverse that field with their Tapers lighting, that they seemed to bee maskers that use to runne up and downe in nights of love and recreation. The mourners likewise were so lapped up and muffled, by their mourning weedes, as they could scarce stirre them : so that Don-Quixote did without any danger of his person, give them all the Bastonado. And caused them to forsake their roomes whether they would or no : for all of them did verily thinke that hee was no man, but a Divell of hell, that met them to take away the dead body which they carried in the Litter. All this did Sancho behold, marvailously admired at his Masters boldnes, which made him say to himselfe, My master is infallibly as strong and valiant as he said.

There lay on the ground by him whom his Mule had first over-throwne, a waxe Taper still burning, by whose light, Don-Quixote perceived him, and comming over to him, he laid the point of his Lance upon his face, saying, that he should render himselfe, or else he would slay him. To which the other answered, I am already rendred more then enough, seeing I cannot stirre mee out of the place, for one of my legges

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is broken. And if you be a Christian, I desire you not to kill mee, for therein you would commit a great sacriledge, I being a Licenciante, and have received the first Orders. Well then, quoth Don-Quixote, what Divell brought thee hither being a Church-man? Who, Sir, replied the over-throwne, but my misfortune? Yet doth a greater threaten thee, said Don-Quixote, if thou doest not satisfie me in all that which I first demanded of thee. You shall easily be satisfied, quoth the Licenciante: and therefore you shall wit, that although first of all I said I was a Licenciante, I am none, but a Batcheler, and am called Alonso Lopez, borne at Alcovendas, and I came from the Citty of Baeça, with eleven other Priests, which are those that fled away with the Tapers; we travell towards Segovia, accompanying the dead body that lies in that litter, of a certaine Gentleman who dyed in Baeça, and was there deposited for a while, and now as I say, we carry his bones to his place of buriall, which is in Segovia, the place of his birth. And who killed him? quoth Don-Quixote. God, quoth the Batcheler, with certaine pestilentiall Feavers that hee tooke. In that manner, quoth Don-Quixote, our Lord hath delivered mee from the paines I would have taken to revenge his death, if any other had slaine him. But having kild him, hee that did it, there is no other remedy but silence, and to lift up the shoulders: for the same I must my selfe have done, if hee were likewise pleased to slea me. And I would have your Reverence to understand, that I am a Knight of the Mancha, called Don-Quixote, and mine office and exercise is to goe thorowout the world, righting of wrongs, and undoing of injuries. I cannot understand how that can bee of righting wrongs, quoth the Batcheler, seeing you have made mee who was right before, now very crooked, by breaking of my legge, which can never bee righted againe, as long as I live, and the injury which you have undone in me, is none other but to leave me so injured, as I shall remaine injured for ever. And it was a very great disventure to have encountred with you, that go about to seek adventures. All things, quoth Don-Quixote, succeed not of one fashion: the hurt was, Master Batcheler Alonso Lopez, that you travailed thus by

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night covered with those Surplices, with burning Tapers, and covered with weedes of dole, so that you appeared most properly some badde thing, and of the other world, and so I could not omit to fulfill my duty, by assaulting you, which I would have done, although I verily knew you to bee the Sathans themselves of hell. For, for such I judged and accounted you ever till now.

Then since my badde fortune hath so disposed it, quoth the Batcheler, I desire you, good Sir Knight Errant (who hath given me so evill an Errant) that you will helpe mee to get up from under this Mule, who holds still my leg betwixt the stirrop and saddle. I would have staid talking untill to morrow morning, quoth Don-Quixote, and why did you expect so long to declare your grieve to me? He presently called to Sancho Pança to come over : but hee had little minde to doe, for hee was otherwise imployed, ransacking of a sumpture Mule, which those good folke brought with them, well furnished with belly ware. Sancho made a bagge of his Casacke, and catching all that hee might, or could containe, hee laid it on his beast, and then presently after repaired to his Master, and holpe to deliver the good Batcheler from the oppression of his Mule. And mounting him againe on it, he gave him his Taper, and Don-Quixote bade him to follow his fellowes, of whom he should desire pardon in his name, for the wrong hee had done them. For it lay not in his hands to have done the contrary. Sancho said to him also, if those Gentlemen would by chance know, who the valorous Knight is, that hath used them thus, you may say unto them, that he is the famous Don-Quixote of Mancha, otherwise called, The Knight of the Ilfavoured face.

With this the Batcheler departed, and Don-Quixote demaunded of Sancho, what had mooved him to cal him The Knight of the Ilfavoured face, more at that time, then at any other? I will tell you that, quoth Sancho ; I stood beholding of you a pretty while by the Taper-light, which that unlucky man carrieth, and truely you have one of the evill-favouredst countenances of late, that ever I saw. Which either proceedeth of your being tyred after this battaile, or

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else through the losse of your teeth. That is not the reason, said Don-Quixote. But rather, it hath seemed fit to the wise-man, to whose charge is left the writing of my History, that I take some appellative name, as all the other Knights of yore have done: for one called himselfe, the Knight of the burning sword. Another, That of the Unicorne, this, Him of the Phoenix. The other, That of the Damzels. Another, The Knight of the Griphen. And some other, The Knight of Death. And by these names and devices, they were knowne throughout the compasse of the earth. And so I say, that the wiseman whom I mentioned, set in thy minde and tongue the thought to call me The Knight of the Ilfavoured face, as I meane to call my selfe from hencefoorth: and that the name may become me better, I will upon the first occasion cause to be painted in my shield, a most ill favoured countenance. You neede not, quoth Sancho, spend so much time and money in having the like countenance painted; but that which you may more easily doe, is, to discover your owne, and looke directly on those that behold you, and I will warrant you, that without any more adoe, or new painting in your shield, they will call you, Him of the Ilfavoured face. And let this bee said in jest, that hunger and the want of your teeth, have given you, as I have said, so evill favoured a face, as you may well excuse all other heavie portraitures. Don-Quixote laught at his Squires conceit, and yet neverthelesse he purposed to call himselfe by that name, as soone as ever he should have commodity to paint his shield, or buckler. And after hee had pawed a while, he said to Sancho, I beleeve, Sancho, that I am excommunicated, for having laid violent hands upon a consecrated thing. ** Iuxta illud, Si quis suadente diabolo,* etc. Although I am certaine I laid not my hands upon him, but onely this Iaveline: and besides, I did not any way suspect that I offended Priests or Church-men, which I doe respect and honour as a Catholike and faithfull Christian; but rather that they were shadowes and spirits of the other world. And if the worst hapned, I remember well that which befell the Cid Ruy Diaz, when hee broke that other Kings Embassadours chaire before the Popes holinesse, for which

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**Canon, 72. Distinct. 134.*

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hee excommunicated him : and yet for all that, the good Rodericke Vivar behaved himselfe that day like an honourable and valiant Knight.

About this time the Batcheler departed, as is said, without speaking a word, and Don-Quixote would faine have seene whether the Corps that came in the Litter, was bones, or no ; but Sancho would not permit him, saying, Sir, you have finished this perillous Adventure, most with your safetie, of any one of those I have seene. This people, although overcome and scattered, might perhaps fall in the consideration, That he who hath overcome them, is but one person alone, and growing ashamed thereof, would perhaps joyne and unite themselves, and turne upon us, and give us enough businesse to doe. The Asse is in good plight, according to my desire, and the Mountaine at hand, and hunger oppresseth us ; therefore wee have nothing else to doe at this time, but retyre our selves with a good pace, and as it is said, 'To the grave with the dead, and let them [that] live, to the Bread.' And pricking on his Asse, he requested his Master to follow him, who seeing that Sancho spoke not without reason, he spurd after him without replying. And having travailed a little way, betweene two small mountains they found a large and hidden valley, where they alighted, and Sancho lightning his beast ; and lying both along upon the greene grasse, holpen by the sauce of hunger, they broke their fasts, dyned, ate their Beaver and supper all at one time ; satisfying their appetites with more then one dish of cold meate, which the dead Gentlemans Chaplaines (which knew how to make much of themselves) had brought for their provision. But here succeeded another discommodity which Sancho accounted not as the least, which was, that they had no wine to drinke ; no, nor as much as a droppe of water to rinse their mouthes, and being scorched with drought, Sancho perceiving the field where they were full of thicke and greene grasse, said that which shall ensue in the Chapter following.

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Is it not possible, my Lord, but that these greene hearbs doe argue, that neere unto this place must be some Fountayne or streame that watereth them ; and therefore I pray you let us goe a little farther, and wee shall meete that which may mitigate the terrible thirst that afflicts us, which sets us questionlesse in more paine then did our hunger. This counsell was allowed by Don-Quixote, and therefore leading Rozinante by the bridle, and Sancho his Asse by the halter, after laying up the reversion of their supper, they set on through the plaine, onely guided by their ghesse, for the night was so darke, as they could not see a jot. And scarce had they travailed two hundred paces, when they heard a great noise of water, as if it fell head-long from some great and steepe rocke. The noise did cheare them very much, and standing to heare from whence it sounded, they heard unawares another noise, which watered all the continent ; they conceived before, specially in Sancho, who, as I have noted, was naturally very fearefull and of little spirit : They heard I say certaine blowes stricken with proportion, with a kinde of ratling of yrons and chaines, which accompanied by the furious sound of the water, might strike terrour into any other heart but Don-Quixotes.

The night as we said was darke, and they hapned to enter in among certaine tall and loftie trees, whose leaves mooved by a soft gale of wind, made a fearefull and still

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noyse. So that the solitude, situation, darknesse, and the
noyse of the water, and trembling of the leaves, concurring,
did breede horroure and affright. But specially, seeing that
the blowes never ceased, the wind slept not, nor the morn-
ing approached; whereunto may be added, that they know
not the place where they were. But Don-Quixote accom-
panied with his valiant heart, leaped on Rozinante, and
embracing his Buckler, brandished his Launce, and said.
' Friend Sancho, I would have thee know, that I was
' borne by the disposition of heaven, in this our age of
' iron, to resuscitate in it that of golde, or the golden
' world, as it is called. I am hee, for whom are reserved all
' dangerous, great, and valorous feats. I say againe that I
' am he which shal set up againe those of the Round Table,
' the twelve peeres of Fraunce, and the nine worthies. I
' am he, who shall cause the actes to be forgotten of those
' Platires, Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes. The Phe-
' busses, Belianises, with all the crew of the famous Knights
' errant of times past, doing in this wherin I live, such
' great and wonderfull feats of armes, as shall obscure the
' bravest that ever they atchieved. Thou notest well, faith-
' full and loyall Squire, the darkenes of this night, the
' strange silence, the deafe and confused trembling of these
' trees, the dreadfull noyse of that water, in whose search
' we come, which seemes to throw it selfe head-long downe
' from the steepe mountaines of the Moone, the inceassable
' blowes which doe still wound our eares; all which together,
' and every one apart, are able to strike terrour, feare, and
' amazement into the very minde of Mars, how much more
' in his that is not accustomed to the like chances and
' adventures? Yet all this which I have depainted to
' thee, are inciters and rowers of my minde, which now
' causeth my heart almost to burst in my breast, with the
' desire it hath to trie this adventure, how difficult soever
' it shewes it selfe. Wherefore tie my horse gyrts a little
' straighter, and farewell: here in this place thou mayest
' expect mee three dayes and no more. And if I shall not
' returne in that space, thou mayest go backe to our village,
' and from thence (for my sake) to Toboso, where thou shalt

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‘ say to my incomparable Lady Dulcinea, that her captive
‘ Knight died, by attempting things that might make him
‘ worthy to be called hers.’

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When Sancho heard his Lord speake these words, hee began to weepe with the greatest compassion of the world, and say unto him, Sir, I see no reason why you should undertake this fearefull adventure: it is now night, and no body can perceive us, wee may very well crosse the way, and apart our selves from danger, although we should therefore want drinke these three dayes. And seeing none behold us, there will be much lesse any one to take notice of our cowardize; the rather because I heard oft-times the Curate of our Village whom you know very well, preach, ‘That he which seekes the danger, perisheth therein’; so that, it is not good to tempt God, undertaking such a huge affaire, out of which you cannot escape, but by miracle: and let those which heaven hath already wrought for you, suffice, in delivering you from being tost in a Coverlet, as I was, and bringing you away Victor, free, and safe, from among so many enemies, as accompanied the dead man. And when all this shall not move or soften your hard heart, let this move it, to thinke and certainly beleeeve, that scarce shal you depart from this place, when through very feare I shall give up my soule to him that pleaseth to take it. I left my countrey, wife, and children to come and serve you, hoping thereby to be worth more and not lesse: but as covetousnesse breakes the sacke, so hath it also torne my hopes, seeing when they were most pregnant and lively, to obtaine that unlucky and accursed Island, which you promised mee so often: I see that in exchange and pay thereof, you meane to forsake mee here in a desart, out of all frequentation. For Gods sake doe not mee such a wrong, my Lord; and if you will not wholly desist from your purpose, yet deferre it at least till the morning; for as my little skill that I learned when I was a sheep-heard, telleth me, the dawning is not three houres off, * for the mouth of the fish is over the head and maketh mid-night in the line of the left arme. How canst thou, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, see where is the line, or that mouth, or that taile,

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**Porque la boca de la boxina esta encima de la cabeza, p. 168.*

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of which thou speakest, seeing the night is so darke that one starre alone appeareth not? That is true, quoth Sancho, but feare hath eyes, which can see things under the ground, and much more in the skies. And besides, we may gather by good discourse, that the day is not farre off. Let it be as little off as it lists, quoth Don-Quixote, it shall never bee recorded of mee, that either teares or prayers could ever dissuade me from performing the duty of a Knight: and therefore, good Sancho, hold thy peace, for God who hath inspired me to attempt this unseene and fearefull adventure, will have an eye to my weale, and also to comfort thy sorrow. And that thou hast therefore to doe, is to make straight my gyrts, and remaine here, for I will returne shortly either alive or dead.

Sancho perceiving his Lords last resolution, and how little his teares, counsailes, or prayers, could availe, resolved to profit himselfe a little of his wit, and make him if hee could to expect untill day, and so when hee did fasten the gyrts, hee softly without being felt, tied his Asses halter to both Rozinantes legges so fast that when Don-Quixote thought to depart, he could not, for that his horse could not goe a steppe, but leaping. Sancho seeing the good successe of his guile, said, Behold, Sir, how heaven moved by my teares and prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante should not goe a step: and if you will bee still contending, and spurring, and striking him, you will do nothing but inrage fortune, and as the proverbe saies, 'But spurne against the pricke.' Don-Quixote grew woode at this, and yet the more he spurred him, he was the lesse able to goe, wherefore without perceiving the cause of his horses stay, he resolved at last to be quiet, and expect either till the morning, or else till Rozinante would please to depart, beleeving verily, that the impediment came of some other cause, and not from Sancho, and therefore said unto him. Since it is so Sancho, that Rozinante cannot stir him, I am content to tarry till the dawning, although her tardinesse cost me some teares. You shall have no cause to weepe, replied Sancho, for I will enter-

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taine you, telling of Histories untill it be day, if you will not alight and take a nap upon these greene hearbs, as Knights errant are wont; that you may be the fresher and better able to morrow to attempt that monstrous adventure which you expect. What doest thou call alighting, or sleeping? quoth Don-Quixote, am I peradventure one of those Knights that repose in time of danger? sleepe thou who wast borne to sleepe, or doe what thou please, for I will doe that which I shall see fittest for my pretense. Good Sir, be not angry, quoth Sancho, for I did not speake with that intention: and so drawing neare unto him, he set one of his hands on the pommell of the Saddle, and the other hinder in such sort that hee rested embracing his Lords left thigh, not daring to depart from thence the breadth of a finger, such was the feare hee had of those blowes, which all the while did sound without ceasing.

Then Don-Quixote commanded him to tell some tale to passe away the time, as hee had promised, and Sancho said he would, if the feare of that which hee heard would suffer him. Yet, quoth he, for all this I will encourage my selfe to tell you one, whereon if I can hit aright, and that I bee not interrupted, is the best History that ever you heard, and bee you attentive, for now I beginne. 'It was that it was, the good that shall befall be for us all, and the harme for him that searches it.' And you must be advertised, good Sir, that the beginning that Ancient men gave to their tales, was not of ordinary things, and it was a sentence of Cato the Romane Conrozin: Which saies, 'And the harme be for him that searches it': which is as fit for this place, as a ring for a finger, to the end that you may be quiet, and not to go seeke your owne harme to any place, but that wee turne us another way, for no body compelleth us to follow this, where so many feares doe surprise us. Prosecute this tale, Sancho (said Don-Quixote) and leave the charge of the way we must goe to me. I say then, quoth Sancho, that in a Village of Estremadura, there was a Sheepe-heard, I would say a Goate-heard. And, as I say of my tale, this Goate-heard was called

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**Yque todo
lo annasca,
p. 171.*

**A Spanish
Proverbe
touching their
jealousie.*

Lope Ruyz; and this Lope Ruyz was enamoured of a Pastora, who was called Torralva; the which Pastora called Torralva was daughter to a rich heard-man, and this rich heard-man—— If thou tellest thy tale, Sancho after that manner, quoth Don-Quixote, repeating every thing twice that thou sayest, thou wilt not end it this two dayes. Tell it succinctly and like one of judgement, or else say nothing. Of the very same fashion that I tell, are all tales told in my Countrey, and I know not how to tell it any other, nor is it reason that you should aske of me to make new customes. Tell it as thou pleasest, quoth Don-Quixote, for since fortune will not otherwise, but that I must heare thee, goe forward. So that, my deare Sir of my soule, quoth Sancho, that as I have said already, this Sheepheard was in love with Torralva the Pastora, who was a round Wench, scornful, and drew somewhat neere to a man, for she had Mochachoes: for me thinkes I see her now before my face. Belike then, quoth Don-Quixote, thou knowest her? I did not know her, quoth Sancho: but hee that told mee the tale, said it was so certaine and true, that I might, when I told it to any other, very well sweare and affirme that I had seene it all my selfe. So that dayes passing and dayes comming, the Devil, who sleepes not, and *that troubles all, wrought in such sort, as the love that the Sheepheard bore to the Pastora, turned into man-slaughter and ill-will, and the cause was according to badde tongues, a certaine quantity of little jealousies that she gave him, such as they past the line, and came to the forbidden.* And the Sheepheard did hate her so much afterward, that he was content to leave all that Countrey, because hee would not see her, and go where his eyes should never looke upon her. Torralva, that saw her selfe disdained by Lope, did presently love him, better then ever shee did before. That is a naturall condition of women, quoth Don-Quixote, to disdaine those that love them, and to affect those which hate them. Passe forward, Sancho. It hapned, quoth Sancho, that the Sheepheard set his purpose in execution, and gathering up his Goats, he travailed through the fields of Estremadura,

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to passe into the Kingdome of Portugal. Torralva, which knew it well, followed him a foote, and bare legged, a farre off, with a pilgrims staffe in her hand, and a wallet hanging at her necke, where they say that shee carried a piece of a looking glasse, and another of a combe, and I know not what little bottle of changes for her face. But let her carrie what shee carries, for I will not put my selfe now to verifie that. Only Ile say that they say, that the Sheep-heard arrived with his Goates to passe over the River Guadiana, which in that season was swollen very much, and overflowed the banks, and at the side where hee came, there was neyther boate nor barke, nor any to passe himselfe or his Goates over the River, for which he was very much grieved, because hee saw that Torralva came very neare, and shee would trouble him very much with her prayers and teares. But he went so long looking up and downe that he espyed a fisher who had so little a boate, as it could onely hold one man and a Goat at once, and for all that he spoke and agreed with him to passe himselfe and three hundred Goates that hee had over the River. The fisherman entred into the boate, and carried over one Goate, hee returned and past over another, and turned backe agayne, and past over another. Keepe you, Sir, good account of the Goates, that the fisherman ferries over; for if one onely be forgotten, the tale will end, and it will not be possible to tell one word more of it. I follow on then, and I say, that the landing place on the other side was very dyrtie and slippery, which made the fisherman spend much time comming to and fro. Yet for all that, he turned for another Goat, and another, and another.

Make account, quoth Don-Quixote, that thou hast past them all over, for otherwise thou wilt not make an end of passing them in a whole yeares space. How many, said Sancho, are already past over? What a Divel know I? said Don-Quixote. See there that which I said, quoth Sancho, that you should keepe good account. By Iove the tale is ended therefore, for there is no passing forward. How can that be, said Don-Quixote, is it so greatly of

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the essence of this History, to know the Goates that are past so exactly and distinctly, that if one of the number be missed, thou canst not follow on with thy tale? No Sir, in no sort, said Sancho, for as soone as I demaunded of you to tell mee how many Goates past over, and that you answered mee you knew not, in that very instant went from mee out of my memorie all that was to be told, and yfaith it was of great vertue and content. So then, quoth Don-Quixote, the tale is ended? It is as certainly ended as is my Mother, quoth Sancho. Surely, replied Don-Quixote, thou hast recounted one of the rarest tales or Histories that any one of the world could think upon, and that such a manner of telling or finishing a tale, was never yet seene or shall be seene againe, although I never expected any other thing from thy good discourse. But I doe not greatly marvaile; for perhaps those senselesse strokes have troubled thine understanding. All that may bee, said Sancho, but I know, in the discourse of my tale there is no more to bee said, but that there it ends, where the errour of counting the Goates that were wafted over the river begins. Let it end in a good houre where it lists, answered Don-Quixote, and let us trie whether Rozinante can yet stirre himselfe. Then did he turne again to give him the spurres, and he to leape as he did at the first, and rest anew, beeing unable to doe other, hee was so well shackled.

It hapned about this time, that eyther through the cold of the morning, or that Sancho had eaten at Supper some lenative meats, or that it was a thing naturall (and that is most credible) he had a desire to doe that which others could not doe for him; but such was the feare that entred into his heart, as hee dared not depart from his Lord the breadth of a straw: and to thinke to leave that which he had desired undone, was also impossible: therefore his resolution in that perplexed exigent, be it spoken with pardon, was this; he loosed his right hand, wherewithall he held fast the hinderpart of the saddle, and therewithall very softly and without any noyse, hee untied the Codpiece-poynt, wherewithall his Breeches were onely supported, which,

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that being let slippe, did presently fall downe about his legges like a payre of bolts: after this, lifting up his shirt the best he could, hee exposed his buttockes to the ayre, which were not the least. This being done, which as he thought was the chiefest thing requisite to issue out of that terrible anguish and plunge, hee was suddenly troubled with a greater; to wit, that hee knew not how to disburden himselfe, without making a noyse: which to avoyde, first he shut his teeth close, lifted up his shoulders, and gathered up his breath as much as he might, yet notwithstanding all these diligences, he was so unfortunate, that he made a little noyse at the end, much different from that which made him so fearefull. Don-Quixote heard it, and said, What noyse is that Sancho? I know it not, Sir, quoth he: I thinke it be some new thing: for adventures, or rather disventures never begin with a little. Then turned he once againe to trie his hap, and it succeeded so well, that without making any rumour or noyse, but that which he did at the first, he found himselfe free of this loading that troubled him so much.

But Don-Quixote having the sense of smelling as perfect as that of his hearing; and Sancho stood so neere, or rather joyned to him, as the vapours did ascend upward, almost by a direct line, he could not excuse himselfe, but that some of them must needs touch his nose. And scarce had they arrived, but that he occurd to the usuall remedy, and stopped it very well betweene his fingers, and then said with a snaffling voyce; Me thinkes, Sancho, that thou art much affraid. I am indeed, replied Sancho; but wherin, I pray you, doe you perceive it now more then ever? In that thou smelst now more then ever, quoth Don-Quixote, and that not of Ambar. It may be so, quoth Sancho, yet the fault is not mine, but yours, which brings mee at such unseasonable houres, through so desolate and fearefull places. I pray thee, friend, retire thy selfe two or three steps back, quoth Don-Quixote, holding his Fingers still upon his nose, and from henceforth have more care of thy person, and of the respect thou owest to mine; for I see, the overmuch familiarity that I use with thee, hath

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ingendred this contempt. I dare wager, quoth Sancho, that you thinke I have done somewhat with my person that I ought not. Friend Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, it is the worse to stirre it thus. And thus in these and such like conversation the Master and the man passed over the night. And Sancho seeing that the morning approached, he loosed Rozinante very warily, and tied up his hose. Rozinante feeling himselfe (although he was not naturally very courageous) he seemed to rejoyce, and began to beat the ground with his hooftes; for by his leave hee could never yet curvet. Don-Quixote seeing that Rozinante could now stir, accounted it to be a good signe, and an encouragement of him to attempt that timorous adventure.

By this, Aurora did display her purple mantell over the face of Heaven, and every thing appeared distinctly, which made Don-Quixote perceive that he was among a number of tall Chesnut-trees, which commonly make a great shadow. He heard likewise those incessable strokes, but could not espy the cause of them; wherefore, giving Rozinante presently the spurre, and turning backe again to Sancho to bid him farewell, he commaunded him to stay for him there three dayes at the longest, and that if he returned not after that space, he should make full account, that Iove was pleased he should end his daies in that dangerous adventure. He repeated to him againe the embassage and errant hee should carrie in his behalfe to his Ladie Dulcinea, and that touching the reward of his services, he should not feare any thing, for he had left his Testament made before he departed from his Village, where he should find himselfe gratified, touching all that which pertained to his hire, according to the rate of the time he had served. But if God would bring him off from that adventure, safe and sound, and without danger, he might fully account to receive the promised Iland. Here Sancho began anew to weepe, hearing againe the pittifull discourses of his good Lord, and determined not to abandon him, untill the last traunce and end of that affaire, and out of these teares and honourable resolution of Sancho, the authour of this History collects, that it is like he was well borne, or at

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the very least an olde Christian, whose griefe did move his Master a little, but not so much as he should shew the least argument of weaknesse, but rather dissembling it the best that he could, he followed on his way towards the way of the water, and that where the stroaks were heard. Sancho followed him a foote, leading as he was wont, his Asse by the Halter, who was the inseparable fellow of his prosperous or adverse fortunes.

And having travelled a good space among those Chesnut and shady trees, they came out into a little plaine that stood at the foot of certaine steepe rockes, from whose tops did precipitate it selfe a great fall of water. There were at the foot of those rockes certaine houses, so ill made, as they rather seemed ruines of buildings then houses; from whence as they perceived, did issue the fearefull rumour and noyse of the stroakes, which yet continued. Rozinante at this dreadfull noyse did start, and beeing made quiet by his Lord Don-Quixote, did by little and little draw neere to the houses, recommending himselfe on the way most devoutly to his Ladie Dulcinea, and also to Iove, desiring him that he would not forget him. Sancho never departed from his Lords side, and stretched out his necke and eyes as farre as he might through Rozinante his legges, to see if he could perceive that which held him so fearefull and suspended. And after they had travelled about a hundred paces more, at the dubling of a poynt of a mountaine they saw the very cause, patent and open (for there could be none other) of that so hideous and fearefull a noyse that had kept them all the night so doubtfull and affrighted, and was (O Reader, if thou wilt not take it in bad part) sixe yron Maces that fulled cloath, which with their interchangeable blowes, did forme that marvellous noyse.

When Don-Quixote saw what it was, hee waxed mute and all ashamed. Sancho beheld him, and saw that hee hanged his head on his brest with tokens that hee was somewhat ashamed. Don-Quixote looked also on his Squire, and saw that his cheekes were swolne with laughter, giving withall evident signes that he was in danger to burst, if he did not permit that violent passion to make a sally, whereat,

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all Don-Quixotes melancholy little prevayling, he could not (beholding Sancho) but laugh also himselfe. And when Sancho saw that his Master had begun the play, he let slip the prisoner, in such violent manner, to presse his sides hardly with both his hands to save himselfe from bursting. Foure times he ended, and other foure he renued his laughter with as great impulse and force as at the first, whereat Don-Quixote was wonderfully intraged, but chiefly hearing him say in gibing manner: I would have thee know, friend Sancho, that I was borne by the disposition of heaven in this our age of yron, to renue in it that of gold, or the golden world. I am hee for whom are reserved all dangerous, great, and valorous Feats. And in this sort he went, repeating all or the greatest part of the words Don-Quixote had said the first time that they heard the timorous blowes. Don-Quixote perceiving that Sancho mockt him, grew so ashamed and angrie withall, that lifting up the end of his launce, he gave him two such blowes on the backe, as if he had received them on his pate, would have freed his Master from paying him any wages, if it were not to his hayres. Sancho seeing that he gained so ill earnest by his jests, fearing that his Master should goe onward with it, he said unto him with very great submission; Pacifie your selfe, good Sir, for by love I did but jest. But why dost thou jest? I tell thee, I doe not jest, quoth Don-Quixote. Come here, Master Merri-man, thinkest thou that as those are yron Maces to full cloth, they were some other dangerous adventure, that I have not shown resolution enough to undertake and finish it? Am I by chance obliged, being as I am a Knight to know and distinguish noyses, and perceyve which are of a fulling Mill or no? And more it might (as it is true) that I never saw any before as thou hast done, base villain that thou art, borne and brought up among the like: if not, make thou that these sixe Maces bee converted into sixe Giants, and cast them in my beard one by one, or all together: and when I doe not turne all their heeles up, then mocke me as much as thou pleasest.

No more, good Sir, quoth Sancho: for I confesse I have

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beene somewhat too laughsome. But tell me, I pray you, now that wee are in peace, as God shall deliver you out of all adventures that may befall you as whole and sound, as he hath done out of this; hath not the great feare we were in, beene a good subject of laughter, and a thing worthy the telling? At least I, for of you I am certaine that you doe not yet know what feare or terror is. I doe not denie, quoth Don-Quixote, but that which befell us, is worthy of laughter: yet ought it not to be recounted, for as much as all persons are not so discreete, as to know how to discern one thing from another, and set every thing in his right point. You know at least wise, quoth Sancho, how to set your Iaveline in his point, when pointing at my pate, you hit me on the shoulders, thanks be to God, and to the diligence I put in going aside. But farewell it, for all will away in the bucking; and I have heard old folke say, That man loves thee well, who makes thee to weepe: and besides, great Lords are wont after a badde word which they say to one of their Servingmen, to bestow on him presently a paire of hose. But I know not yet what they are wont to give them after blowes, if it be not that Knights Errant give after the bastanado, Islands, or Kingdomes on the continent. The Die might runne so favourably, quoth Don-Quixote, as all thou hast said, might come to passe: and therefore pardon what is done, since thou art discreete, and knowest that a mans first motions are not in his hand. And be advertised of one thing from henceforward (to the end to abstaine, and carry thy selfe more respectively in thy overmuch liberty of speech with mee) that in as many bookes of Chivalry as I have read, which are infinite, I never found that any Squire spoke so much with his Lord, as thou dost with thine; which in good sooth I doe attribute to thy great indiscretion and mine, thine, in respecting me so little; mine, in not making my selfe to be more regarded. Was not Gandalin Amadis de Gaules Squire, Earle of the firme Island? and yet it is read of him that he spoke to his Lord with his Cap in his hand, his head bowed, and his body bended (*more Turcesco*.) What then shall we say of Gasabel Don Galaors Squire, who was so silent, as to

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declare us the excellencie thereof, his name is but once repeated in all that so great and authentickall a History? Of all which my words, Sancho, thou must inferre, that thou must make difference betweene the Master and the man, the Lord and his Servingman, the Knight and his Squire. So that from this day forward we must proceed with more respect, not letting the clew runne so much, for after what way soever I grow angry with thee, it will be bad for the Pitcher. The rewards and benefites that I have promised thee, will come in their time, and if they doe not, thy wages cannot be lost (as I have already said to thee.)

You say very well, quoth Sancho: but faine would I learne (in case that the time of rewards came not, and that I must of necessity trust to my wages) how much a Knight Errants Squire did gaine in times past? Or if they did agree for moneths or by dayes as Masons men. I doe not thinke, quoth Don-Quixote, that they went by the hire, but onely trusted to their Lords curtesie. And if I have assigned wages to thee in my sealed Testament, which I left at home, it was to prevent the worst, because I know not yet what successe Chivalrie may have in these our so miserable times, and I would not have my soule suffer in the other world for such a minuity as is thy wages. For thou must understand, that in this world there is no state so dangerous as that of Knights Errant. That is most true, replied Sancho, seeing the onely sound of the Maces of a fulling Mill, could trouble and disquiet the heart of so valiant a Knight as you are. But you may be sure, that I will not hereafter once unfold my lips to jest at your doings, but onely to honour you as my Master and naturall Lord. By doing so, replied Don-Quixote, thou shalt live on the face of the earth; for next to our parents, we are bound to respect our Masters, as if they were our fathers.

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IT began about this time to raine, and Sancho would faine have entred into the fulling Mills, but Don-Quixote had conceived such hate against them for the jest recounted, as he would in no wise come neere them, but turning his way on the right hand, he fell into a high way, as much beaten as that wherein they rode the day before; within a while after, Don-Quixote espied one a horsebacke, that bore on his head, somewhat that glistred like gold; and scarce had he seene him, when he turned to Sancho, and said, Me thinkes, Sancho, that there's no proverbe that is not true, for they are all sentences taken out of experience it selfe, which is the universall mother of Sciences; and specially that proverbe that sayes, 'Where one doore is shut, another is opened.' I say this, because if fortune did shut yesternight the doore that we searched, deceiving us in the adventure of the yron Maces, it layes us now wide open the doore that may addresse us to a better and more certaine adventure, whereon if I cannot make a good entry, the fall shall be mine, without being able to attribute it to the little knowledge of the fulling Maces, or the darkenesse of the night: which I affirme, because if I be not deceived, there comes one towards us, that weares on his head the Helmet of Mambrino, for which I made the oath. See well what you say, Sir, and better what you doe, quoth Sancho: for I would not wish that this were new Maces to batter us and our understanding. The Divell take thee for a man,

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replied Don-Quixote: what difference is there betwixt a Helmet and fulling Maces? I know not, quoth Sancho, but if I could speake as much now as I was wont, perhaps I would give you such reasons, as you your selfe should see how much you are deceived in that you speake. How may I be deceived in that I say, scrupulous traytor? quoth Don-Quixote. Tell me, seest thou not that Knight which comes riding towards us on a dapple gray horse, with a helmet of gold on his head? That which I see and finde out to be so, answered Sancho, is none other then a man on a gray Asse like mine owne, and brings on his head somewhat that shines, Why that is Mambrino's helmet, quoth Don-Quixote: stand aside, and leave me alone with him, thou shalt see how without speech to cut of delayes, I will conclude this adventure, and remaine with the Helmet as mine owne, which I have desired so much. I will have care to stand off, but I turne againe to say, that I pray God, that it be a purchase of gold, and not fulling Mills. I have already said to thee, that thou doe not make any more mention, no not in thought of those Maces; for if thou dost, said Don-Quixote, I vow, I say no more, that I will batter thy soule. Hereat Sancho fearing lest his Master would accomplish the vow which he had throwne out as round as a bowle, held his peace.

This therefore is the truth of the History of the Helmet, Horse and Knight which Don-Quixote saw: There was in that Commarke two villages, the one so little, as it had neither Shop nor Barber, but the greater that was neere unto it was furnished of one, and he therefore did serve the little Village when they had any occasion, as now it befell, that therein lay one sicke and must bee let bloud, and another that desired to trimme his beard; for which purpose the Barber came, bringing with him a brazen Bason: and as hee travelled, it by chance began to raine, and therefore clapt his Bason on his head, to save his hatte from stayning, because it belike was a new one. And the Bason being cleane skowred, glistred halfe a league off. He rode on a gray Asse as Sancho said; and that was the reason why Don-Quixote tooke him to be a dapple gray Steede, a

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Knight and a helmet of gold ; for he did with all facility apply every thing which he saw, to his raving Chivalry and ill-errant thoughts. And when he saw that the poore Knight drew neere, without settling himselfe to commune with him, he inrested his * laveline low on the thigh, and ranne with all the force Rozinante might, thinking to strike him thorow and thorow. And drawing neere unto him, without stopping his horse, hee cryed, Defend thy selfe, Caytife, or else render unto mee willingly, that which is my due by all reason. The Barber, who so without fearing or surmising any such thing, saw that Fantasive and spirit come upon him, had no other remedy to avoide the blow of the Launce, but to fall off of his Asse to the ground : and scarce had he touched the earth, when rising up againe as light as a Deere, he runne away so swiftly through the plaine, as the winde could scarce overtake him ; leaving behinde him on the ground his Bason, wherewithall Don-Quixote rested content, and said, That Pagan which lost it was discreet, and did imitate the Castor, who seeing himselfe hotly pursued by the hunters, which teares and cuts away that with his teeth, for which he knows by natural instinct he [is] followed. Then he commaunded Sancho to take up the helmet, who lifting it, said, The Bason is a good one, and is as well worth a Riall of eight as a marvedie ; and giving it to his Lord, he presently set it on his head, turning it about every way, to see whether he could get the Beaver : and seeing he could not finde it, he said, The Pagan for whom this famous Helmet was first forged, had doubtlesly a very great head ; and that which grieves me principally, is, that this Helmet wants the one halfe.

When Sancho heard him call the Bason a helmet, he could not containe his laughter, but presently remembring on his Masters choler, he checkt it in the midst. Why dost thou laugh, Sancho ? quoth Don-Quixote. I laugh, said he, to thinke on the great head the Pagan owner of this helmet had. For it is for all the world like a Barbers Bason. Know, Sancho, that I imagine, quoth Don-Quixote, that this famous piece of this enchanted Helmet did fall by some strange accident into some ones handes that knew not the

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worth thereof, and seeing it was of pure gold, without knowing what he did, I thinke hee hath molten the halfe, to profit himselfe therewithall, and made of the other halfe this which seemes a Barbers Bason, as thou sayest. But be what it list, to me who knowes well what it is his transmutation makes no matter, for I will dresse it so in the first towne, where I shall finde a Smith, as that which the God of forges made for the God of warre, shall not surpasse, no nor come neere it; and in the meane while I will weare it as I may: for something is better then nothing; and more, seeing it may very well defend me from the blow of a stone. That's true, quoth Sancho, if it be not throwne out of a sling, such as that of the battell of the two armies, when they blisshed your Worships cheeke teeth, and broke the bottle wherin you carried the most blessed drench which made me vomit up my guts. I doe not much care for the losse of it, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, for as thou knowest, I have the receipt in memory. So have I likewise, quoth Sancho: but if ever I make it or taste it againe in my life, I pray God that here may be mine end. How much more, I never meane to thrust my self into any occasion wherin I should have need of it; for I meane with all my five senses to keepe my selfe from hurting any, or being hurt. Of being once againe tost in a Coverlet I say nothing, for such disgraces can hardly be prevented, and if they befall, there is no other remedy but patience, and to lift up the shoulders, keepe in the breath, shut the eyes, and suffer our selves to bee borne where Fortune and the Coverlet pleaseth.

Thou art a badde Christian, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, hearing him say so; for thou never forgettest the injuries that are once done to thee: know that it is the duty of noble and generous minds, not to make any account of toyes. What legge hast thou brought away lame, what ribbe broken, or what head hurte, that thou canst not yet forget that jest? for the thing being well examined, it was none other then a jest or pastime; for if I did not take it to be such, I had returned by this to that place, and done more harme in thy revenge, then that which the Greekes did for

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the rape of Helen: who if she were in these times, or my Dulcinea in hers, she might be sure shee should never have gained so much fame for beauty as she did: and saying so, he pierced the skie with a sigh. Then said Sancho, Let it passe for a jest, since the revenge cannot passe in earnest. But I know well the quality both of the jests and earnest, and also that they shall never fall out of my memory, as they will never out of my shoulders. But leaving this apart, what shall we doe with this dapple gray Steed that lookes so like a gray Asse, which that Martin left behinde, whom you overthrew, who according as he laid feet on the dust and made haste, he minds not to come backe for him againe, and by my beard the gray beast is a good one. I am not accustomed, quoth Don-Quixote, to ransacke and spoyle those whom I overcome, nor is it the practice of Chivalry to take their horses, and let them go a foote; for in such a case it is lawfull to take that of the vanquished, as wonne in faire warre. So that, Sancho, leave that Horse, or Asse, or what else thou pleasest to call it, for when his owner sees us departed, he will returne againe for it. God knowes, quoth Sancho, whether it wil be good or no, for me to take him, or at least change for mine owne, which me thinkes is not so good. Truely, the lawes of Knighthood are straight, since they extend not themselves to licence the exchange of one Asse for another: and I would know whether they permit at least to change the one harnesse for another. In that I am not very sure, quoth Don-Quixote, and as a case of doubt (untill I be better informed) I say that thou exchange them, if by chance thy neede bee extreme. So extreme, quoth Sancho, that if they were for mine owne very person, I could not neede them more. And presently enabled by the licence, he made *mutatio caparum*, and set forth his beast like a hundred holy-dayes.

This being done, they broke their fast with the relickes of the spoyles they had made in the Campe of Sumpture-horse, and drunke of the Milles streames, without once turning to looke on them (so much they abhord them for the

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marvellous terror they had stricken them in) and having by their repast cut away all cholericke and melancholicke humours, they followed on the way which Rozinante pleased to leade them (who was the depository of his Masters will, and also of the Asses, who followed him alwayes where-soever he went in good amitie and company.) For all this they returned to the high way, wherein they travelled at randome, without any certaine deliberation which way to goe. And as they thus travelled, Sancho said to his Lord, Sir, will you give me leave to commune a little with you ; for since you have imposed upon me that sharpe commandement of silence, more then foure things have rotted in my stomacke, and one thing that I have now upon the tip of my tongue, I would not wish for any thing that it should miscarry ? Say it, quoth Don-Quixote, and be brieve in thy reasons, 'For none is delightfull if it be prolix.' I say then, quoth Sancho, that I have beene these later dayes, considering how little is gained by following these adventures that you doe thorow these desarts and crosse waies, where though you overcome and finish the most dangerous, yet no man sees nor knowes them, and so they shall remaine in perpetuall silence, both to your prejudice, and that of the fame which they deserve. And therefore me thinks it were better (still excepting your better judgement herein) that we went to serve some Emperour, or other great Prince that maketh warre, in whose service you might shew the valour of your person, your marvellous force, and wonderfull judgement : which being perceived by the Lord whom we shall serve, he must perforce reward us, every one according to his deserts ; and in such a place will not want one to record your noble acts for a perpetuall memory : of mine I say nothing, seeing they must not transgresse the Squire-like limits : although I dare avouch, that if any notice be taken in Chivalry of the feats of Squires, mine shall not fall away betwixt the lines.

'Sancho, thou sayest not ill, quoth Don-Quixote : but 'before such a thing come to passe, it is requisite to spend 'some time up and downe the world, as in probation, seeking of adventures, to the end that by atchieving some, a

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‘ man may acquire such fame and renoune, as when he goes
‘ to the Court of any great Monark, he be there already
‘ knowne by his workes, and that he shall scarcely be per-
‘ ceived to enter at the gates by the boyes of that Citie,
‘ when they all will follow and inviron him, crying out
‘ aloud; This is the Knight of the Sunne, or the Serpent,
‘ or of some other device under which hee hath atchieved
‘ strange adventures. This is he (will they say) who over-
‘ came in single fight, the huge Giant Brocabruno of the
‘ invincible strength. He that disenchanted the great
‘ Sophie of Persia, of the large enchantment wherein he had
‘ lien almost nine hundred yeares. So that they will thus
‘ goe proclayming his actes from hand to hand; and pre-
‘ sently the King of that Kingdome, mooved by the great
‘ bruit of the boyes and other people, will stand at the
‘ windowes of his Palace to see what it is; and as soone as
‘ he shall eye the Knight, knowing him by his armes, or by
‘ the Impresa of his shield, he must necessarily say, Up, goe
‘ all of you my Knights, as many of you as are in my Court
‘ forth, to receive the flower of Chivalry, which comes there:
‘ at whose commandement they all wil sally, and he him-
‘ selfe will come downe to the midst of the staires, and will
‘ embrace him most straightly, and will give him the peace,
‘ kissing him on the cheeke: and presently will carry him
‘ by the hand to the Queenes chamber, where the Knight
‘ shall finde her accompanied by the Princesse her daughter,
‘ which must be one of the fairest and debonaire damzels
‘ that can bee found throughout the vast compasse of the
‘ earth; after this will presently and in a trice succeed, that
‘ she will cast her eye on the Knight, and he on her, and
‘ each of them shall seeme to the other no humane creature,
‘ but an Angell, and then without knowing how, or how not,
‘ they shall remaine captive and intangled in the intricable
‘ amorous net, and with great care in their minds, because
‘ they know not how they shall speake to discover their
‘ anguish and feeling. From thence the King will carie
‘ him without doubt to some quarter of his Palace richly
‘ hanged; where having taken off his armes, they will bring
‘ him a rich mantle of Scarlet, furred with ermines to

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' weare : and if he seemed well before being armed, he shall
' now looke as well or better out of them. The night being
' come, he shal sup with the King, Queene and Princesse,
' where he shal never take off his eye off her, beholding
' unawares of those that stand present : and she will doe
' the like with as much discretion ; for as I have said, she is
' a very discreete damzell. The Tables shall be taken up,
' there shall enter unexpectedly into the Hall an ilfavoured
' little dwarffe, with a faire Ladie that comes behind the
' dwarffe betweene two Giants, with a certaine adventure
' wrought by a most auncient wiseman, and that he who shal
' end it, shall be held for the best Knight of the world.
' Presently the King wil command all those that are present
' to prove it, which they do, but none of them can finish it,
' but onely the new-come Knight, to the great prooffe of his
' fame. Whereat the Princesse will remaine very glad, and
' will be very joyfull and well appaide, because shee hath
' settled her thoughts in so high a place. And the best of
' it is, that this King, or Prince, or what else he is, hath a
' very great warre with another as mighty as hee ; and the
' Knight his guest doth aske him (after he hath bin in the
' Court a few dayes) licence to goe and serve him in that
' warre. The King will give it with a very good will, and
' the Knight will kisse his hands courteously for the favour
' he doth him therein : and that night he will take leave of
' his Ladie the Princesse by some window of a garden that
' lookes into her bed-chamber ; by the which he hath spoken
' to her oft-times before, being a great meanes and helpe
' thereto, a certaine damzell which the Princesse trusts very
' much. He sighes, and shee will fall in a swoond, and the
' damzell will bring water, to bring her to her selfe againe.
' Shee will be also full of care because the morning drawes
' neere, and shee would not have them discovered for any
' her Ladies honour. Finally the Princesse will returne to
' her selfe, and will give out her beautifull hands at the
' window to the Knight, who will kisse them a thousand
' and a thousand times, and will bathe them all in teares.
' There it will remaine agreed betweene them two, the
' meanes that they will use to acquaint one another with

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‘ their good or badde successes; and the Princes will pray
‘ him to stay away as little time as he may, which he shall
‘ promise unto her, with many oathes and protestations.
‘ Then will he turne againe to kisse her hands, and take his
‘ leave of her with such feeling, that there will want but
‘ litle to end his life in the place: he goes from thence
‘ to his chamber, and casts himselfe upon his bed, but he
‘ shall not be able to sleepe a nappe for sorrow of his
‘ departure: he will after get up very early, and will goe to
‘ take leave of the King, the Queene and Princesse. They
‘ tell him (having taken leave of the first two) that the
‘ Princesse is ill at ease, and that shee cannot be visited:
‘ the Knight thinkes that it is for grieve of his departure,
‘ and the which tidings launceth him anew to the bottome
‘ of his heart, whereby he will be almost constrained to give
‘ manifest tokens of his grieve: the damzell that is privy to
‘ their loves will be present, and must note all that passeth,
‘ and goe after to tell it to her Mistresse, who receives her
‘ with teares, and sayes unto her, that one of the greatest
‘ afflictions shee hath, is, that shee does not know who is
‘ her Knight, or whether he be of blood royall or no:
‘ Her damzell will assure her againe, that so great bountie,
‘ beauty and valour as is in her Knight, could not finde
‘ place but in a great and royall subject. The carefull Prin-
‘ cesse will comfort her selfe with this hope, and labour to
‘ be cheerefull, lest shee should give occasion to her parents
‘ to suspect any sinister thing of her: and within two dayes
‘ againe she will come out in publique. By this the Knight
‘ is departed, he fights in the warre, and overcomes the
‘ Kings enemy, he winnes many Cities, and triumphes for
‘ many battels, he returnes to the Court, he visits his Lady,
‘ and speakes to her at the accustomed place, he agreeth
‘ with her to demaund her of the King for his wife, in reward
‘ of his services, whereunto the King will not consent be-
‘ cause he knowes not what he is: but for all this, eyther
‘ by carrying her away, or by some other manner, the Prin-
‘ cesse becomes his wife, and he accounts himselfe therefore
‘ very fortunate, because it was after knowne that the same
‘ Knight is sonne to a very valorous King of I know not

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‘ what Countrey; for I beleeve it is not in all the Mappe.
‘ The Father dies, and the Princesse doth inherite the King-
‘ dome, and thus in two words our Knight is become a King.
‘ Heere in this place enters presently the commoditie to
‘ reward his Squire, and all those that holpe him to ascend
‘ to so high an estate. He marries his Squire with one
‘ of the Princesses damzels, which shall doubtlesly bee the
‘ very same that was acquainted with his love, who is some
‘ principall Dukes daughter.’

That’s it I seeke for, quoth Sancho, and all will goe
right; therefore I will leane to that, for every whit of it
which you said will happen to your selfe, without missing a
jot, calling your selfe The Knight of the ill favoured face.
Never doubt it, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, for even in the
very same manner, and by the same steps that I have re-
counted here, Knights Errant doe ascend and have ascended
to be Kings and Emperours. This only is expedient, that
we enquire what King among the Christians or Heathens
makes warre and hath a faire daughter: but we shall have
time inough to bethinke that, since as I have said, we must
first acquire fame in other places, before we goe to the
Court. Also I want another thing, that put case that we
finde a Christian or Pagan King, that hath warres and a
faire daughter, and that I have gained incredible fame
throughout the wide-world, yet cannot I tell how I might
finde that I am descended from Kings, or at the least,
cousen Germane removed of an Emperour? For the King
will not give me his Daughter, untill this be first very well
proved, though my workes deserve it never so much; so
that I feare to lose through this defect, that which mine
owne hath merited so well. True it is, that I am a Gentle-
man of a knowne house of propriety and possession; and
perhaps the wise man that shall write my History, will so
beautifie my kindred and discent, that he will finde me to be
the fift or sixt descent from a King; for thou must under-
stand, Sancho, that there are two maners of lineages in the
world. Some that derive their pedegree from Princes and
Monarkes, whom time hath by little and little diminished
and consumed, and ended in a point like Pyramydes.

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Others that tooke their beginning from base people, and ascend from degree unto degree, untill they become at last great Lords. So that all the difference is, that some were that which they are not now, and others are that which they were not. And it might be that I am of those, and after good examination, my beginning might be found to have beene famous and glorious; wherewithall the King my father in law ought to be content, whosoever he were: and when he were not, yet shall the Princesse love me in such sort, that she shall in despite of her fathers teeth, admit me for her Lord and Spouse, although she knew me to be the sonne of a Water-bearer. And if not, here in this place may quader well, the carrying of her away perforce, and carrying of her where best I liked; for either time or death must needes end her fathers displeasure.

Here comes well to passe that, [quoth] Sancho, which some damned fellows are wont to say, 'Seeke not to get that with a good will, which thou mayest take perforce'; although it were better said, 'The leape of a shrubbe is more worth then good mens intreaties.' I say it to this purpose, that if the King your father in law will not condescend to give unto you the Princesse my Mistresse, then there's no more to be done, but as you say to her, steale away and carrie her to another place: but all the harme is, that in the meane while that composition is unmade, and you possesse not quietly your Kingdome, the poore Squire may whistle for any benefit or pleasure you are able to doe him, if it be not that the damzell of whom you spoke even now, runne away with her Ladie, and that hee passe away his misfortunes now and then with her, until heaven ordaine some other thing: for I doe thinke that his Lord may give her unto him presently, if she please to be his lawfull Spouse. There's none that can deprive thee of that, quoth Don-Quixote. Why, so that this may befall, quoth Sancho, there's no more but to commend our selves to God, and let fortune runne where it may best addresse us. God bring it so to passe, quoth Don-Quixote, as I desire, and thou hast neede of, Sancho; and let him be a wretch that accounts himselfe one. Let him be so, quoth Sancho, for I am an old Christian; and to be

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an Earle, there is no more requisite. I, and tis more then enough, quoth Don-Quixote, for that purpose: and though thou werest not, it made not much matter; for I being a King, I may give thee nobility, without eyther buying of it, or serving me with nothing. For in creating thee an Earle, loe, thereby thou art a Gentleman: and let men say what they please, they must in good faith call thee right honourable, although it grieve them never so much. And thinke you, quoth Sancho, that I would not authorize my Litado? Thou must say *Dictado* or dignity, quoth Don-Quixote, and not Litado, for that's a barbarous word. Let it be so, quoth Sancho Pança, I say that I would accommodate all very well, for I was once by my life, the warner of a Confraternity, and the warners gowne became me so well, that every one said I had a presence fit for the Provost of the same. Then how much more, when I shall set on my shoulders the Reall of a Duke, or be apparrelled with gold and pearles after the custome of strange Earles? I doe verily beleve that men will come a hundred leagues to see me. Thou wilt seeme very well, quoth Don-Quixote, but thou must shave that beard very often: for as thou hast it now so bushie, knit, and unhandsome, if thou shavest it not with a razor at the least every other day, men will know that thou art as farre from Gentilitie as a Musket can carie. What more is there to be done, quoth Sancho, then to take a Barber, and keepe him hired in my house? yea, and if it be necessary, he shall ride after me, as if he were a Master of horse to some Nobleman. How knowest thou, quoth Don-Quixote, that Noblemen have their Masters of horses riding after them? Some few years agoe I was a moneth in the Court, and there I saw that as a young little Lord rode by for his pleasure, they said, he was a great Grande: there followed him still a horsebacke, a certaine man turning every way that he went, so as he verily seemed to be his horse taile. I then demaunded the cause why that man did not ride by the others side, but still did follow him so? They answered me, that he was Master of his horses, and that the Grandes were accustomed to carrie such men after them. Thou sayest true, quoth Don-Quixote, and thou

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mayest carry thy Barber in that manner after thee; for customes came not all together, nor were not invented at once. And thou mayest be the first Earle that carried his Barber after him. And I doe assure thee that it is an office of more trust to trim a mans beard, then to saddle a horse. Let that of the Barber rest to my charge, quoth Sancho, and that of procuring to be a King, and of creating me an Earle to yours. It shall be so, quoth Don-Quixote; and thus lifting up his eyes, he saw that which shall be recounted in the chapter following.

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CHAPTER VIII

Of the liberty Don-Quixote gave to many wretches, who were a carrying perforce to a place they desired not.



IDE HAMETE BENENGELI, an Arabi-
call and Manchegan Author, recounts in
this most grave, lofty, divine, sweet, con-
ceited History, that after these discourses
past betweene Don - Quixote, and his
Squire, Sancho Pança, which we have laid
downe in the last Chapter, Don-Quixote
lifting up his eyes, saw that there came in
the very same way wherein they rode, about some twelve men
in a company on foote, inserted like Bead-stones in a great
chaine of yron that was tyed about their neckes, and every
one of them had manacles besides on their handes. There
came to conduct them two on horsebacke, and two others
a foot; the horsemen had firelocke pieces, those that came
a foote, darts and swords. And as soone as Sancho saw
them, he said, This is a chaine of Gally-slaves, people
forced by the King to goe to the Gallies. How? people

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forced? demanded Don-Quixote, is it possible that the King will force any body? I say not so, answered Sancho, but that it is people which are condemned for their offences to serve the King in the Gallies perforce. In resolution, replied Don-Quixote, (howsoever it be) this folke, although they be conducted, goe perforce, and not willingly. That's so, quoth Sancho. Then if that be so, here fals in justly the execution of my function, to wit, the dissolving of violences and outrages, and the succouring of the afflicted and needefull. I pray you, Sir, quoth Sancho, to consider that the Iustice, who represents the King himselfe, doth wrong or violence to no body, but onely doth chastise them for their committed crimes.

By this the chaine of slaves arrived, and Don-Quixote with very courteous termes requested those that went in their guard, that they would please to informe him of the cause wherefore they carried that people away in that manner? One of the guardians a horse-backe answered, That they were slaves condemned by his Majestie to the Gallies, and there was no more to be said, neither ought he to desire any farther knowledge. For all that, replied Don-Quixote, I would faine learne of every one of them in particular the cause of his disgrace: and to this did adde other such and so courteous words, to moove them to tell him what he desired, as the other guardian a horsebacke said: Although wee carie here the Register and testimony of the condemnations of every one of these wretches, yet this is no time to hold them here long, or take out the Processes to reade: draw you neerer and demand it of themselves, for they may tel it and they please, and I know they will; for they are men that take delight both in acting and relating knaveries.

With this licence, which Don-Quixote himselfe would have taken, although they had not given it him, he came to the chaine, and demanded of the first, for what offence he went in so ill a guise? Hee answered, That his offence was no other then for being in love; for which cause only he went in that manner. For that and no more? replied Don-Quixote. Well, if enamoured folke bee cast into the

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Gallies, I might have been rowing there a good many dayes agoe. My love was not such as you conjecture, quoth the slave, for mine was that I loved so much a basket well heaped with fine linnen, as I did imbrace it so straightly, that if the Iustice had not taken it away from me by force, I would not have forsaken it to this houre by my good will. All was done in *Flagrante*, there was no leisure to give mee torment, the cause was concluded, my shoulders accommodated with a hundred, and for a supplement three prices of Garrupes, and the worke was ended. What are Garrupes? quoth Don-Quixote. Garrupes are Gallies, replied the slave, who was a young man of some foure and twenty yeeres old, and said he was borne in Piedrahita.

Don-Quixote demaunded of the second, his cause of offence, who would answer nothing, he went so sad and melancholy. But the first answered for him, and said, Sir, this man goes for a Canarie-bird, I meane, for a Musitian and Singer. Is it possible, quoth Don-Quixote, that Musicians and Singers are likewise sent to the Gallies? Yes, Sir, quoth the slave, for there's nothing worse then to sing in anguish. Rather, quoth Don-Quixote, I have heard say, that 'he which sings, doth affright and chase away his harms.' Here it is quite contrary, quoth the slave, for 'He that sings once, weepes all his life after.' I doe not understand it, said Don-Quixote; but one of the guardians said to him, Sir Knight, to sing in anguish, is said among this people *non Sancta*, to confesse upon the racke. They gave this poore wretch the torture, and hee confessed his delight, that hee was a *Quatrero*, that is, a stealer of beasts. And because he hath confessed, hee is likewise condemned to the Gallies for sixe yeeres, with an Amen of two hundred blowes, which he beares already with him on his shoulders; and he goes alwaies thus sad and pensative, because the other theeves that remaine behinde, and also those which goe heere, doe abuse, despise, and scorne him for confessing, and not having a courage to say *Non*. For they say a *No*, hath as many letters as an *Ye*, and that a delinquent is very fortunate, when his life or his death onely depends of his owne tongue, and not of witnesses or proofes: and in mine opinion they have

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very great reason. I likewise thinke the same, quoth Don-Quixote.

And passing to the third, he demaunded that which he had done, of the rest, who answered him out of hand, and that pleasantly, I goe to the Lady Garrupes for five yeeres, because I wanted tenne Duccats. I will give twenty with all my heart to free thee from that misfortune, quoth Don-Quixote. That, quoth the slave, would be like to one that hath money in the midst of the Gulfe, and yet dies for hunger, because he can get no meate to buy for it. I say this, because if I had those twenty Duckets which your Worships liberality offers me in due season, I would have so annoynted with them the Notaries penne, and whetted my Lawyers wit so well, that I might to day see my selfe in the midst of the Market of Cocodover of Toledo, and not in this way trayled thus like a Grey-hound: but God is great. Patience; and this is enough.

Don-Quixote went after to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable presence, with a long white beard which reached to his bosome. Who hearing himselfe demanded the cause why he came there, began to weepe, and answered not a word. But the fift slave lent him a tongue, and said, This honest man goes to the Gallies for foure yeeres, after he had walked the Ordinary apparrelled in pompe, and a horsebacke.

That is, quoth Sancho Pança, as I take it, after he was carried about to the shame and publike view of the people. You are in the right, quoth the Slave, and the crime for which hee is condemned to this paine, was, for being a Broker of the eare, I and of all the body too; for in effect I meane, that this Gentleman goeth for a Baude, and likewise for having a little smacke and entrance in witch-craft. If that smacke and insight in witchcraft were not added, quoth Don-Quixote, hee merited not to goe and row in the Gallies for being a pure Baude, but rather deserved to governe and be their Generall. For the office of a Baude is not like every other ordinary office, but rather of great discretion and most necessary in any Common-wealth well governed, and should not be practised but by people well

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borne; and ought besides to have a *Veedor, and examiner of them, as are of all other Trades, and a certaine appointed number of men knowne, as are of the other Brokers of the Exchange. And in this manner many harmes that are done, might be excused, because this trade and office is practised by indiscreete people of little understanding; such as are women of little more or lesse, young Pages and Iesters of few yeares standing, and of lesse experience, which in the most urgent occasions, and when they should contrive any thing artificially, the crummes freeze in their mouthes and fists, and they know not which is their right hand. Faine would I passe forward, and give reasons why it is convenient to make choice of those which ought in the Common-wealth to practise this so necessary an office: but the place and season is not fit for it. One day I will say it to those which may provide and remedy it: onely I say now, That the assumpt or addition of a Witch, hath deprived me of the compassion I should otherwise have, to see those gray haire and venerable face in such distresse for being a Baude. Although I know very well, that no sorcery in the world can move or force the will, as some ignorant persons thinke (for our will is a free power, and ther's no hearb nor charme can constraine it.) That which certaine simple women, or couzening companions make, are some mixtures and poysons, wherewithall they cause men runne madde, and in the meane while perswade us that they have force to make one love well, being (as I have said) a thing most impossible to constraine the Will. That is true, quoth the old man, and I protest, Sir, that I am wholly innocent of the imputation of Witchcraft: as for being a Baude, I could not denie it: but yet I never thought that I did ill therein; for all mine intention was, that all the world should disport them, and live together in concord and quietnesse without griefes or quarrels: but this my good desire availed me but little to hinder my going there; from whence I have no hope ever to returne, my yeeres do so burden me, and also the stone, which lets me not rest an instant. And saying this, he turned againe to his lamentations as at the first, and Sancho tooke such

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*Veedor is an office in Spaine of great trust, set by the King to examine and search the dealing of other under-officers, an Overseer or Controulor.

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compassion on him, as setting his hand into his bosome, he drew out a couple of shillings, and gave it him as an almes. From him Don-Quixote past to another, and demanded his fault; who answered with no lesse, but with much more pleasantnesse then the former: I goe heere, because I have jested somewhat too much with two couzen Germaines of mine owne, and with two other sisters, which were none of mine: finally, I jested so much with them all, that thence resulted the increase of my kindred so intricately, as there is no Casuist that can well resolve it. All was proved by me, I wanted favour, I had no money, and was in danger to lose my head: finally, I was condemned for sixe yeares to the Gallies. I consented, it is a punishment of my fault; I am yong, and let my life but holde out a while longer, and all will goe well. And if you, Sir Knight, carry any thing to succour us poore folke, God will reward you it in heaven, and wee will have care here on earth to desire God in our daily prayers for your life and health, that it bee as long and as good as your good countenance deserves. Hee that said this, went in the habite of a student, and one of the guard tolde him that hee was a great talker, and a very good Latinist.

After all these came a man of some thirty yeares old, of very comely personage, save onely that when he looked, he seemed to thrust the one eye into the other. Hee was differently tied from the rest; for he carried about his legges so long a chain, that it tired all the rest of his body: and hee had besides, two yron rings about his necke, the one of the chaine, and the other of that kinde which are called A keepe friend, or the foote of a friend. From whence descended two yrons unto his middle, out of which did sticke two manacles, wherein his hands were lockt up with a great hanging locke; so as he could neyther set his hands to his mouth, nor bend downe his head towards his hands. Don-Quixote demanded why he was so loaden with yron more then the rest? The Guard answered, because he alone had committed more faults then all together, and was a more desperate knave, and that although they carried him tied in that sort, yet went they not sure of him, but feared

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hee would make an escape. What faults can he have so grievous, quoth Don-Quixote, since he hath onely deserved to be sent to the Gallies? He goeth, replied the Guard, to them for tenne yeares, which is equivalent to a civill death: never strive to know more, but that this man is the notorious Gines of Passamonte, who is otherwise called Ginesilio of Parapilla. Master Commissarie, quoth the slave, hearing him say so, go faire and softly, and runne not thus dilating of names and surnames. I am called Gines and not Ginesilio, and Passamonte is my surname, and not Parapilla, as you say, and let every one turne about him, and he shall not doe little. Speake with lesse swelling, quoth the Commissarie, Sir thiefe of more then the *Marke, if you wil not have me to make you hold your peace, maugre your teeth. It seemes well (quoth the slave) that a man is carried as pleaseth God; but one day some body shal know whether I be called Ginesilio of Parapilla. Why, doe not they call thee so, couzener? quoth the guard. They doe, said Gines, but I will make that they shall not call me so, or I will fleece them; there where I mutter under my teeth. Sir Knight, if you have any thing to bestow on us, give it us now, and be gone in the name of God; for you do tire us with your too curious search of knowing other mens lives: and if you would know mine, you shall understand that I am Gines of Passamonte, whose life is written (shewing his hand) by these two fingers. Hee sayes true, quoth the Commissary, for he himselfe hath penned his owne historie so well as there is nothing more to bee desired: and leaves the booke pawned in the prison for two hundred Rials: and likewise meanes to redeeme it, quoth Gines, though it were in for as many duckets. Is it so good a worke? said Don-Quixote. It is so good, replied Gines, that it quite puttes downe *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and as many others as are written or shall write of that kind: for that which I dare affirme to you, is, that it treates of true accidents, and those so delightfull, that no like invention can be compared to them. And how is the booke intituled? quoth Don-Quixote. It is called, said he, *The life of Gines of Passamonte*. And is it yet ended? said

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*Marke, a certaine length appointed in Spaine for swords, which if any transgresse, he is punished, and the sword forfeited.

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the Knight. How can it be finished, replied he, my life being not yet ended? since all that is written is from the houre of my birth untill, that instant that I was sent this last time to the Gallies. Why then, belike you were there once before (quoth Don-Quixote)? To serve God and the King, I have beene in there another time foure yeares, and I know already how the Bisket and Provant agree with my stomacke (quoth Gines) nor doth it grieve mee very much to returne unto them; for there I shall have leisure to finish my booke, and I have many things yet to say: and in the Gallies of Spaine, there is more resting time then is requisite for that businesse, although I shall not need much time to penne what is yet unwritten; for I can if neede were say it all by roate. Thou seemest to be ingenuous, quoth Don-Quixote. And unfortunate withall, quoth Gines; for mishaps do still persecute the best wits. They persecute knaves, quoth the Commissary. I have already spoken to Master Commissary, quoth Passamonte, to go faire and softly; for the Lords did not give you that rode, to the end you should abuse us wretches that goe here, but rather to guide and carry us where his Majesty hath commanded: if not, by the life of, tis enough that perhaps one day may come to light, the sports that were made in the Inne. And let all the world peace and live well, and speake better, for this is now too great a *digression. The Commissary held up his rod to strike Passamonte in answer of his threats: but Don-Quixote put himselfe betweene them and intreated him not to use him hardly, seeing it was not much that one who carried his hands so tyed, should have his tongue somewhat free: and then turning himselfe towards the slaves, he said:

I have gathered out of all that which you have said, deere brethren, that although they punish you for your faults, yet that the paines you goe to suffer, doe not very well please you, and that you march towards them with a very ill will, and wholly constrained, and that perhaps the little courage this fellow had on the racke, the want of money that the other had, the small favour that a third enjoyed; and finally, the wrested sentence of the Iudge,

**Regodeo*,
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and the not executing that justice that was on your sides, have beene cause of your misery. All which doth present it selfe to my memory in such sort, as it perswadeth, yea, and forceth me to effect that for you, for which heaven sent me into the world, and made me professe that order of Knighthood which I follow, and that vow which I made therein to favour and assist the needfull, and those that are oppressed by others more potent. But for as much as I know that it is one of the partes of prudence, not to doe that by foule meanes, which may be accomplished by faire; I will intreate those Gentlemen your guardians and Commissary, they will please to loose and let you depart peaceably; for there will not want others to serve the King in better occasions; for it seemes to mee a rigorous maner of proceeding, to make slaves of them whom God and nature created free. How much more, good Sirs of the guard (added Don-Quixote) seeing these poore men have never committed any offence against you; let them answer for their sinnes in the other world: there is a God in heaven, who is not negligent in punishing the evill, nor rewarding the good: and it is no wise decent, that honourable men should be the executioners of other men, seeing they cannot gaine or lose much thereby. I demand this of you in this peaceable and quiet manner, to the end that if you accomplish my request I may have occasion to yeeld you thanks; and if you will not doe it willingly, then shall this Launce and this Sword, guided by the invincible valour of mine arme, force you to it.

This is a pleasant doting, answered the Commissary, and an excellent jest, wherewithall you have finished your large reasoning. Would you have us leave unto you those the King forceth? as if we had authority to let them goe, or you to command us to doe it. Go on your way in a good houre, gentle Sir, and settle the Bason you beare on your head somewhat righter, and search not thus whether the Catte hath three feete. Thou art a Catte, and a Rat, and a knave, quoth Don-Quixote, and so with word and deed at once he assaulted him so suddenly, as without giving him leisure to defend himselfe, he struck him downe

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to the earth very sore wounded with a blow of his Lance, and as fortune would, this was he that had the fire-locke piece; the rest of the guard remained astonished at the unexpected accident; but at last returning againe to themselves, the horsemen set hand to their swords, and the footmen to their dartes, and all of them set upon Don-Quixote, who did expect them very quietly: and doubtlesly he would have beene in danger, if the slaves perceiving the occasion offered to be so fit to recover libertie, had not procured it by breaking the chaine wherein they were linked. The hurly-burly was such, as the guards now began to runne to hinder the slaves from untying themselves, now to offend Don-Quixote, who assaulted them; so that they could doe nothing availeable to keepe their prisoners. Sancho for his part holpe to lose Gines of Passamonte, who was the first that leaped free into the field without clogge, and setting upon the overthrowne Commissary, he disarmed him of his sword and piece: and now ayming at the one and then at the other with it, without discharging, made all the guards to abandon the felde, as well for feare of Passamonte's piece, as also to shunne the marvellous showre of stones that the slaves now delivered, powred on them. Sancho grew marvellous sadde at this successe; for he suspected that those which fled away, would goe and give notice of the violence committed to the Holy brotherhood: which would presently issue in troupes, to search the delinquents: and said as much to his Lord, requesting him to depart presently from thence and imboske himselfe in the mountaine, which was very neere. All is well, quoth Don-Quixote, I know now what is fit to be done, and so calling together al the slaves that were in a tumult, and had stript the Commissary naked, they came all about him to heare what he commanded, to whom he said:

It is the part of people well-borne, to gratifie and acknowledge the benefits they receive, ingratitude being one of the sinnes that most offendeth the Highest. I say it, Sirs, to this end, because you have by manifest triall seene, that which you have received at my hand, in reward whereof I desire, and it is my will, that all of you loaden with that

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chaine from which I even now freed your necks, goe presently to the City of Toboso, and there present your selves before the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, and recount unto her that her Knight of the Il favoured face sends you there to remember his service to her: and relate unto her at large the manner of your freedome, all you that have had such noble fortune, and this being done, you may after goe where you please.

Gines de Passamonte answered for all the rest, saying; That which you demand, good Sir (our releaser) is most impossible to be performed, by reason that we cannot go all together through these wayes, but alone and devided, procuring each of us to hide himselfe in the bowels of the earth, to the end we may not be found by the Holy brotherhood, which will doubtlesly set out to search for us: that therefore which you may and ought to doe in this exigent is, to change this service and homage of the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, into a certaine number of Ave Maries and Creedes, which wee will say for your intencion, and this is a thing that may be accomplished by night or by day, running or resting, in peace or in warre; but to thinke that wee will returne againe to take up our chaines, or set our selves in the way of Toboso, is as hard as to make us beleeeve, that it is now night, it being yet scarce ten of the clocke in the morning, and to demaund such a thing of us, is as likely as to seeke for Peares of the Elme tree. I sweare by such a one (quoth Don-Quixote thorowly enraged) Sir sonne of a whoore, Don Ginesilio of Paropillio, or howsoever you are called, that thou shalt goe thy selfe alone with thy taile betweene thy legges, and beare all the chaine in thy necke. Passamonte who was by nature very cholericke, knowing assuredly that Don-Quixote was not very wise (seeing he had attempted such a desperate act, as to seeke to give them liberty) seeing himselfe thus abused, winked on his companions, and going a little aside, they sent such a showre of stones on Don-Quixote, as he had no leisure to cover himselfe with his Buckler, and poore Rozinante made no more account of the spurre, then if his sides were made of Brasse. Sancho ranne behinde his Asse,

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and by his meanes sheltred himselfe from the clowde and showre of stones, that rained upon both. And Don-Quixote could not cover himselfe so well, but that a number of stones strucke him in the body with so great force, as they overthrew him at last to the ground, and scarce was he fallen, when the student leapt upon him and tooke the bason off his head, and gave him three or foure blowes with it on the shoulders, and after strucke it so oft about the ground, as hee almost broke it to peeces. They tooke from him likewise a cassocke which he wore upon his armour, and thought also to take away his stockings, but that they were hindred by his grieves. From Sancho they tooke away his Cassocke, and left him in his haire, and dividing all the spoiles of the battaile among themselves, they departed, every one by the way he pleased, troubled with greater care how to escape from the Holy brotherhood which they feared, then to lade themselves with the yron chaine, and goe and present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso. The Asse, and Rozinante, Sancho, and Don-Quixote, remained alone. The Asse stood pensative, with his head hanging downewards, shaking now and then his eares, thinking that the storme of stones was not yet past, but that they still buzzed by his head. Rozinante lay over-throwne by his Master, who was likewise strucke downe by another blow of a stone. Sancho in feare of the bullets of the Holy brotherhood, and Don-Quixote most discontent to see himselfe so misused by those very same, to whom he had done so much good.

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DON-QUIXOTE seeing himselfe in so ill plight, said to his Squire Sancho, I have heard say oft-times, that to doe good to men unthankfull, is to cast water into the Sea. If I had beleevved what thou saidst to me, I might well have prevented all this griefe: but now that is past: patience, and be wiser an other time. You wil take warning as much by this, quoth Sancho, as I am a Turke. But since you say, that if you had beleevved me, you had avoided this griefe, beleve me now, and you shall eschue a greater: for you must wit, that no Knight-hood nor Chivalry is of any authoritie with the Holy brotherhood; for it cares not two farthings for all the Knights Errants in the world, and know, that mee thinkes I heare their arrows buzze about mine eares already. Sancho, thou art a naturall coward, quoth Don-Quixote, but because thou mayest not say, that I am obstinate, and that I never follow thine advice, I will take thy counsell this time, and convey my selfe from that fury which now thou fearest so much: but it shal be on a condition, that thou never tell alive nor dying to any mortall creature, that I retired or withdrew my selfe out of this danger for feare, but onely to satisfie thy requests: For if thou sayest any other thing, thou shalt belie me most falsly: and even from this very time till that, and from thence until now, I give thee the lie herein, and I say thou liest, and shalt lie as oft-times as thou sayest or doest thinke the contrary:

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and doe not replie to me. For in onely thinking that I withdraw my selfe out of any peril, but principally this, which seemes to carry with it some shadow of feare, I am about to remaine and expect heere alone, not onely for the Holy brotherhood, which thou namest and fearest, but also for the brethren of the Twelve Tribes, for the Seven Macchabees, for Castor and Pollux, and for all the other brothers and brotherhoods in the world. Sir, answered Sancho, to retire, is not to flie, nor to expect is wisdom, when the danger exceedeth all hope; and it is the part of a wiseman, to keepe himselfe safe to day for to morrow; and not to adventure himselfe wholly in one day. And know, that although I be but a rude Clowne, yet doe I for all that understand somewhat of that which men call good government: and therefore doe not repent your selfe for following mine advice, but mount on Rozinante if you be able; if not, I wil helpe you, and come after me, for my minde gives me that we shall now have more use of legges then of hands.

*A great and large mountaine of Spaine.

Don-Quixote leaped on his horse without replying a word, and Sancho guiding him on his Asse, they both entred into that part of *Sierra Morena that was neare unto them; Sancho had a secret designe to crosse over it all, and issue at Viso or Amodovar of Campo, and in the meane time to hide themselves for some daies, among those craggie and intricate rocks, to the end they might not be found by the Holy brotherhood, if it did make after them. And he was the more encouraged to doe this, because he saw their provision which he carried on his Asse, had escapt safely out of the skirmish of the Gally-slaves: a thing which he accounted to be a miracle, considering the diligence that the slaves had used to search and carrie away all things with them. They arrived that night into the very midst and bowels of the mountaine, and there Sancho thought it fittest to spend that night, yea and some other few dayes also, at least as long as their victuals indured, and with this resolution they tooke up their lodging among a number of Corke trees that grew betweene two Rockes. But fatall chance, which according to the opinion of those that have

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not the light of faith guideth, directeth, and compoundeth all as it liketh, ordained that that famous couzener and thiefe Gines de Passamonte, who was before delivered out of chaines by Don-Quixotes force and folly, perswaded through feare he conceived of the Holy brotherhood (whom hee had just cause to feare) resolved to hide himselfe likewise in that mountaine, and his fortune and feares led him just to the place where it had first addrest Don-Quixote and his Squire, just at such time as he might perceive them, and they both at that instant fallen asleepe. And as evill-men are evermore ingratefull, and that necessity forceth a man to attempt that which it urgeth, and likewise that the present redresse prevents the expectation of a future, Gines, who was neither gratefull nor gracious, resolved to steale away Sancho his Asse, making no account of Rozinante, as a thing neither saleable nor pawnable. Sancho slept soundly, and so he stole his beast, and was before morning so farre off from thence, as he feared not to be found.

Aurora sallied forth at last to refresh the earth, and affright Sancho with a most sorrowfull accident, for he presently missed his Asse, and so seeing himselfe deprived of him, he began the most sadde and dolefull lamentation of the world: in such sort as he awaked Don-Quixote with his out-cries, who heard that hee said thus. O childe of my bowels, borne in mine owne house, the sport of my children, the comfort of my wife, and the envie of my neighbours; the ease of my burdens, and finally the sustainer of halfe of my person; for with sixe and twentie Marvediis that I gained daily by thee, I did defray halfe of mine expences. Don-Quixote, who heard the plaint, and knew also the cause, did comfort Sancho with the best words he could devise, and desired him to have patience, promising to give a letter of exchange, to the end that they of his house might deliver him three Asses of five, which he had left at home.

Sancho comforted himselfe againe with this promise, and dried up his teares, moderated his sighes, and gave his Lord thanks for so great a favour. And as they entred in farther among those mountaines, we cannot recount the joy

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of our Knight, to whom those places seemed most accommodate to achieve the adventures he searched for. They reduced to his memory the marvellous accidents that had befallen Knights Errant in like solitudes and deserts: and he rode so overwhelmed and transported by these thoughts, as he remembered nothing else. Nor Sancho had any other care (after he was out of feare to be taken) but how to fill his belly with some of these reliques which yet remained of the Clericall spoiles; and so hee followed his Lord, taking now and then out of a basket, (which Rozinante carried for want of the Asse) some meat, lining therewithall his paunch; and whilst he went thus employed, he would not have given a mite to encounter any other adventure how honourable soever.

But whilst he was thus busied, he espyed his Master labouring to take up with the point of his laveline, some bulke or other that lay on the ground, and went towards him to see whether he needed his helpe, just at the season that he lifted up a saddle cushion, and a Portmantew fast to it, which were halfe rotten, or rather wholly rotted by the weather; yet they weighed so much, that Sanchoes assistance was requisite to take them up: and straight his Lord commaunded him to see what was in the Wallet. Sancho obeyed with expedition. And although it was shut with a chaine and hanging locke, yet by the parts which were torne he saw what was within, to wit, foure fine holland shirts, and other linnens both curious and cleane: and moreover a handkercher, wherein was a good quantity of gold: which he perceiving, said, Blessed be heaven, which hath once presented to us a beneficiall adventure: and searching for more, he found a Tablet very costly bound. This Don-Quixote tooke of him, commaunding him to keepe the golde with himselfe; for which rich favour Sancho did presently kisse his hands: and after, taking all the linnen, he clapt it up in the bagge of their victuals. Don-Quixote having noted all these things, said, Me thinks, Sancho (and it cannot be possible any other) that some traveller having left his way, past through this mountaine, and being encountred by thieves, they slew him, and

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buried him in this secret place. It cannot be so, answered Sancho, for if they were theeves, they would not have left this money behind them. Thou sayest true, quoth Don-Quixote, and therefore I cannot conjecture what it might be: but stay a while, we will see whether there be any thing written in these Tablets, by which wee may vent and finde out that which I desire. Then he opened it, and the first thing that he found written in it, as it were a first draught, but done with a very faire Character, was a Sonnet which he read aloud, that Sancho might also heare it, and was this which ensues:

Or love of understanding quite is voyde :
 Or he abounds in cruelty, or my paine
 Th'occasion equals not; for which I bide
 The torments dyre, he maketh me sustaine.
 But if love be a God, I dare maintaine
 He nought ignores: and reason aye decides,
 Gods should not cruell be: then who ordaines
 This paine I worahip, which my heart divides?
 Filis! I erre, if thou I say it is:
 For so great ill and good cannot consist.
 Nor doth this wracke from heav'n befall, but yet,
 That shortly I must die, can no way misse:
 For th'evill, whose cause is hardly well exprest,
 By miracle alone, true cure may get.

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Nothing can be learned by that verse, quoth Sancho, if by that *Hilo or threed which is said there, you gather not where lies, the rest of the clue. What Hilo is here? quoth Don-Quixote. Me thought, quoth Sancho, that you read Hilo there. I did not, but Fili, said Don-Quixote, which is without doubt the name of the Lady, on whom the Authour of this Sonnet complaines, who in good truth seemes to be a reasonable good Poet, or els I know but little of that Art. Why then, quoth Sancho, belike you doe also understand Poetry? That I doe, and more then thou thinkest, quoth Don-Quixote; as thou shalt see when thou shalt carry a letter from me to my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, written in verse from the one end to the other: For I would thou shouldst know, Sancho, that all or the greater

*An allusion to the Spanish word *Hilo*, signifying a threed.

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number of Knights Errant, in times past were great Versifiers and Musicians: for these two qualities, or graces as I may better terme them, are annex to amorous Knights Adventurers. True it is, that the verses of the auncient Knights are not so adorned with words, as they are rich in conceits. I pray you reade more, quoth Sancho, for perhaps you may finde somewhat that may satisfie. Then Don-Quixote turned the leafe, and said, This is prose, and it seemes to be a letter. What Sir, a missive letter? quoth Sancho. No, but rather of love, according to the beginning, quoth Don-Quixote. I pray you therefore, quoth Sancho, reade it loud enough, for I take great delight in these things of love. I am content, quoth Don-Quixote, and reading it loudly as Sancho had requested, it said as ensueth:

Thy false promise and my certaine misfortune, do carry me to such a place, as from thence thou shalt sooner receive newes of my death, then reasons of my just complaints. Thou hast disdained me (O ingrate) for one that hath more, but not for one that is worth more then I am: but if vertue were a treasure of estimation, I would not emulate other mens fortunes, nor weepe thus for mine owne misfortunes. That which thy beauty erected, thy workes have overthrowne: by it I deemed thee to be an Angell, and by these I certainly know thee to be but a woman. Rest in peace (O causer of my warre) and let heaven worke so, that thy spouses deceits remaine still concealed, to the end thou maist not repent what thou didst, and I bee constrained to take revenge of that I desire not.

Having read the letter, Don-Quixote said, We can collect lesse by this then by the letter, what the Authour is, other then that he is some disdained lover: and so passing over all the booke, he found other Verses and Letters, of which hee could reade some, others not at all. But the summe of them all were, accusations, plaints, and mistrusts, pleasures, griefes, favours, and disdaines, some solemnized, others deplored. And whilst Don-Quixote past over the booke, Sancho past over the mallet, without leaving a corner of it, or the cushion unsearched, or a seame unript, nor a locke of wooll uncarded, to the end nothing might

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remaine behind for want of diligence, or carelesse: the found gold which past a hundred crownes, had stird in him such a greedinesse to have more. And though he got no more then that which he found at the first, yet did he account his flights in the coverlet, his vomiting of the drench, the benedictions of the packe-staves, the blowes of the Carrier, the losse of his wallet, the robbing of his Cassocke, and all the hunger, thirst, and wearinesse that he had past in the service of his good Lord and Master, for well employed; accounting himselfe to be more then well payed, by the gifts received of the money they found. The Knight of the Ilfavoured face was the while possessed with a marvailous desire to know who was the owner of the mallet, conjecturing by the Sonnet, and letter, the gold, and linnen, that the enamoured was some man of worth, whom the disdaine and rigour of his Lady had conducted to some desperate termes. But by reason that no body appeared, through that inhabitable and desart place, by whom he might be informed; hee thought on it no more, but only roade on, without choosing any other way, then that which pleased Rozinante to travaile, who tooke the plainest and easiest to passe through: having still an imagination that there could not want some strange adventure, amidst that Forrest.

And as he rode on with this conceit, he saw a man on the top of a little mountaine that stood just before his face, leape from rocke to rocke, and tuffe to tuffe, with wonderfull dexterity. And as he thought, he was naked, had a blacke and thicke beard, the haire many and confusedly mingled, his feet and legges bare, his thighes were covered with a paire of hose, which seemed to bee of Murry Velvet, but were so torne, that they discovered his flesh in many places: his head was likewise bare, and although he past by with the hast we have recounted, yet did The Knight of the Ilfavoured face note all these particularities, and although he indevoured, yet could not hee follow him, for it was not in Rozinantes power, in that weake state wherein he was, to travaile so swiftly among those rocks, chiefly being naturally very slow and flegmatike. Don-

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Quixote after espying him, did instantly imagine him to be owner of the cushion and mallet; and therefore resolved to goe on in his search, although he should spend a whole yeare therein among those mountaines: and commanded Sancho to goe about the one side of the mountaine, and he would goe the other, and quoth hee, it may befall that by using this diligence, wee may incounter with that man, which vanished so suddainely out of our sight. I cannot doe so, quoth Sancho, for that in parting one step from you, feare presently so assaults mee, with a thousand visions and affrightments. And let this serve you hereafter for a warning, to the end you may not from henceforth part me the blacke of a naile from your presence. It shall bee so, answereth The Knight of the ill-favoured face. And I am very glad that thou dost thus build upon my valour, the which shall never faile thee, although thou didst want thy very soule: and therefore follow me by little and little, or as thou maist, and make of thine eyes two Lanthornes, for wee give a turne to this little rocke, and perhaps wee may meete with this man whom we saw even now, who doubtlesly can be none other then the owner of our bootie. To which Sancho replyed, It were much better not to finde him: for if we should meet him, and were by chance the owner of this money, it is most evident that I must restore it to him, and therefore it is better without using this unprofitable diligence, to let me possesse it *bona fide*, untill the true Lord shall appeare by some way lesse curious and diligent: which perhaps may fall at such a time as it shall be all spent; and in that case I am freed from all processes by priviledge of the King. Thou deceivest thy selfe, Sancho, therein, quoth Don-Quixote: for seeing wee are falne already into suspition of the owner, wee are bound to search and restore it to him: and when wee would not seeke him out, yet the vehement presumption that we have of it, hath made us possessors *mala fide*, and renders us as culpable, as if he whom we surmise, were verily the true Lord. So that, friend Sancho, be not grieved to seeke him, in respect of the grieve whereof thou shalt free me if he be found. And saying so,

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spurd Rozinante, and Sancho followed after a foote, animated by the hope of the yong Asses his Master had promised unto him; and having compassed a part of the mountaine, they found a little streame, wherin lay dead, and halfe devoured by dogs and crows, a Mule saddled and bridled, al which confirmed more in them the suspicion that hee which fled away, was owner of the Mule and cushion. And as they looked on it, they heard a whistle, much like unto that which Sheepheards use, as they keepe their flocks, and presently appeared at their left hand a great number of Goates, after whom the Goatheard that kept them, who was an aged man, followed on the toppe of the mountaine; and Don-Quixote cried to him, requesting him to come downe to them: who answered them againe as loudly, demanding of them, who had brought them to those desarts, rarely troden by any other then Goats, Wolves, or other savage beastes which frequented those mountaines? Sancho answered him, that if hee would descend where they were, they would give him account thereof. With that the Sheepheard came downe, and arriving to the place where Don-Quixote was, he said, I dare wager that you looke on the hyred Mule which lies dead there in that bottom; well, in good faith he lies in that very place these sixe moneths. Say, I pray you, have not you met in the way with the master thereof? We have encountred no body but a cushion and a little Mallet, which we found not very farre off from hence. I did likewise finde the same, replied the Goat-heard, but I would never take it up nor approach to it, fearefull of some misdemeanor, or that I should be hereafter demanded for it as for a stealth. For the Divell is crafty, and now and then something riseth, even from under a mans feete, whereat he stumbles and falles, without knowing how, or how not. That is the very same, I say, quoth Sancho: for I likewise found it, but would not approach it the cast of a stone. There I have left it, and there it remaines as it was; for I would not have a dogge with a bell. Tell me good fellow, quoth Don-Quixote, dost thou know who is the owner of all these things?

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That which I can say, answered the Goatheard, is that about some sixe moneths past, little more or lesse, there arrived at a certaine sheepe-fold some three leagues off, a yong Gentleman of comely personage, and presence, mounted on that very Mule which lies dead there, and with the same Cushion and Mallet which you say you met, but touched not. He demaunded of us which was the most hidden and inaccessible part of the mountaine, and we told him that this wherein we are now: and it is true: for if you did enter but halfe a league farther, perhaps you would not finde the way out againe so readily: and I doe greatly marvell how you could find the way hither it selfe: for there is neither high way nor path that may addresse any to this place. I say then, that the young man, as soone as he heard our answere, hee turned the bridle, and travelled towards the place we shewed to him, leaving us all with very great liking of his comelines, and marvell at his demaund and speed wherewith he departed and made towards the mountaine: and after that time, we did not see him a good many of daies, untill by chance one of our shepherds came by with our provision of victuals, to whom he drew neere, without speaking a word, and spurned and beat him welfavourdly, and after went to the Asse which carried our victuals, and taking away all the bread and cheese that was there, he fled into the mountaine with wonderfull speede. When we heard of this, some of us Goat-heards, wee went to search for him, and spent therein almost two dayes in the most solitary places of this mountaine, and in the end found him lurking in the hollow part of a very tall and great Corke tree; who as soone as he perceived us, came forth to meete us with great stayednes: his apparrell was all torne, his visage disfigured, and tosted with the Sunne in such manner, as we could scarce know him, if it were not that his attire, although rent, by the notice we had of it, did give us to understand, that hee was the man for whom we sought. He saluted us courteously, and in briefe and very good reasons he said, that we ought not to marvell, seeing him in that manner: for that it behoved to doe so, that hee might accomplish a certaine penance enjoyned to him, for

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the many sinnes he had committed. We prayed him to tell us what he was : but wee could never perswade him to it. We requested him likewise that whensoever he had any neede of meat (without which he could not live) he should tell us where wee might finde him, and we would bring it to him with great love and diligence ; and that if he also did not like of this motion, that he would at leastwise come and aske it, and not take it violently as he had done before from our Shepheards. Hee thanked us very much for our offer, and intreated pardon of the assaults passed, and promised to aske it from thence forward for Gods sake, without giving annoyance to any one. And touching his dwelling or place of abode, he said that he had none other then that where the night overtooke him, and ended his discourse with so feeling laments, that we might well be accounted stones which heard him, if therein we had not kept him company, considering the state wherein we had seene him first ; and that wherein now he was. For as I said, he was a very comely and gracious young man, and shewed by his courteous and orderly speech, that he was well borne, and a courtlike person. For though wee were all Clownes, such as did heare him, his Gentility was such, as could make it selfe knowne, even to rudenesse it selfe : and being in the best of his Discourse, he stopt and grew silent, fixing his eyes on the ground a good while, wherein wee likewise stood still suspended, expecting in what that distraction would end, with no little compassion to behold it ; for we easily perceived that some accident of madnes had surprised him, by his staring and beholding the earth so fixedly, without once mooving the eye-lidde, and other times by the shutting of them, the biting of his lips, and bending of his browes. But very speedily after, hee made us certaine thereof himselfe : for rising from the ground (whereon he had throwne himselfe a little before) with great furie, hee set upon him that sate next unto him, with such courage and rage, that if wee had not taken him away, he would have slaine him with blowes and bites, and he did all this, saying, O treacherous Fernando, here, heere thou shalt pay me the injurie that thou didst me : these handes shall rent out the heart, in

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which do harbour and are heaped all evils together, but principally fraude and deceit: and to these he added other words, all address to the dispraise of that Fernando, and to attach him of treason and untruth. We tooke from him at last, not without difficultie, our fellow, and hee without saying a word departed from us, embushing himselfe presently among the bushes and brambles, leaving us wholly disabled to follow him in those rough and unhaunted places. By this we gathered that his madnes comes to him at times, and that some one called Fernando, [had done] some ill work of such waight, as the termes shew, to which it hath brought him. All which hath after beene yet confirmed as often, (which were many times) as he came out to the fields, sometimes to demaund meat of the Shepheards, and other times to take it of them perforce: for when hee is taken with this fit of madnesse, although the Shepheards doe offer him meat willingly, yet will not he receive, unlesse he take it with buffets: and when hee is in his right sense, he asks it for Gods sake, with courtesie and humanity, and renders many thanks, and that not without teares. And in very truth, Sirs, I say unto you, quoth the Goatheard, that I and foure others, wherof two are my men, other two my friends, resolved Yesterday to search until we found him; and being found, eyther by force or faire means, we will carry him to the towne of Almodavar, which is but eight leagues from hence; and there will we have him cured, if his disease may be holpen, or at least we shall learne what he is, when he turnes to his wits, and whether he hath any friends to whom notice of his misfortune may be given. This is, Sirs, all that I can say concerning that which you demaunded of mee; and you shall understand that the owner of those things which you saw in the way, is the very same, whom you saw passe by you so naked and nimble. For Don-Quixote had told him by this, that hee had seene that man goe by, leaping among the Rockes.

Don-Quixote rested marvellously admired at the Goatheard's tale, and with greater desire to know who that unfortunate mad-man was, purposed with himselfe, as hee had already resolved to search him throughout the mountaines,

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without leaving a corner or Cave of it unsought, untill he had gotten him. But fortune disposed the matter better then he expected: for he appeared in that very instant in a clift of a Rocke, that answered to the place where they stood speaking, who came towards them, murmuring somewhat to himselfe, which could not be understood neere at hand, and much lesse a farre off. His apparell was such as we have delivered, onely differing in this, as Don-Quixote perceived when he drew neerer, that he wore on him, although torne, a leather Ierkin perfumed with Ambar. By which he thoroughly collected, that the person which wore such attire, was not of the least quality. When the young man came to the place where they discoursed, he saluted them with a hoarse voyce, but with great courtesie: and Don-Quixote returned him his greetings with no lesse complement; and allighting from Rozinante, he advanced to imbrace him with very good carriage and countenance, and held him a good while straightly between his armes, as if he had knowne him of long time. The other, whom we may call the unfortunate Knight of the Rock, as well as Don-Quixote, the Knight of the ill favoured face, after he had permitted himselfe to be imbraced a while, did step a little off from our Knight; and laying his hand on his shoulders, began to behold him earnestly, as one desirous to call to minde whether he had ever seene him before: being perhaps no lesse admired to see Don-Quixotes figure, proportion and armes, then Don-Quixote was to view him.

In resolution, the first that spoke after the imbracing, was the ragged Knight, and sayd what we will presently recount.

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THE History affirms, that great was the attention, wherewithall Don-Quixote listened to the unfortunate Knight of the Rock, who began his speech in this manner: Truly, good Sir, whatsoever you be (for I know you not) I doe with all my heart gratifie the signes of affection and courtesie which you have used towards me, and wish heartily that I were in termes to serve with more then my will, the good will you beare towards me, as your courteous intertainment denotes: but my fate is so niggardly, as it affords me no other meanes to repay good workes done to me, then onely to lend me a good desire sometime to satisfie them. So great is mine affection, replied Don-Quixote, to serve you, as I was fully resolved never to depart out of these mountaines untill I had found you, and known of your selfe whether there might be any kind of remedy found for the grieve that this your so unusuall a kind of life argues, doth possesse your soule. And if it were requisite, to search it out with all possible diligence: and when your disaster were known of those which clap their doors in the face of comfort, I intended in that case to beare a part in your lamentations, and plaine it with the dolefullest note; for it is a consolation in afflictions to have one that condoles in them. And if this my good intention may merit any acceptance, or be gratified by any courtesie, let me intreat you, Sir, by the excesse thereof, which I see accumulated in your bosom; and joyntly I conjure you by that thing which you have, or doe presently most affect, that you will please to disclose unto me who you are, and what the cause hath bin that

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perswaded you to come, to live and dye in these desarts, like a bruit beast, seeing you live among such, so alienated from your selfe, as both your attire and countenance demonstrate. And I doe vow (quoth Don-Quixote) by the high order of Chivalrie, which I (although unworthie and a sinner) have received, and by the profession of Knights errant, that if you doe pleasure me herein, to assist you with as good earnest as my profession doth binde me, either by remedying your disaster, if it can be holpen; or els by assisting you to lament it, if it be so desperate.

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The Knight of the Rocke, who heard him of the ill favoured face speake in that manner, did nothing else for a great while, but behold him again and again, and re-behold him from top to toe. And after viewing him wel he said; if you have any thing to eate, I pray you give it me for Gods sake, and after I have eaten, I will satisfie your demand thorowly, to gratifie the many courtesies and undeserved proffers you have made unto me. Sancho, and the Goatheard presents the one out of his Wallet, the other out of his Scrip, tooke some meat and gave it to the Knight of the Rocke to allay his hunger, and he did eate so fast, like a distracted man, as he left no intermission between bit and bit, but clapt them up so swiftly, as he rather seemed to swallow then to chew them; and whilst he did eat, neither he or any of the rest spoke a word: and having ended his dinner, he made them signes to follow him, as at last they did, unto a little meadow seated hard by that place, at the folde of a mountaine; where being arrived he stretched himselfe on the grasse, which the rest did likewise in his imitation, without speaking a word, untill that he after settling himselfe in his place, began in this manner: if, Sirs, you please to heare the exceeding greatnesse of my disasters briefly rehearsed, you must promise me, that you will not interrupt the file of my dolefull narration, with eyther demaund or other thing; for in the very instant that you shall do it, there also must remaine that which I say depending. These words of our ragged Knights, called to Don-Quixotes remembrance the tale which his Squire had told unto him when he erred in the account of his Goats, which

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had passed the river, for which that Historie remained suspended. But returning to our ragged man, he said; this prevention which now I give, is to the end that I may compendiously passe over the discourse of my mishaps: for the revoking of them to remembrance, onely serves me to none other steed then to increase the old by adding of new misfortunes; and by how much the fewer your questions are, by so much the more speedily shal I have finished my pittifull Discourse; and yet I meane not to omit any essentiall poynt of my woes untoucht, that your desires may be herein sufficiently satisfied. Don-Quixote in his own, and his other companions name, promised to performe his request; whereupon he began his relation in this manner:

My name is Cardenio, the place of my birth, one of the best Cities in Andaluzia, my lineage noble, my parents rich, and my misfortunes so great, as I thinke my parents have e're this deplored, and my kinsfolke condoled them; being very little able with their wealth to redresse them; for the goods of fortune are but of smal vertue to remedie the disasters of heaven. There dwelt in the same Citie a heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory that I could desire; so great is the beauty of Luscinda, a damzel as noble and rich as I: but more fortunate and lesse constant then my honourable desires expected. I loved, honoured, and adored this Luscinda, almost from my verie infancy; and she affected me likewise, with all the integritie and good will, which with her so young yeares did accord. Our parents knew our mutuall amity; for which they were nothing agrieved, perceyving very well, that although we continued it, yet could it have none other end but that of Matrimony; a thing which the equality of our blood and substance did of it selfe almost invite us to. Our age and affection increased in such sort, as it seemed fit for Luscinda's father, for certaine good respects, to denie me the entrance of his house any longer; imitating in a manner therein Tisbi, so much solemnized by the Poets, her parents; which hindrance served only to adde flame to flame, and desire to desire: for although it set silence to our tongues, yet could they not impose it to our pens, which are wont to expresse to

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whom it pleased, the most hidden secrecies of our soules, with more libertie then the tong; for the presence of the beloved doth often distract, trouble, and strike dumbe the boldest tongue and firmest resolution. O heavens, how many Letters have I written unto her? What cheerefull and honest answers have I received? How many Ditties and amorous Verses have I composed, wherein my soule declared and published her passions, declined her inflamed desires, intertayned her remembrance, and recreated her will? In effect, perceyving my selfe to be forced, and that my soule consumed with a perpetuall desire to behold her, I resolved to put my desires in execution, and finish in an instant that which I deemed most expedient for the better atchieving of my desired and deserved reward; which was (as I did indeed) to demaund her of her father for my lawfull Spouse. To which he made answere, that he did gratifie the good will which I shewed by honouring him, and desire to honour my selfe with pawnes that were his: but yet seeing my father yet lived, the motion of that matter properly most concerned him. For if it were not done with his good liking and pleasure, Luscinda was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth. I rendred him thankses for his good will, his words seeming unto me very reasonable, as that my father should agree unto them, as soone as I should explaine the matter; and therefore departed presently to acquaint him with my desires; who, at the time which I entred into a chamber, wherein he was, stood with a letter open in his hand; and espying me, e're I could breake my mind unto him, gave it me, saying; by that letter, Cardenio, you may gather the desire that Duke Ricardo beares, to doe you any pleasure or favour. This Duke Ricardo, as I thinke you know Sirs already, is a Grande of Spayne, whose Dukedome is seated in the best part of all Andaluzia. I tooke the letter and read it; which appeared so urgent, as I my selfe accounted it would be ill done, if my father did not accomplish the contents thereof, which were indeed, that he should presently addresse me to his Court, to the end I might be companion (and not servant) to his eldest sonne; and that he would incharge himselfe with the advanc-

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ing of me to such preferments as might be answerable unto the value and estimation he made of my person. I past over the whole Letter, and was stricken dumbe at the reading thereof, but chiefly hearing my father to say, Cardenio, thou must depart within two dayes, to accomplish the Dukes desire; and omit not to render Almighty God thanks, which doth thus open the way, by which thou mayest attaine in fine to that which I know thou doest merite; and to these words added certaine others of fatherly counsell and direction. The terme of my departure arrived, and I spoke to my Luscinda on a certaine night, and recounted unto her all that passed, and likewise to her father, intreating him to overslip a few daies, and deferre the bestowing of his daughter else-where, untill I went to understand Duke Ricardo his will: which he promised me, and she confirmed it with a thousand oathes and promises. Finally, I came to Duke Ricardoes Court, and was so friendly received and entertained by him, as even very then envie began to exercise her accustomed function, beeing forthwith emulated by the auncient Servitors; perswading themselves, that the tokens the Duke shewed to doe me favours, could not but turne to their prejudice. But he that rejoyced most at mine arrivall, was a second sonne of the Dukes, called Fernando, who was young, gallant, very comely, liberall, and amorous; who within a while after my comming, held mee so deerely, as every one wondred thereat: and though the elder loved me well, and did me favour, yet was it in no respect comparable to that wherewithall Don Fernando loved and treated me. It therefore befell, that as there is no secresie amongst friends so great, but they will communicate it the one to the other, and the familiarity which I had with Don Fernando, was now past the limits of favour, and turned into deereest amitie, he revealed unto me all his thoughts, but chiefly one of his love, which did not a little molest him. For he was enamoured on a Farmers daughter that was his fathers vassall, whose parents were marvellous rich, and she her selfe so beautifull, wary, discrete, and honest, as never a one that knew her, could absolutely determine wherein, [or] in which of all her per-

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fections she did most excell or was most accomplished. And those good parts of the beautifull countrey-maide, reduced Don Fernando his desires to such an exigent, as he resolved that he might the better gaine her good will, and conquere her integritie, to passe her a promise of marriage; for otherwise he should labour to affect that which was impossible, and but strive against the streame. I, as one bound thereunto by our friendship, did thwart and dissuade him from his purpose with the best reasons, and most efficacious words I might: and seeing all could not prevaile, I determined to acquaint the Duke Ricardo his father therewithall. But Don Fernando beeing very crafty and discrete, suspected and feared as much, because hee considered that in the law of a faithfull servant, I was bound not to conceale a thing that would turne so much to the prejudice of the Duke my Lord: and therefore both to divert and deceive me at once, that he could finde no meanes so good, to deface the remembrance of that beautie out of his minde, which held his hart in such subjection, then to absent himself for certaine moneths: and he would likewise have that absence to be this, that both of us should depart together, and come to my fathers house, under pretence (as hee would informe the Duke) that he went to see and cheapeen certaine great horses that were in the Citie wherein I was borne; a place of breeding the best horses in the world. Scarce had I heard him say this (when borne away by the naturall propension each one hath to his Countrey, and my love joynde) although his designment had not beene so good, yet would I have ratified it, as one of the most expedient that could be imagined, because I saw occasion and opportunity so fairely offred, to returne and see againe my Luscinda. And thereof set on by this thought and desire, I approved his opinion, and did quicken his purpose, perswading him to prosecute it with all possible speede, for absence would in the end work her effect in despite of the most forcible and urgent thoughts; and when he said this to me, hee had already under the title of a husband (as it was afterward knowne) reaped the fruits of his longing desires, from his beautifull countrey maide, and did onely await an

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portunity to reveale it without his owne detriment ; fearefull of the Duke his fathers indignation, when he should understand his errour.

It afterward hapned, that as love in young men is not for the most part love but lust, the which (as it ever proposeth to it selfe as his last end and period his delight) so as soone as it obtaineth the same, it likewise decaieth and maketh forcibly to retire that which was termed love ; for it cannot transgresse the limits which Nature hath assigned it, which boundings or meares, Nature hath in no wise allotted to true and sincere affection. I would say, that as soone as Don Ferdinando had injoyed his Country lasse, his desires weakened, and his importunities waxed colde ; and if at the first he fained an excuse to absent himselfe, that he might with more facility compasse them, he did now in very good earnest procure to depart, to the end he might not put them in execution. The Duke gave him license to depart, and commanded me to accompany him. We came to my Citie, where my father entertayned him according to his calling. I saw Luscinda, and then againe were reviv'd (although indeede they were neither dead nor mortified) my desires, and acquainted Don Fernando (alas, to my totall ruine) with them, because I thought it was not lawfull by the law of amity to keepe any thing concealed from him. There I dilated to him, on the beauty, wit, and discretion of Luscinda in so ample manner, as my prayses stirred in him a desire to view a Damzell so greatly adorned, and enriched with so rare endowments : and this his desire I through my misfortune satisfied, shewing her unto him by the light of a candle, at a Window where we two were wont to parle together ; where he beheld her to be such, as was sufficient to blot out of his memory all the beauties which ever he had viewed before. He stood mute, beside himselfe, and ravished : and moreover rested so greatly enamoured, as you may perceive in the Discourse of this my dolefull narration. And to inflame his desires the more, (a thing which I fearefully avoyded, and onely discovered to heaven) fortune so disposed, that he found after me one of her letters, wherein she requested that I would demand her of her father

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for wife; which was so discreet, honest and amorously penned, as he said after reading it, that in Luscinda alone were included all the graces of beauty and understanding joyntly, which were divided and separate in all the other women of the world. Yet in good sooth I will here confesse the truth, that although I saw cleerely how deservedly Luscinda was thus extold by Don Ferdinando, yet did not her praises please me so much pronounced by him; and therefore began to feare and suspect him, because he let no moment overslip us, without making some mention of Luscinda, and would still himselfe begin the discourse, were the occasion ever so far-fetched: a thing which rowsed in me I cannot tell what jealousy; not that I did feare any traverse in Luscindas loyalty, but yet for all my fates made me the very thing which they most assured mee: and Don Ferdinando procured to read all the papers I sent to Luscinda, or she to me, under pretext that he tooke extraordinary delight to note the witty conceits of us both. It therefore fell out, that Luscinda having demaunded of mee a booke of Chivalry to read, wherein shee tooke marvellous delight, and was that of *Amadis du Gaule*.

Scarce had Don-Quixote well heard him make mention of bookes of Knight-hood, when hee replied to him; if you had, good Sir, but once tolde me at the beginning of your Historicall narration, that your Lady Luscinda was affected to the reading of Knightly adventures, you needed not to have used any amplification to indeere or make plaine unto me the eminencie of her wit; which certainly could not in any wise bee so excellent and perspicuous as you have figured it, if she wanted the propension and feeling you have rehearsed, to the perusing of so pleasing discourses: so that henceforth with me, you need not spend any more words to explaine and manifest the height of her beauty, worthes and understanding; for by this onely notice I have received of her devotion to books of Knighthood, I do confirme her for the most faire and accomplished woman for all perfections in the world: and I would to God, good Sir, that you had also sent her together with *Amadis*, the Histories of the good *Don Rugel of Grecia*; for I am certaine the Lady Luscinda

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would have taken great delight in Darayda and Garaya, and in the wittie conceits of the Sheepheard Darinel, and in those admirable verses of his Bucolickes, sung and rehearsed by him with such grace, discretion and liberty. But a time may come, wherein this fault may be recompenced, if it shall please you to come with mee to my village; for there I may give you three hundred bookes, which are my soules greatest contentment, and the intertainment of my life; although I do now verily beleve that none of them are left, thanks be to the malice of evill and envious inchanters. And I beseech you to pardon me this transgression of our agreement (at the first promised) not to interrupt your Discourses: for when I heare any motion made of Chivalry or Knights Errant, it is no more in my power to omit to speake of them, then in the Sunne-beames to leave off warming, or in the Moones to render things humid. And therefore I intreat pardon, and that you will prosecute your History, which is that which most imports us.

Whilest Don-Quixote spoke those words, Cardenio hanged his head on his brest, giving manifest tokens that he was exceeding sad. And although Don-Quixote requested him twice to follow on with his Discourse, yet neither did he lift up his head, or answere a word, till at last, after he had stood a good while musing, hee held up his head and said: it cannot be taken out of my minde, nor is there any one in the world can deprive me of the conceit, or make mee beleve the contrary: and he were a bottle-head, that would thinke or beleve otherwise then that the great villaine, Master Elisabat the Barber kept Queene Madasima as his Lemman. That is not so, I vow by such and such, quoth Don-Quixote in great choler (and as he was wont, rapt out three or foure round oathes) and it is great malice, or rather villany to say such a thing. For Queene Madasima was a very noble Lady, and it ought not to be presumed, that so high a Princesse would fall in love with a Quack-salver: and whosoever thinkes the contrary, lies like an arrant villaine; as I will make him understand a horsebacke or a foote, armed or disarmed, by night or by day, or as he best liketh. Cardenio stood beholding him very earnestly as

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he spoke these words, whom the accident of his madnesse had by this possessed, and was not in plight to prosecute his History: nor would Don-Quixote give eare to it, he was so mightily disgusted to heare Queene Madasima detracted. A marvellous accident, for hee tooke her defence as earnestly, as if she were verily his true and naturall Princesse; his wicked bookes had so much distracted him. And Cardenio being by this furiously madde, hearing himselfe answered with the lie, and the denomination of a villaine, with other the like outrages, he tooke the rest in ill part, and lifting up a stone that was neere unto him, gave Don-Quixote such a blow therewithall, as hee overthrew him to the ground on his backe. Sancho Pança seeing his Master so roughly handled, set upon the foole with his fist shut; and the ragged man received his assault in such manner, as he likewise overthrew him at his feete with one fist, and mounting afterward upon him, did worke him with his feete like a piece of dough: and the Goatheard, who thought to succour him, was like to incurre the same danger. And after hee had over-throwne and beaten them all very well, he departed from them and entred into the wood very quietly. Sancho arose, and with rage to see himselfe so belaboured without desert, hee ranne upon the Goatheard to bee revenged on him, saying that he was in the fault, who had not premonished them, how that mans raving fits did take him so at times; for had they beene advertised therof, they might have stood all the while on their guard. The Goatheard answered, that he had already advised them thereof; and if hee had not beene attentive thereunto, yet he was therefore nothing the more culpable. Sancho Pança replied, and the Goatheard made a rejoynder thereunto: but their disputation ended at last, in the catching hold of one anothers beards, and befisting themselves so uncompassionately, as if Don-Quixote had not pacified them, they would have torne one another to pieces. Sancho holding still the Goatheard fast, said unto his Lord, Let mee alone, Sir Knight of the ill favoured face, for on this man who is a Clowne as I am my selfe, and [no] dubbed Knight, I may safely satisfie my selfe of the wrong he

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hath done me, by fighting with him hand to hand like an honourable man. It is true, quoth Don-Quixote, but I know well that hee is in no wise culpable of that which hath hapned. And saying so, appeased them; and turned againe to demand of the Goatheard, whether it were possible to meet againe with Cardenio; for he remained possessed with an exceeding desire to know the end of his History. The Goat-heard turned again to repeat what he had said at the first, to wit, that he knew not any certaine place of his abode; but if he haunted that Commarke any while, he would some-time meete with him, eyther in his madde or modest humour.

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Which treates of the strange adventures that hapned to the Knight of the Mancha, in Sierra Morena: and of the penance he did there, in imitation of Beltinebros.



ON-QUIXOTE tooke leave of the Goat-
heard, and mounting once againe on
Rozinante, he commanded Sancho to
follow him, who obeyed, but with a very
ill will; and thus they travelled by little
and little, entring into the thickest and
roughest part of all the mountaine: and
Sancho went almost burst with a desire
to reason with his Master, and therefore wished in minde
that he would once begin, that he might not transgresse his
commandement of silence imposed on him, but growing at
last wholly impotent to containe himselfe speechlesse any
longer: Good Sir Don-Quixote, I pray you give me your
blessing, and license; for I meane to depart from this place,
and returne to my house, my wife and children, with whom
I shall be at least admitted to reason and speake my plea-

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sure ; for that you would desire to have me keepe you company through these desarts night and day, and that I may not speake when I please, is but to bury me alive. Yet if fortune had so happily disposed our affaires, as that beasts could speake as they did in Guisopetes time, the harme had beene lesse, for then would I discourse a while with Rozinante (seeing my niggardly fortune hath not consented I might doe it with mine Asse) what I thought good, and in this sort would I weave my mishaps ; for it is a stubborne thing, and that cannot be borne with patience, to travell all the dayes of our life, and not to encounter any other thing then tramlings under feete, tossings in Coverlets, blowes of stones, and buffets, and be besides all this forced to sow up our mouthes, a man daring not to breake his minde, but to stand mute like a post. Sancho, I understand thee now, quoth Don-Quixote, thou diest with longing to speake that which I have forbidden thee to speake : account therefore that commaundement revoked, and say what thou pleasest, on condition that this revocation bee onely availeable and of force whilst we dwell in these mountaines, and no longer.

So be it, quoth Sancho, let me speake now, for what may after befall, God onely knowes ; and then beginning to take the benefit of his license, he said, I pray you tell mee what benefit could you reape by taking Queene Magimasas [part] ? Or what was it to the purpose that that Abbat was her friend or no ? For if you had let it slip, seeing you were not his Iudge, I verily beleieve that the foole had prosecuted his tale, and we should have escaped the blow of the stone, the trampling under feete and spurnings, yea and more then five or sixe good buffets. Yfaith, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, if thou knewest as well as I did, how honourable and principall a Lady was Queene Madasima, thou wouldest rather say, that I had great patience, seeing I did not strike theze on the mouth, out of which such blasphemies issued : for it is a very great dishonour to averre or thinke that any Queene would fall in love with a Barber. For the truth of the History is, that Master Elisabat, of whom the madde man spoke, was very prudent, and a man of a sound judgement, and served the Queene as her Tutor and Phisi-

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cian ; but to thinke that she was his Lemman, is a madnesse worthy the severest punishment : and to the end thou mayest see that Cardenio knew not what he said, thou must understand that when he spoke it, hee then was wholly beside himselfe.

That's it which I say, quoth Sancho, that you ought not to make account of words spoken by a foole ; for if fortune had not assisted you, but addressed the stone to your head, as it did to your brest, we should have remained in good plight, for having turned so earnestly in that my Ladies defence, whom God confound : and thinke you that Cardenio would not escape the dangers of the law, by reason of his madnesse ? Any Knight errant, answered Don-Quixote, is bound to turne for the honour of women, of what quality soever, against mad or unmad men : How much more for Queenes of so high degree and worth, as was Queene Madasima, to whom I beare particular affections for her good parts ? for besides her being marvellous beautifull, shee was moreover very prudent and patient in her calamities, which were very many, and the company and counsels of Master Elisabat proved very beneficiall, and necessary to induce her to beare her mishaps with prudence and patience : and hence the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar tooke occasion to suspect and affirme, that she was his friend, but I say againe they lie, and all those that doe either thinke or say it, doe lie a thousand times. Why, quoth Sancho, I neyther say it nor thinke it ; let those that affirme any such thing, eate that lie and swallow it with their bread : and if they of whom you spoke, lived lightly, they have given account to God therof by this. I come from my Vineyard, I know nothing. I am not a friend to know other mens lives. For he that byes and lies, shal feele it in his purse. How much more seeing I was borne naked, and am now naked, I can neither win nor lose ? And if they were leyed, what is that to me ? And many think there is Bacon where there is but stakes. But how can they set gates to the field, specially seeing they spake ill of God himselfe ? Good God, quoth Don-Quixote, how many follies hast thou inserted here, and how wide from

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our purpose are those proverbs which thou hast recited? CHAPTER
Honest Sancho, hold thy peace, and from henceforth en- XI
deavour to serve thy Master, and do not meddle in things Which treates
which concerne thee nothing; and understand with al thy of the strange
five senses, that whatsoever I have done, do, or shall doe, adventures
is wholly guided by reason, and conformable to the rules that hapned
of Knighthood, which I know better then all the other of the
Knights that ever profest them in the world. Sir, quoth Mancha,
Sancho, and is it a good rule of Chivalry, that we goe in Sierra
wandring and lost among these mountains in this sort, Morena:
without path or way in the search of a mad-man, to whom and of the
peradventure after he is found, will returne a desire to penance he
finish what hee began, not of his tale, but of your head did there, in
and my ribbes, by endeavouring to breake them soundly and imitation of
thoroughly? Peace, I say, Sancho, once againe, quoth Don Beltinebros.
Quixote, for thou must wit, that the desire of finding the
mad-man alone, brings mee not into these parts so much, as
that which I have in my mind to atchieve a certaine adven-
ture, by which I shall acquire eternall renowne and fame,
throughout the universal face of the earth: and I shall
therewithall seale all that which may render a Knight
Errant complete and famous. And is the adventure very
dangerous? quoth Sancho Pança. No, answered the Knight
of the ill favoured face, although the Die might runne in such
sort, as we might cast a hazard in steed of an encounter;
but all consists in thy diligence. In mine? quoth Sancho.
Yes (quoth Don-Quixote), for if thou returnest speedily from
the place whereunto I meane to send thee, my paine will
also end shortly, and my glory commence very soone after:
and because I will not hold thee long suspended, awayting
to heare the effect of my words, I would have thee to know,
that the famous Amadis du Gaule, was one of the most
accomplished Knights Errant. I doe not say well, saying
hee was one; for he was the onely, the first, the unike and the
Lord of as many as lived in his age. An evill yeere and a
worse moneth for Don Belianis, or any other that shall dare
presume to compare with him; for I sweare, that they all
are questionlesse deceived. I also say that when a Painter
would become rare and excellent in his arte, he procures to

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imitate the patternes of the most singular Masters of his science. And this very rule runnes currant throughout all other trades and exercises of account, which serve to adorn a well disposed Common wealth; and so ought and doth he that meanes to obtaine the name of a prudent and patient man, by imitating Ulysses, in whose person and dangers doth Homer delineate unto us the true portraiture of patience and sufferance; as likewise Virgil demonstrate under the person of Eneas, the duety and valour of a pious sonne, and the sagacity of a hardy and expert Captaine, now shewing them such as indeed they were, but as they should be, to remaine as an example of Vertue, to ensuing posterities. And in this very manner was Amadis the North star, and the Sunne of valorous and amorous Knights, whom all wee ought to imitate which march under the ensignes of love and Chivalry. And this being so manifest as it is I finde, friend Sancho, that the Knight Errant who shall imitate him most, shall likewise be neerest to attaine the perfection of armes: and that wherein this Knight bewrayed most his prudence, valour, courage, patience, constancy and love, was when he retyred himselfe to doe penance being disdained by his Lady Oriana to the Poore Rocke changing his name unto that of Beltenebros, a name certainly most significative and proper for the life which he had at that time willingly chosen. And I may more easily imitate him herein, then in cleaving of Giants, beheading of Serpents, killing of Monsters, overthrowing of armies putting Navies to flight, and finishing of enchantments And seeing that this Mountaine is so fit for that purpose, there is no reason why I should overslip the occasion which doth so commodiously proffer me her lockes. In effect, quoth Sancho, what is it you meane to doe in these remote places? Have not I told to thee already, said Don-Quixote, that I meane to follow Amadis, by playing heere the despaired, wood and furious man? To imitate likewise the valiant Orlando, where he found the token by a Fountaine that Angelica the faire had abused her self with Medoro, for grieve whereof he ran mad, and pluckt up Trees by their rootes, troubled the water of cleere foun

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taines, slew Shepheards, destroyed their flocks, fired the sheep-folds, overthrew houses, trayled Mares after him, and committed a hundred thousand other insolencies, worthy of eternall fame and memorie. And although I meane not to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rowland, (for hee had all these names) exactly in every madde prancke which hee played: Yet will I doe it the best I can, in those things which shall seeme unto me most essentiall. And perhaps I may rest contented with the only imitation of Amadis, who without indamaging any by his ravings, and only using these of feeling laments, arriving to as great fame therby as any one whatsoever.

I beleeve, replied Sancho, that the Knights which performed the like penances, were mooved by some reasons to doe the like austerities and follies: but, good Sir, what occasion hath beene offered unto you to become madde? What Lady hath disdained you? Or what arguments have you found, that the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso hath ever dallied with Moore or Christian? There is the point, answered our Knight, and therein consists the perfection of mine affaires; for that a Knight Errant doe runne mad upon any just occasion, deserves neyther praise nor thanks: the wit is in waxing madde without cause, whereby my Masters may understand, that if drie, I could doe this, what would I have done being watered? How much more seeing I have a just motive through the prolix absence that I have made from my ever-supremest Lady Dulcinea of Toboso? For as thou mightest have heard read in Marias Ambrosio his Shepheard:

To him that absent is
All things succeed amisse.

So that, friend Sancho, I would not have thee lavish time longer in advising, to let slip so rare, so happy, and singular an imitation. I am madde, and will be madde, untill thou returne againe with answere upon a letter, which I meane to send with thee to my Lady Dulcinea: and if it be such as my loyaltie deserves, my madnesse and penance shall end: but if the contrary, I shall runne wood in good earnest,

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and he in that state that I shall apprehend nor feel a thing. So that however I be answered, I shall issue of the combat and paine wherein thou leavest me, by joy if the good thou shalt bring me, as wise, or not feeling if still thou shalt deprive me, as wood. But tell mee Sancho, amongst those things yet the helmet of Mambrino, which saw thee take up from the ground the other day, when this ungrateful fellow thought to have broken it into pieces, he could not: by which may be collected the excellent temper thereof?

Sancho answered to this demand, saying, I cannot suffer or beare longer, Sir Knight of the ill favoured face, nor to patiently many things which you say, and I begin to suspect by your words, that all that which you have said to me of Chivalry, and of gaining Kingdomes and Empires, of restoring Islands and other gifts and great things, as Knights Errant are wont, are all matters of ayre and lies, all coustage or cousening, or how else you please to terme it: for he that shall heare you name a Barbers Bason, Mambrino helmet, and that you will not abandon that errour in me then foure dayes; what other can he thinke, but that who affirms such a thing doth want wit and discretion? I will carry the Bason in my bagge all battered and bored, and will have it mended, and dresse my beard in it at home, if God shall doe me the favour that I may one day see my wife and barn. Behold, Sancho, quoth Don-Quixote, I doe likewise sweare that thou hast the shallowest pate that ever any Squire hath or hath in the world: is it possible, that in all the time thou hast gone with me, thou couldest not perceive, that all the adventures of Knights Errant doe appeare Chimera follicies and desperate things, being quite contrary? Not that they are indeed such, but rather by reason that we are haunted by a crew of inchanters, which chaunge and transforme our actes, making them seeme what they please according as they like to favour or annoy us. And so that which seemes to thee a Barbers bason, is in my conceit Mambrino his Helmet; and to another will appeare some other shape. And it is doubtlesly done by the profound science of the wiseman my friend, to make that seeme

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a Bason, which really and truly is Mambrino's Helmet : because that it being so precious a Jewell, all the world would pursue me to deprive me of it : but now seeing that it is so like a Barbers bason, they endeavour not to gaine it ; as was cleerely shewed in him that thought to breake it the other day, and would not carry it with him, but left it lying behind him on the ground, for yfaith he had never left it, did he know the worthinesse thereof. Keepe it, friend, for I neede it not at this present wherein I must rather disarme my selfe of the armes I weare, and remaine as naked as I was at the houre of my birth, if I shall take the humour rather to imitate Orlando in doing of my penance then Amadis.

Whilst thus he discoursed, he arrived to the foot of a lofty mountaine, which stood like a hewen rocke, divided from all the rest ; by the skirt whereof glided a smooth River hemmed in on every side by a greene and flourishing meddow, whose verdure did marvellously delight the greedy-beholding eye. There were in it also many wilde trees, and some plants and flowers which rendred the place much more pleasing. The Knight of the ill favoured face made choice of this place to accomplish therein his penance : and therefore as soone as he had viewed it, he began to say with a loud voyce, like a distracted man, these words ensuing : This is the place where the humor of mine eyes shall increase the liquid veines of this Crystall current : and my continuall and deepe sighes shall give perpetuall motion to the leaves of these mountainy trees, in testimony of the paine which my oppressed heart doth suffer. O you, who-soever ye be rusticall Gods, which have your Mansion in this inhabitable place, give eare to the plaints of this unfortunate lover, whom a long absence, and a few imagined suspitions have conducted to deplore his state among these desarts ; and make him exclaime on the rough condition of that ingrate and faire, who is the top, the Sunne, the period, terme and end of all humane beauty. O ye Napeas and Driades, which doe wontedly inhabite the Thickets and Groves, so may the nimble and lascivious Satyres, by whom (although in vaine) you are beloved, never have power to interrupt your sweete rest, as you shall assist me to lament

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my disasters, or at least, attend them whilst I dolefully breathe them. O Dulcinea of Toboso, the day of my night, the glory of my paine, North of my travels, and starre of my fortunes: so heaven enrich thee with the highest, whensoever thou shalt demaund it, as thou wilt consider the place and passe unto which thine absence hath conducted me, and answer me my faith and desires in compassionate and gracious manner. O solitary trees (which shall from hence forward keepe company with my solitude) give tokens with the soft motion of your bowes, that my presence doth not dislike you. O thou my Squire, and gratefull companion in all prosperous and adverse successes, beare well away, what thou shalt see me doe here, to the end that thou mayest after promptly recount it to the totall cause of my ruine. And saying so, he alighted from Rozinante, and taking off in a trice his bridle and saddle, he stricke him on the buttocke, saying, He gives thee liberty, that wants it himselfe: O horse, as famous for thy workes, as thou art unfortunate by thy fates. Go where thou pleasest, for thou bearest written in thy forehead, how that neither the Hippogriphon of Astolpho, nor the renowned Frontino, which cost Bradamant so deerely, could compare with thee for swiftnesse.

When Sancho had viewed and heard his Lord speake thus, he likewise said, Good betide him that freed us from the paines of unpannelling the gray Asse; for if hee were here, yfaith he should also have two or three claps on the buttockes, and a short Oration in his praise: yet if hee were here, I would not permit any other to unpannell him, seeing there was no occasion why; for he good beast was nothing subject to the passions of love, or despaire, no more then I, who was his Master when it pleased God. And in good sooth, Sir Knight of the ill-favoured face, if my departure and your madnes be in good earnest, it will be needfull to saddle Rozinante againe, that hee may supply the want of mine Asse; for it will shorten the time of my departure, and returne againe: and if I make my voyage afoot, I know not when I shall arrive there, or returne here backe unto you; for in good earnest I am a very ill footman.

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Let it be as thou likest, quoth Don-Quixote, for thy designe displeaseth me nothing; and therefore I resolve that thou shalt depart from hence after three dayes, for in the meane space thou shalt behold what I will doe and say for my Ladies sake, to the end thou maiest tell it to her. Why, quoth Sancho, what more can I view, then that which I have seene already? Thou art altogether wide of the matter, answered Don-Quixote, for I must yet teare mine apparell, throw away mine Armour, and beate my head about these Rockes, with many other things of that kinde, that will strike thee into admiration. Let me beseech you, quoth Sancho, see well how you give your selfe those knockes about the rockes; for you might happen upon some one so ungracious a rocke, as at the first rappe would dissolve all the whole Machina of your adventures and penance. And therefore I would be of opinion, seeing that you doe hold it necessarie that some knockes bee given, with the head, and that this enterprise cannot bee accomplished without them, that you content your selfe, seeing that all is but fained, counterfeited, and a jest, that you should, I say, content your self with striking it on the water, or on some other soft thing, as Cotton or Wooll, and leave to my charge the exaggeration thereof, for I will tell to my Ladie, that you strike your head against the point of a rocke, which was harder then a Diamond.

I thanke thee, Sancho, for thy good will, quoth Don-Quixote, but I can assure thee that all these things which I doe are no jests, but very serious earnestes, for otherwise wee should transgresse the Statutes of Chivalry, which command us not to avouch any untruth, on paine of relapse, and to doe one thing for another, is as much as to lie. So that my head-knockes must be true, firme, and sound ones, without any sophisticall or fantastical shaddow: and it will be requisite that thou leave me some lint to cure mee, seeing that fortune hath deprived us of the Balsamum which wee lost. It was worse to have lost the Asse, quoth Sancho, seeing that at once with him we have lost our linte, and all our other provision: and I intreat you most earnestly not to name againe that accursed drinke, for in onely hearing it

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mentioned, you not only turne my guts in me, but also my soule. And I request you moreover to make account the terme of three dayes is already expired, wherein you would have mee take notice of your follies ; for I declare them already for scene, and will tell wonders to my Ladies wherefore goe write your Letter, and dispatch me with a hast ; for I long already to returne, and take you out of this Purgatory, wherein I leave you. Dost thou call it a Purgatory, Sancho ? quoth Don-Quixote. Thou hadst done better, hadst thou called it hell, or rather worse, if there be any thing worse then that. I call it so (quoth Sancho) *Quia in inferno nulla est retentio*, as I have heard say I understand not, said Don-Quixote, what *retentio* meaneth *Retentio* (quoth Sancho) is that, whosoever is in hell, never comes, nor can come out of it. Which shall fall out contrary in your person, or my feet shall goe ill, if I may carry spurs to quicken Rozinante : and that I may safely arrive before my Lady Dulcinea in Toboso, for I will recount unto her such strange things of your follies and madnesse (for they be all one) that you have done, and do daily, as I will make her as soft as a glove, although I found her at the first harder then a Corke tree : with whose sweet and honie answere, I will returne in the aire as speedily as a Witch and take you out of this Purgatory, which is no hell, although it seemes one, seeing there is hope to escape from it ; which as I have said, they want which are in hell : and I beleieve you will not contradict me herein. Thou hast reason, answered The Knight of the ill favoured face but how shall I write the Letter ? and the warrant for the receipt of the Colts also, added Sancho. All shall be inserted together, quoth Don-Quixote : and seeing wee have no paper, we may doe well, imitating the auncient men of times past, to write our minde in the leaves of trees or waxe ; yet waxe is as hard to be found here as paper. But now that I remember my selfe, I know where we may write our minde well, and more then well, to wit, in Cardenio's Tablets, and thou shalt have care to cause the letters to be written out againe fairely in the first Village, wherein thou shalt finde a Schoole-master ; or if such a one bee wanting

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by the Clerke of the Church : and beware in any sort, that thou give it not to a Notary or Court-Clerke to bee copied ; for they write such an intangling-confounded processe letter, as Sathan himselfe would scarce be able to reade it. And how shall we doe for want of your name and subscription ? quoth Sancho. Why, answered Don-Quixote, Amadis was never wont to subscribe to his Letters. I, but the warrant to receive the three Asses must forcibly bee subsigned : and if it should afterward be copied, they would say the former is false, and so I shall rest without my Coltes. The Warrant shall bee written and firmed with my hand in the Tablets, which as soone as my Niece shall see, she will make no difficulty to deliver thee them. And as concerning the love letter, thou shalt put this subscription to it : Yours untill death, the Knight of the ill favoured face. And it makes no matter though it be written by any stranger, for as much as I can remember Dulcinea can neyther write nor read : nor hath she seene any Letter, no, nor as much as a Character of my writing all the dayes of her life. For my love and hers have beene ever Platonicall, never extending themselves farther, then to an honest regard, and view the one of the other : and even this same so rarely as I dare boldly sweare, that in these douzen yeares which I love her more deerely then the light of these mine eyes, which the earth shall one day devoure, I have not seene her foure times, and perhaps of those same foure times she hath scarce perceived once that I beheld her. Such is the care and closenesse wherewithall her parents Lorenço Corchuelo and her Mother Aldonça Nogales, have brought her up. Ta, ta, quoth Sancho, that the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso is Lorenço Corchuelo his daughter, called by another name Aldonça Lorenço ? The same is shee, quoth Don-Quixote, and it is she that merites to be Empresse of the vast Universe. I know her very well, replied Sancho, and I dare say, that she can throw an Iron barre as well as any the strongest ladde in our Parish. I vow by the giver, that tis a Wench of the marke tall and stout, and so sturdy withall, that she will bring her chinne out of the mire, in despite of any Knight Errant, or that shall erre, that shall honour her

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as his Lady. Out upon her, what a strength and voyce she hath ! I saw her on a day stand on the toppe of the Church steeple, to call certaine servants of her fathers, that labored in a fallow field ; and although they were halfe a league from thence, they heard her as well as if they were at the foote of the Steeple : and the best that is in her is, that she is nothing coy, for she hath a very great smacke of Courtship, and playes with every one, and gibes and jests at them all. And now I affirme, Sir Knight of the ill favoured face, that not only you may, and ought to commit raving follies for her sake, but eke you may with just title also despaire and hang your selfe: for none shall heare thereof but will say you did very well, although the Divell carried you away. And faine would I be gone, if it were for nothing else but to see her : for it is many a day since I saw her, and I am sure she is changed by this, for womens beauty is much impaired by going alwaies to the field, exposed to the Sunne and weather. And I will now Sir Don-Quixote, confesse a truth unto you, that I have lived untill now in a marvellous error, thinking well and faithfully that the Lady Dulcinea was some great Princesse, on whom you were enamoured ; or such a person as merited those rich presents which you bestowed on her, as well of the Biscaines, as of the Slaves, and many others that ought to be, as I suppose, correspondent to the many victories which you have gained, both now and in the time that I was not your Squire. But pondering well the matter, I cannot conceive why the Lady Aldonça Lorenço ; I meane the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, of these should care whether these vanquished men which you send or shall send, do goe and kneele before her ? For it may befall, that she at the very time of their arrivall be combing of flaxe, or threshing in the barne, whereat they would be ashamed, and she likewise laugh, and be somewhat displeased at the present.

I have oft told thee, Sancho, many times that thou art too great a prattler, quoth Don-Quixote, and although thou hast but a grosse wit, yet now and then thy frumps nippe : but to the end thou mayest perceive the faultinesse of thy braine, and my discretion, I will tell thee a short history, which is this : There was once a widdow faire, yong, free,

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rich, and withall very pleasant and jocund, that fell in love with a certaine round and wel-set servant of a Colledge: his regent came to understand it, and therefore said on a day to the widdow by the way of fraternall correction: Mistresse, I do greatly marvell, and not without occasion, that a woman so principal, so beautifull, and so rich, and specially so wittie, could make so ill a choice, as to waxe enamoured on so foule, so base, and foolish a man as such a one, we having in this house so many Masters of Arte, Graduates, and Divines, amongst whom you might have made choise as among Peares, saying, I will take this, and I will not have that? But she answered him thus, with a very pleasant and good grace; You are, Sir, greatly deceived, if you deeme that I have made an ill choice in such a one, let him seeme never so great a foole: for to the purpose that I meane to use him, he knowes as much or rather more Philosophy then Aristotle. And so, Sancho, likewise is Dulcinea of Toboso as much worth as the highest Princesse of the world, for the effect I meane to use her. For all the Poets which celebrate certaine Ladies at pleasure, thinkest thou that they all had Mistresses? No. Dost thou beleve that the Amarillis, the Files, Silvias, Dianas, Galateas, Alcidas, and others such like, wherewithall the bookes, Ditties, Barbers shops, and Theaters are filled, were truely Ladies of flesh and bones, and their Mistresses which have and doe celebrate them thus? No certainly, but were for the greater part fained, to serve as a subject of their verses, to the end the authours might be accounted amorous, and men of courage enough to be such. And thus it is also sufficient for me to beleve and thinke that the good Aldonça Lorenço is faire and honest: as for her parentage it matters but little; for none will send to take information thereof, to give to her an habite; and I make account of her as of the greatest Princesse in the world. For thou oughtest to know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not already, that two things alone incite men to love more then all things else, and those be surpassing beauty, and a good name. And both these things are found in Dulcinea in their prime: for none can equall her in fairenesse, and few come neere her

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for a good report. And for a finall conclusion, I imagine, that all that which I say, is really so, without adding or taking ought away. And I doe imagine her in my fantasie to be such, as I could wish her as well in beauty as principality: and neither can Helen approach, nor Lucrece come neere her, no, nor any of those other famous women, Greeke, Barbarous, or Latine, of forgoing ages. And let every one say what he pleaseth; for though I should be reprehended for this by the ignorant, yet shall I not therefore be chastised by the more observant and rigorous sort of men. I avouch, quoth Sancho, that you have great reason in all that you say, and that I am my selfe a very Asse. But alas, why do I name an Asse with my mouth, seeing one should not make mention of a Rope in ones house that was hanged? But give me the Letter, and farewell, for I will change. With that Don-Quixote drew out his Tablets, and going a little aside, he began to indite his Letter with a great gravity; and having ended it, called Sancho to him and said, that he would reade it to him, to the end he might beare it away in memory, lest by chance he did lose the Tablets on the way, for such were his crosse fortunes, as made him feare every event. To which Sancho answered, saying, Write it there twice or thrise in the hooke, and give me it after; for I will carry it safely by Gods grace. For to thinke that I wil be ever able to take it by rote, is a great folly; for my memory is so short, as I doe many times forget mine owne name. But yet for all that, reade it to me, good Sir, for I would be glad to heare it, as a thing which I suppose to be as excellent, as if it were cast in a mould. Heare it then, sayes Don-Quixote, for thus it sayes:

The Letter of Don-Quixote to Dulcinea of Toboso.

‘Soveraigne Ladie,

‘The wounded by the point of absence, and the hurt by
‘the Darts of thy heart, sweetest Dulcinea of Toboso, doth
‘send thee that health which he wanteth himselfe. If thy
‘beauty disdain me, if thy valour turne not to my benefit,

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‘ if thy disdain convert themselves to my harme, maugre all
‘ my patience, I shall be ill able to sustaine this care, which
‘ besides, that it is violent, is also too durable. My good
‘ Squire Sancho will give thee certaine relation, O beautifull,
‘ ingrate, and my deerest beloved enemy of the State wherein
‘ I remaine for thy sake: if thou please to favour me, I am
‘ thine; and if not, doe what thou likest; for by ending of
‘ my life, I shall both satisfie thy cruelty and my desires.

‘ Thine untill death,

‘ The Knight of the ill favoured face.’

By my fathers life, quoth Sancho, when hee heard the Letter, it is the highest thing that ever I heard in my life. Good God, and how well doe you say every thing in it, and how excellently have you applyed the subscription of the Knight of the ill favoured face! I say againe in good earnest, that you are the Divell himselfe, and there’s nothing but you know it. All is necessary, answered Don-Quixote, for the office that I professe. Put then (quoth Sancho) in the other side of that leafe, the warrant of the three Coultts, and firme it with a ledgible letter, that they may know it at the first sight. I am pleased, said Don-Quixote, and so writing it, he read it after to Sancho, and it said thus:

‘ You shall please, good Niece, for this first of Colts to
‘ deliver unto my Squire Sancho Pança, three of the five
‘ that I left at home, and are in your charge: the which
‘ three Colts I commaund to bee delivered to him, for as
‘ many others counted and received here: for with this, and
‘ his acquittance they shall be justly delivered. Given in
‘ the bowels of Sierra Morena, the two and twentieth of
‘ August, of this present yeare.’

It goes very well (quoth Sancho): subsigne it therefore, I pray you. It needs no seale (quoth Don-Quixote) but onely my Rubricke, which is as valible as if it were subscribed, not onely for three Asses, but also for three hundred. My trust is in you, answered Sancho, permit mee, for I will goe saddle Rozinante, and prepare your selfe to give me your

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blessing, for I purpose presently to depart, before I see any madde pranke of yours; for I will say that I saw you play so many, as no more can be desired. I will have thee stay, Sancho (and that because it is requisite) at least to see me starke naked, playing a douzen or two of raving trickes, for I will dispatch them in lesse then halfe an houre; because that thou having viewed them with thine owne eyes, mayest safely sweare all the rest that thou pleasest to adde; and I assure thee, that thou canst not tell so many as I meane to performe. Let me intreate you, good Sir, that I may not see you naked, for it wil turne my stomacke, and I shall not be able to keepe my selfe from weeping: and my head is yet so sore since yesternight through my lamentations, for the losse of the gray beast, as I am not strong enough yet to endure new plaints: but if your pleasure be such, as I must necessarily see some follies, doe them in Ioves name in your clothes briefly, and such as are most necessarie: Chiefely seeing none of these things were requisite for me; and as I have said, we might excuse time (that shall now be lavished in these trifles) to returne speedily with the newes you desire and deserve so much. And if not, let the Lady Dulcinea provide her selfe well; for if she answere not according to reason, I make a solemne vow to him that I may, that Ile make her disgorge out of her stomake a good answere, with very kickes and fista. For how can it be suffered, that so famous a Knight Errant as your selfe should thus run out of his wits, without, nor for what, for one? Let not the Gentlewoman constraine me to say the rest, for I will out with it, and venter all upon twelve, although it never were sold.

In good faith, Sancho (quoth Don-Quixote) I thinke thou art growne as madde as my selfe. I am not so mad, replied Sancho, but I am more cholerick. But setting that aside, say, What will you eate untill my returne? Doe you meane to doe as Cardenio, and take by the high waies side perforce from the Sheepheards? Care thou not for that, replied Don-Quixote, for although I had it, yet would I not eate any other thing then the hearbes and fruits that this field and trees doe yeeld; for the perfection of mine affaire

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consists in fasting, and the exercise of other castigations. To this Sancho replied, Doe you know what I feare? That I shall not finde the way to you againe heere where I leave you, it is so difficult and obscure. Take well the markes, and I will endeavour to keepe hereabouts, quoth Don-Quixote, untill thou come backe againe: and will moreover about the time of thy returne mount to the tops of these high Rockes, to see whether thou appearest: but thou shouldest doe best of all, to the end thou maiest not stay and misse me, to cut downe here and there certaine boughes, and strow them on the way as thou goest, until thou beest out in the Plaines, and those may after serve thee as bounds and markes, by which thou mayst againe finde me when thou returnest, in imitation of the clew of Theseus Labyrinth. I wil doe so, quoth Sancho: and then cutting downe certaine boughes, he demanded his Lords blessing, and departed not without teares on both sides. And mounting upon Rozinante, whom Don-Quixote commended very seriously to his care, that he should tender him as he would his owne person, he made on towards the plaines, strowing here and there on the way his branches, as his Master had advised him; and with that departed, although his Lord importuned him to behold two or three follies ere he went away. But scarce had he gone a hundred paces, when he returned and said, I say, Sir, that you said wel, that to the end I might sweare with a safe conscience that I have seene you play these madde trickes, it were necessary that at least I see you doe one, although that of your abode here is one great enough. Did not I tell thee so? quoth Don-Quixote. Stay, Sancho, for I will doe it in the space of a Creede; and taking off with all hast his hose, he remained the half of him naked, and did instantly give two or three jerkes in the aire, and two tumbles over and over on the ground, with his head downward, and his legges aloft, where hee discovered such things, as Sancho, because he would not see them againe, turned the bridle, and rode away, resting contented and satisfied, that he might sweare that his Lord was mad. And so we will leave him travelling on his way, untill his returne, which was very soone after.

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Wherein are prosecuted the pranckes played by
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AND turning to recount what The Knight of the ill favoured face did when he was all alone, the History sayes that after Don-Quixote had ended his friskes and leapes, naked from the gyrdle downward, and from that upward apparrelled; seeing that his Squire Sancho was gone, and would behold no more of his madde pranckes; hee ascended to the toppe of a high rocke, and began there to thinke on that whereon he had thought oftentimes before, without ever making a full resolution therein, to wit, whether were it better to imitate Orlando in his unmeasurable furies, then Amadis in his melancholy moods: and speaking to himselfe, would say; If Orlando was so valorous and good a Knight, as men say; what wonder, seeing in fine he was enchanted and could not be slaine, if it were not by a denier pinne, thrust in at the sole of his foote; and therefore did weare shooes still, that had seven foulds of Iron in the soles? although these his draughts stood him in no steede at Roncesvales against Bernardo del Carpio, which understanding them, pressed him to death betweene his armes. But leaving his valour apart, let us come to the losing of his wits; which it is certaine he lost through the signes hee found in the Forrest, and by the newes that the Sheepe-heard gave unto him, that Angelica had slept more then two noonetydes with the little Moore Medoro of the curled lockes, him that was Page to King Agramante: and if he understood this, and knew his Lady had played beside the cushion, what wonder was it that hee should runne madde?

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But how can I imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occasion? for I dare sweare for my Dulcinea of Toboso, that all the dayes of her life she hath not seene one Moore, even in his owne attire as he is, and she is now right as her mother bore her: and I should doe her a manifest wrong, if upon any false suspition, I should turne madde, of that kinde of folly that did distract furious Orlando. On the other side, I see that Amadis du Gaule, without loosing his wits, or using any other raving trickes, gained as great fame of being amorous as any one else whatsoever. For that which his Historie recites, was none other, then that seeing himselfe disdained by his Lady Oriana, who had commaunded him to withdraw himselfe from her presence, and not appeare againe in it, untill she pleased: he retired himselfe in the company of a certaine Hermit to the poore rocke, and there crammed himselfe with weeping, untill that heaven assisted him in the midst of his greatest cares and necessitie. And this being true, as it is, why should I take now the paines to strip my selfe all naked, and offend these trees, which never yet did me any harme? Nor have I any reason to trouble the cleer waters of these brooks, which must give me drinke when I am thirsty. Let the remembrance of Amadis live, and be imitated in every thing as much as may be by Don-Quixote of the Mancha: of whom may be said, what was said of the other, that though he atchieved not great things, yet did he die in their pursuit. And though I am not contemned or disdained by my Dulcinea, yet it is sufficient as I have said already, that I be absent from her: therefore hands, to your taske, and ye famous actions of Amadis, occurre to my remembrance, and instruct me where I may best begin to imitate you. Yet I know already that the greatest thing he did use was prayer, and so will I. And saying so, he made him a paire of Beades of great Gaules, and was very much vexed in minde for want of an Eremit, who might heare his confession, and comfort him in his afflictions: and therefore did entertaine himselfe walking up and down the little greene field, writing and graving in the rindes of trees, and on the smooth sandes many verses, all accommodated to his sadnesse, and some of

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them in the praise of Dulcinea. But those that were found
thorowly finished, and were ledgible after his owne finding
again in that place, were onely these ensuing.

O ye plants, ye hearbes, and ye Trees,
That flourish in this pleasant site ;
In lofty and verdant degrees,
If my harmes doe you not delight,
Heare my holy plants, which are theese.
And let not my grieve you molest,
Though it ever so feelingly went,
Since here for to pay your rest,
Don-Quixote his teares hath adress.
Dulcinea's want to lament
Of Toboso.

In this very place was first spied
The loyallest lover and true,
Who himselfe from his Lady did hyde.
But yet felt his sorrowes anew,
Not knowing whence they might proceede.
Love doth him cruelly wrest
With a passion of evill discent ;
Which rob'd Don-Quixote of rest,
Till a pipe with teares was full prest,
Dulcinea's want to lament
Of Toboso.

He searching adventures blinde,
Among these dearne woods, and rockes,
Still curseth on pittlesse mind :
For a wretch amidst bushie lockes,
And cragges, may misfortunes finde.
Love with his whip wounded his brest,
And not with soft bands him pent,
And when he his noddle had prest,
Don-Quixote his teares did forth wrest,
Dulcinea's want to lament
Of Toboso.

The addition of Toboso to the name of Dulcinea, did not
cause small laughter in those which found the verses recited,
because they imagined that Don-Quixote conceived, that if
in the naming of Dulcinea he did not also adde that Of
Toboso, the rime could not be understood ; and in truth it
was so, as he himselfe did afterward confesse. He composed

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many others, but as we have related, none could be well copied or found intire, but these three Stanza's. In this, and in sighing, and invoking the Faunes and Silvanes of these woods, and the Nymphes of the adjoyning streams, with the dolorous and hollow Eccho, that it would answere, and they consort and listen unto him; and in the search of some hearbes to sustaine his languishing forces; he entertained himselfe al the time of Sancho his absence: who, had he staid three weekes away, as he did but three dayes, The Knight of the ill favoured face should have remained so disfigured, as the very mother that bore him would not have knowne him.

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But now it is congruent, that leaving him swallowed in the gulphes of sorrow and versifying, we turne and recount what hapned to Sancho Pança in his Embassage; which was, that issuing out to the high way, he presently tooke that, which ledde towards Toboso, and arrived the next day following to the Inne, where the disgrace of the Coverlet befell him: and scarce had he well espied it, but presently he imagined that he was once againe flying in the ayre, and therefore would not enter into it, although his arrivall was at such an houre, as he both might and ought to have stayed, being dinner time, and he himselfe likewise possest with a marvellous longing to taste some warme meate; for many dayes past hee had fedde altogether on cold viands. This desire inforced him to approch to the Inne, remaining still doubtfull notwithstanding whether he should enter into it or no. And as hee stood thus suspended, there issued out of the Inne two persons, which presently knew him, and the one said to the other, Tell me, Master Licenciat, is not that horseman that rides there Sancho Pança, him whom our adventurers olde woman said departed with her Master for his Squire? It is, quoth the Licenciat, and that is our Don-Quixote his horse: and they knew him thus well, as those that were the Curate and Barber of his own village; and were those that made the search and formall processe against the bookes of Chivalry: and therefore as soone as they had taken full notice of Sancho Pança and Rozinante, desirous to learne newes of Don-Quixote, they

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drew neere unto him, and the Curate called him by his name, saying, Friend Sancho Pança, where is your Master? Sancho Pança knew them instantly, and desirous to con-ceale the place and manner wherein his Lord remained, did answere them that his Master was in a certaine place withheld by affaires for a few daies, that were of great consequence and concerned him very much, and that hee durst not for both his eyes discover the place to them. No, no (quoth the Barber) Sancho Pança, if thou dost not tell us where hee sojourneth, we must imagine as we doe already, that thou hast rob'd and slaine him, specially seeing thou commest thus on his horse; and therefore thou must in good faith get us the horses Owner, or else stand to thine answere. Your threats feare mee nothing, quoth Sancho, for I am not a man that robs or murthers any one; every man is slaine by his destinie, or by God that made him. My Lord remaines doing of penance in the midst of this mountaine, with very great pleasure. And then he presently recounted unto them, from the beginning to the end, the fashion wherein he had left him, the adventures which had befallne, and how he carried a Letter to the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, who was Lorenço Corchuelo his daughter, of whom his Lord was enamoured up to the livers.

Both of them stood greatly admired at Sancho's relation, and although they knew Don-Quixotes madnesse already, and the kinde thereof, yet as often as they heard speake thereof, they rested newly amazed. They requested Sancho to shew them the letter that he carried to the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso. He told them that it was written in Tablets, and that he had expresse order from his Lord to have it fairely copied out in paper, at the first village whereunto he should arrive. To which the Curate answered, bidding shew it unto him, and he would write out the copie very fairely. Then Sancho thrust his hand into his bosome, and searched the little booke, but could not finde it, nor should not though he had searched till Doomes day, for it was in Don-Quixotes power, who gave it not to him, nor did he ever remember to demaund it. When Sancho perceived that the booke was lost, his visage waxed as pale and wanne

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as a dead man, and turning againe very speedily to feele all the parts of his body, he saw cleerely that it could not be found; and therefore without making any more adoe, he laid holde on his owne beard with both his fistes, and drew almost the one halfe of the haire away, and afterward bestowed on his face and nose in a *memento* halfe a doozen such cuffes, as he bathed them all in bloud; which the Curate and Barber beholding, they asked of him, what had befallne him, that he intreated himselfe so ill? What should befall me, answered Sancho, but that I have lost at one hand, and in an instant three Colts, whereof the least was like a Castle? How so? quoth the Barber. Marry, said Sancho, I have lost the Tablets wherin were written Dulcineas Letter, and a schedule of my Lords, addrest to his Niece, wherein he commaunded her to deliver unto mee three Colts, of foure or five that remained in his house. And saying so, hee recounted the losse of his gray Asse: The Curate comforted him, and said, that as soone as his Lord were found, he would deale with him to renew his grant, and write it in paper, according to the common use and practise; for as much as those which were written in Tablets, were invalid, and would never be accepted, nor accomplished. With this Sancho tooke courage, and said, If that was so, he cared not much for the losse of Dulcineas Letter; for he knew it almost all by rote. Say it then, Sancho, quoth the Barber, and we will after write it. Then Sancho stood still, and began to scratch his head, to call the letter to memory, and now would he stand upon one legge, and now upon another. Sometimes he looked on the earth, others whiles upon heaven, and after he had gnawen off almost the halfe of one of his nailes, and held them all the while suspended, expecting his recitall thereof, he said after a long pawse: On my soule, Master Licenciat, I give to the Devill any thing that I can remember of that Letter, although the beginning was thus: 'High and unsavorie Ladie.' I warrant you, quoth the Barber, he said not, but 'Super-humane' or 'Soveraigne Ladie.' It is so, quoth Sancho; and presently followed, if I well remember. 'He that is wounded and wants sleepe, and the hurt man doth kisse your worships hands, ingrate and

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very scornfull faire.' And thus he went roving untill he ended in 'Yours untill death, the Knight of the ill favoured face.' Both of them tooke great delight to see Sanchos good memory, and prayed it to him very much, and requested him to repeat the Letter once or twice more to them, that they might also beare it in memorie, to write it at the due season. Sancho turned to recite it againe and againe, and at every repetition said other three thousand errors. And after this he told other things of his Lord, but spoke not a word of his owne tossing in a Coverlet, which had befallen him in that Inne, into which he refused to enter. He added besides, how his Lord, in bringing him a good dispatch from his Ladie Dulcinea of Toboso, would forthwith set out to endeavour how he might become an Emperour, or at the least a Monarch; for they had so agreed betweene themselves both: and it was a very easie matter for him to become one, such was the valour of his person and strength of his arme. And that when hee were one, he would procure him a good marriage; for by that time he should be a widdower at the least. And he would give him one of the Emperours Ladies to wife, that were an Inheretrix of some great and rich state on the firme land, for now he would have no more Islands. And all this was related so seriously by Sancho, and so in his perfect sence, he scratching his nose ever and anon as hee spoke; so as the two were stricken into a new amazement, pondering the vehemencie of Don-Quixotes frensie, which carried quite away with it in that sort the judgement of that poore man, but would not labour to dispossesse him of that error, because it seemed to them, that since it did not hurt his conscience, it was better to leave him in it, that the recital of his follies might turne to their greater recreation: and therefore exhorted him to pray for the health of his Lord; for it was a very possible and contingent thing to arrive in the discourse of time to the dignity of an Emperour, as he said, or at least, to that of an Archbishop, or other calling equivalent to it.

Then Sancho demanded of them, Sirs, if fortune should turne our affaires to another course, in such sort, as my Lord

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abandoning the purpose to purchase an Empire, would take in his head that of becomming a Cardinall, I would faine learne of you heere, what Cardinall Errants are wont to give to their Squires? They are wont to give them (quoth the Curate) some simple Benefice, or some Parsonage, or to make them Clerkes, or Sextons, or Vergers of some Church, whose living amounts to a good penny rent, beside the profite of the Altar, which is oft-times as much more. For that it is requisite (quoth Sancho) that the Squire be not married, and that he know how to helpe Masse at least: and if that be so, unfortunate I, that both am married, and knowes not besides the first letter of the A B C. What will then become of me, if my Master take the humour to be an Archbishop, and not an Emperour, as is the custome and use of Knights Errant? Doe not afflict thy minde for that, friend Sancho (quoth the Barber) for we will deale with thy Lord heere, and we will counsaile him, yea we will urge it to him as a matter of conscience, that he become an Emperour, and not an Archbishop; for it will be more easie for him to be such a one, by reason that he is more valorous then learned.

So me thinkes (quoth Sancho) although I know he hath ability enough for all. That which I meane to doe for my part, is, I will pray unto our Lord to conduct him to that place, wherein he may serve him best, and give me greatest rewardes. Thou speakest like a discreet man (quoth the Curate) and thou shalt doe therein the dutie of a good Christian. But that which we must endeavour now, is to devise how we may winne thy Lord from prosecuting that unprofitable penance hee hath in hand, as thou sayest: And to the end we may thinke on the manner how, and eate our dinner withall, seeing it is time, let us all enter into the Inne. Sancho bad them go in, and he would stay for them at the doore, and that he would after tell them the reason why he had no minde to enter, neither was it in any sort convenient that he should: but he intreated them to bring him somewhat forth to eate, that were warme, and some provand for Rozinante. With that they departed into the lodging, and within a while after the Barber brought forth unto him some meate: and the Curate and Barber, after

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having pondered well with themselves what course they were to take to attaine their designe; the Curate fel on a device very fit both for Don-Quixotes humour, and also to bring their purpose to passe; and was as he tolde the Barber, that he had bethought him, to apparrell himselfe like a Lady Adventurous, and that he therefore should doe the best that hee could to fit himselfe like a Squire, and that they would go in that habit to the place where Don-Quixote sojourned, fayning that she was an afflicted and distressed Damzell, and would demaund a boone of him, which he as a valorous Knight Errant would in no wise denie her; and that the gift which he meant to desire, was to intreat him to follow her where she would carry him, to right a wrong which a naughtie Knight had done unto her: and that she would besides pray him not to commaund her to unmaske her selfe, or inquire any thing of her estate, untill he had done her right, against that badde Knight. And by this meanes he certainly hoped, that Don-Quixote would graunt all that he requested in this manner. And in this sort they would fetch him from thence, and bring him to his village, where they would labour with al their power, to see whether his extravagant frensie could be recovered by any remedy.

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THE Curates invention disliked not the Barber, but rather pleased him so well, as they presently put it in execution. They borrowed therfore of the Inkeepers wife a Gowne and a Kerchife, leaving her in pawne thereof a faire new Cassocke of the Curates. The Barber made him a great beard of a pyed Oxes tayle, wherein the Inkeeper was wont to hang his Horsecombe. The Hostesse demanded of them the occasion why they would use these things? The Curate recounted in brieft reasons of Don-Quixotes madnesse, and how that disguisement was requisite, to bring him away from the Mountaine, wherein at that present he made his abode. Presently the Inkeeper and his wife remembred themselves how he had beene their guest, and of his Balsamum, and was the tossed Squires Lord; and then they rehearsed againe to the Curate all that had passed betweene him and them in that Inne, without omitting the accident that had befalne Sancho himselfe; and in conclusion the Hostesse tricked up the Curate so handsomely, as there could be no more desired: for shee attired him in a gowne of broadcloth, laid over with guardes of blacke Velvet, every one being of a span breadth, full of gashes and cuts: the bodies and sleeves of greene Velvet, welted with white Sattin: which gowne and doublet, as I suspect, were both made in the time of King Bamba. The Curate would not permit them to vaile and bekerchife him, but set on his head a white-quilted-linnen-night-cap; which he carried for the night,

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and girded his fore-head with a blacke Taffata garter, and with the other he masked his face, wherewithall he covered his beard and visage very neatly. Then did he incaske his pate in his hat, which was so broad, as it might serve him excellently for a Quitasoll; and lapping himselfe up handsomly in his long cloke, he went to horse, and rode as women use. Then mounted the Barber likewise on his Mule, with his beard hanging downe to the gyrdle, halfe red and halfe white, as that which as wee have said was made of the taile of a pyed coloured Oxe: then taking leave of them all, and of the good Maritornes, who promised (although a sinner) to say a Rosary to their intention, to the end that God might give them good successe, in so Christian and difficult an adventure, as that which they undertooke. But scarce were they gone out of the Inne, when the Curate began to dread a little that he had done ill, in apparrelling himselfe in that wise, accounting it a very indecent thing that a Priest should dight himselfe so, although the matter concerned him never so much. And acquainting the Barber with his surmise he intreated him that they might change attires, seeing it was much more just that he, because a lay-man, should faine the oppressed Ladie, and himselfe would become his Squire, for so his dignity would be lesse prophaned: to which if he would not condescend, he resolved to passe on no farther, although the Divell should carie therefore Don-Quixote away. Sancho came over to them about this season; and seeing of them in that habit, he could not containe his laughter. The Barber (to bee briefe) did all that which the Curate pleased, and making thus an exchange of inventions, the Curate instructed him how he should behave himselfe; and what wordes he should use to Don-Quixote, to presse and move him to come away with him, and forsake the propension and love to that place, which he had chosen to performe his vaine penance. The Barber answered, that he would set every thing in his due point and perfection, though he had never lessoned him; but would not set on the array, until they came neere to the place where Don-Quixote abode, and therefore folded up his clothes, and Master

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Parson his beard, and forthwith went on their way, Sancho Pança playing the guide; who recounted at large to them all that had hapned with the mad-man, whom they found in the Mountaine; concealing notwithstanding the booty of the Malet, with the other things found therein: for although otherwise most simple, yet was our yong man an ordinary vice of fooles, and had a spice of covetousnesse.

They arrived the next day following to the place where Sancho had left the tokens of boughes, to finde that wherein his Master sojourned: and having taken notice thereof, he said unto them, that that was the entry, and therefore they might doe well to apparrell themselves, if by change that might be a meane to procure his Lords libertie; for they had told him already, that on their going and apparrelling in that manner, consisted wholly the hope of freeing his Lord, out of that wretched life he had chosen; and therefore did charge him on his life, not to reveale to his Lord in any case what they were, nor seeme in any sort to know them: and that if he demaunded (as they were sure he would) whether he had delivered his letter to Dulcinea, he should say that he did, and that by reason she could not read, she answered him by word of mouth, saying, that she commanded under paine of her indignation, that presently abandoning so austere a life, he would come and see her; for this was most requisite, to the end that moved therewithall, and by what they meant likewise to say unto him, they made certaine account to reduce him to a better life, and would besides perswade him to that course instantly, which might set him in the way how to become an Emperour or Monark; for as concerning the being an Archbishop, hee needed not to feare it at all. Sancho listened to all the talke and instructions, and bore them away well in memory, and gave them great thanks for the intention they had to counsell his Lord to become an Emperour, and not an Archbishop: for as he said, he imagined in his simple judgement, that Emperours were of more ability to reward their Squires then Archbishops Errant. He likewise added that he thought it were neces-

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sary hee went somewhat before them to search him, and deliver his Ladies answere: for perhaps it alone would be sufficient to fetch him out of that place, without putting them to any further paines. They liked of Sancho Panças device, and therefore determined to expect him, untill his returne with the newes of finding his Master. With that Sancho entred in by the clifts of the rockes (leaving them both behinde together) by which ran a little smooth streame, to which other Rockes and some trees that grew neere unto it, made a fresh and pleasing shaddow. The heates, and the day wherein they arrived there, was one of those of the moneth of August, when in those places the heate is intollerable: the houre, about three in the afternoone. All which did render the place more gratefull, and invited them to remaine therein untill Sancho's returne. Both therefore arresting there quietly under the shadow, there arrived to their hearing the sound of a voyce, which without being accompanied by any instrument, did resound so sweet and melodiously, as they remained greatly admired, because they esteemed not that to be a place wherein any so good a Musitian might make his abode. For although it is usually said, that in the woods and fields are found Shepheards of excellent voyces, yet is this rather a Poeticall indeerement, then an approved truth; and most of all, when they perceived that the verses they heard him singing were not of rusticke composition, but rather of delicate and Courtly invention. The truth whereof is confirmed by the verses, which were these:

Who doth my Weale diminish thus and staine?
Disdaine.
And say by whom, my woes augmented be?
By Iealousie.
And who my patience doth by triall wrong?
An absence long.
If that be so, then for my grievous wrong,
No remedie at all I may obtaine,
Since my best hopes I cruelly finde slaine
By Disdaine, Iealousie, and Absence long.
Who in my minde, those dolours still doth move?
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And who my glories ebbe, doth most importune?
 Fortune.
 And to my plaints, by whom increase is given?
 By heaven.
 If that be so, then my mistrust jumps even,
 That of my wondrous evill, I needes must die:
 Since in my harme joyn'd and united be,
 Love, wavering Fortune, and a rig'rous Heaven.
 Who, better hap can unto me bequeath?
 Death.
 From whom his favors doth not love estrange?
 From change.
 And his too serious harmes, who cureth wholie?
 Follie.
 If that be so, it is no wisdome truely.
 To thinke by humane meanes to cure that care,
 Where th' only Antidotes, and med'cines are,
 Desired death, light change, and endless folly.

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The houre, the time, the solitarines of the place, voice, and art of him that sung, stricke wonder and delight in the hearers mindes, which remained still quiet, listning whether they might heare any thing else: but perceiving that the silence continued a pretie while, they agreed to issue and seeke out the Musician, that sung so harmoniously. And being ready to put their resolution in practice, they were againe arrested by the same voyce; the which touched their cares anew with this Sonnet.

A Sonnet.

Holy Amitie! which with nimble wings
 Thy semblance leaving heere on earth behinde,
 Among the blessed soules of heaven, up-flings,
 To those Imperiall roomes to cheere thy mind.
 And thence to us, is when thou lik'st assign'd
 Iust peace, whom shadie vaile so cover'd brings:
 As oft in stead of her, deceit wee find
 Clad in the Weeds of good and vertuous things.
 Leave heav'n, O Amitie! doe not permit
 Foule Fraud thus openly thy Robes t'invest;
 With which sincere intents destroy do's it:
 For if thy likeness from't thou dost not wrest,
 The world will turne to the first conflict soone,
 Of discord, Chaos and confusion.

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The Song was concluded with a profound sigh; and both the others lent attentive eare to heare if hee would sing any more; but perceyving that the musicke was converted in throbs and dolefull playnts, they resolved to goe and learn who was the wretch, as excellent for his voyce, as dolorous in his sighes: and after they had gone a little at the doubling of the point of a cragge, they perceived one of the very same forme and fashion that Sancho had painted unto them when he told them the Historie of Cardenio: which meeting them likewise, shewed no semblance of feare, but stood stil with his head hanging on his brest like a man content, not once lifting up his eyes to behold them from the first time, when they unexpectedly arrived.

The Curate, who was a man very well spoken (as one that had already intelligence of his misfortune, for he knew him by his signes) drew neerer to him, and prayed and perswaded him with short, but very forcible reasons to forsake that miserable life, lest he should there eternally lose it, which of all miseries would prove the most miserable. Cardenio at this season was in his right sense, freed from the furious accident, that distracted him so often and therefore viewing them both attyred in so strange an unusuall a fashion from that which was used among those deserts, he rested somewhat admired; but chiefly hearing them speake in his affaire, as in a matter knowne (for so much hee gathered out of the Curates speeches) and therefore answered in this manner: I perceyve well, good Sir (whosoever you be) that heaven which hath alwayes care to succour good men, yea even and the wicked many times hath without any desert addrest unto me by these desert and places so remote from vulgar haunt, persons, which laying before mine eyes with quicke and pregnant reasons the little I have to lead this kinde of life, doe labour to remove me from this place to a better: and by reason they know not as much as I doe, and that after escaping this harme, I shall fall into a farre greater, they account me perhaps for a man of weake discourse: and what is worse for one wholly devoid of judgement. And were it so, yet it no marvell; for it seemes to mee that the force of the

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imagination of my disasters is so bent and powerfull in my destruction, that I, without being able to make it any resistance, do become like a stone, void of all good feeling and knowledge: and I come to know the certainty of this truth, when some men doe recount and shew unto me tokens of the things I have done, whilst this terrible accident over-rules mee: and after I can doe no more, then be grieved though in vayne, and curse without benefit, my too froward fortune; and render as an excuse of my madnesse, the relation of the cause thereof, to as many as please to heare it: for wisemen perceyving the cause, will not wonder at the effects. And though they give me no remedie, yet at least wil not condemne me, for it will convert the anger they conceive at my misrules, into compassion of my disgraces. And, Sirs, if by chance it be so, that you come with the same intention that others did, I request you, ere you inlarge farther your discreet perswasions, that you will give eare a while to the relation of my mishaps: for perhaps when you have understood it, you may save the labour that you would take, consorting an evill wholly incapable of consolation.

Both of them, which desired nothing so much then to understand from his owne mouth, the occasion of his harmes, did intreat him to relate it, promising to do nothing else in his remedie or comfort, but what himselfe pleased. And with this the sorrowfull Gentleman began his dolefull Historie, with the very same wordes almost that he had rehearsed it to Don-Quixote and the Goatheard a few dayes past, when by occasion of Master Elisabat and Don-Quixotes curiositie in observing the Decorum of Chivalry, the tale remained imperfect, as our History left it above. But now good fortune so disposed things, that his foolish fit came not upon him, but gave him leisure to continue his storie to the end; and so arriving to the passage that spoke of the Letter Don Ferdinando found in the book of *Amadis du Gaule*, Cardenio said that he had it very well in memorie; and the sense was this:

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Luscinda to Cardenio.

‘I discover daily in thee worthes, that oblige and inforce mee to hold thee deere: and therefore if thou desirest to have me discharge this debt, without serving a writ on my honour, thou mayest easily doe it. I have a father that knowes thee, and loves me likewise well; who without forcing my will, will accomplish that which justly thou oughtest to have: if it be so, that thou esteemest mee as much as thou sayest, and I doe beleeve.’

This Letter moved mee to demand Luscinda of her father for my wife, as I have already recounted; and by it also Luscinda remained in Don Ferdinando’s opinion crowned, for one of the most discreet women of her time. And this billet Letter was that which first put him in mind to destroy me, e’re I could effect my desires. I tolde to Don Ferdinando wherein consisted all the difficultie of her fathers protracting of the marriage, to wit, in that my father should first demand her; the which I dared not to mention unto him, fearing lest he would not willingly consent thereunto; not for that the qualitie, bountie, vertue, and beautie of Luscinda were to him unknowne, or that she had not parts in her able to ennoblish and adorne any other lineage of Spaine whatsoever: but because I understood by him, that he desired not to marrie me, untill he had seene what Duke Ricardo would doe for me. Finally, I tolde him that I dared not reveale it to my father, as well for that inconvenience, as for many others that made mee so affraid, without knowing what they were, as me thought my desires would never take effect. To all this Don Ferdinando made me answer, that he would take upon him to speake to my father, and perswade him to treat of that affaire also with Luscindas. O ambitious Marius. O cruell Cataline. O facinorous Quila. O treacherous Galalon. O trayterous Vellido. O revengefull *Iulian. O covetous Iudas. Traytor, cruell, revengefull, and couzening, what indserts did this wretch commit, who

*One, who for the rape of his daughter, committed by Rodericke King of Spaine, brought in the Moores, and destroyed all the Countrey.

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with such plaines discovered to thee the secrets and delights of his heart? What offence committed I against thee? What words did I speake, or counsel did I give, that were not all addrest to the increasing of thine honour and profite? But on what doe I of all wretches the worst complaine, seeing that when the current of the starres doth bring with it mishaps, by reason they come downe precipitately from above, there is no earthly force can with-hold, or humane industry prevent or evacuat them? Who would have imagined that Don Fernando, a noble Gentleman, discreet, obliged by my deserts, and powerful to obtaine whatsoever the amorous desire would exact of him, where and whensoever it seized on his heart, would (as they say) become so corrupt, as to deprive me of one onely sheepe, which yet I did not possesse? But let these considerations be laide apart as unprofitable, that we may knit up againe the broken threede of my unfortunate History. And therefore I say, that Don Ferdinando beleiving, that my presence was a hinderance to put his treacherous and wicked designe in execution, he resolved to send mee to his eldest brother, under pretext to get some money of him, for to buy sixe great horses, that he had of purpose, and onely to the end I might absent my selfe, bought the very same day that he offered to speake himselfe to my father, and would have me goe for the money (because he might bring his treacherous intent the better to passe) could I prevent this treason? Or could I perhaps but once imagine it? No truly; but rather glad for the good merchandize hee had made, did make proffer of my selfe to depart for the money very willingly. I spoke that night to Luscinda, and acquainted her with the agreement past betweene mee and Don Ferdinando, bidding her to hope firmly, that our good just desires would sort a wished and happie end. She answered me againe (as little suspecting Don Ferdinandos treason as my selfe) bidding me to returne with all speed, because she beleaved that the conclusion of our affections should be no longer deferred, then my father deferred to speake unto hers. And what was the cause I know not, but as soone as she had said this unto me, her eyes were filled with teares, and somewhat thwarting her

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throat, hindred her from saying many other things, which me thought shee strived to speake.

I rested admired at this new accident untill that time never seene in her; for alwaies as many times as my good fortune and diligence graunted it, wee conversed with all sport and delight, without ever intermeddling in our discourses, any teares, sighes, complaints, suspitions, or feares. All my speech was to advance my fortune; for having receyved her from heaven as my Ladie and Mistresse, then would I amplifie her beautie, admire her worth, and prayse her discretion. She on the other side would returne mee the exchange, extolling in mee, what shee as one enamoured accounted worthy of laude and commendation. After this we would recount a hundred thousand toyes and chances befallne our neighbours and acquaintance, and that to which my presumption dared farthest to extend it selfe, was sometimes to take her beautiful and Ivorie hands perforce, and kisse them as well as I might through the rigorous strictnesse of a niggardly yron-grate which devided us. But the precedent night to the day of my sad departure, she wept, sobd, and sighed, and departed, leaving me full of confusion and inward assaults, amazed to behold such new and dolefull tokens of sorrow and feeling in Luscinda. But because I would not murder my hopes, I did attribute all these things to the force of her affection towards me, and to the grieve which absence is wont to stirre in those that love one another deerely. To be briefe, I departed from thence sorrowfull and pensive, my soule being ful of imaginations and suspitions, and yet know not what I suspected or imagined: Cleere tokens, foretelling the sad successe and misfortune which attended me. I arrived to the place where I was sent, and delivered my Letters to Don Ferdinandos brother, and was well entertained, but not well dispatched; for he commanded me to expect (a thing to me most displeasing) eight dayes, and that out of the Duke his fathers presence; because his brother had written unto him to send him certaine moneyes unknowne to his father. And all this was but false Don Ferdinandos invention, for his brother wanted not money wherewithall

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to have dispatched me presently, had not he written the contrary.

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This was so displeasing a commandement and order, as almost it brought me to termes of disobeying it, because it seemed to mee a thing most impossible to sustaine my life so many dayes in the absence of my Luscinda ; and specially having left her so sorrowfull as I have recounted ; yet notwithstanding I did obey like a good servant, although I knew it would be with the cost of my health. But on the fourth day after I had arrived, there came a man in my search with a letter, which he delivered unto me, and by the indorsement I knew it to be Luscindas ; for the hand was like hers. I opened it not without feare and assaylement of my senses, knowing that it must have beene some serious occasion, which could move her to write unto me, being absent, seeing she did it so rarely, even when I was present. I demaunded of the Bearer before I read, who had delivered it to him, and what time he had spent in the way. He answered me, that passing by chance at mid-day thorow a streete of the Citie, a very beautifull Ladie did call him from a certaine window : Her eyes were all beblubbered with teares ; and said unto him very hastily, Brother, if thou beest a Christian, as thou appearest to be one, I pray thee for Gods sake, that thou doe forthwith addresse this Letter to the place and person that the superscription assigneth, (for they be well knowen) and therein thou shalt doe our Lord great service. And because thou mayest not want meanes to doe it, take what thou shalt finde wrapped in that Handkerchife : and saying so, she threw out of the Window a handkerchife, wherein were lapped up a hundred Rials, this Ring of Gold which I carie here, and that letter which I delivered unto you ; and presently without expecting mine answer shee departed, but first saw me take up the handkerchife and letter ; and then I made her signes that I would accomplish herein her command : and after perceyving the paines I might take in bringing you it so well considered, and seeing by the indorsement, that you were the man to whom it was addrest : for, Sir, I know you verie well ; and also obliged to

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doe it by the teares of that beautifull Ladie, I determined not to trust any other with it, but to come and bring it you my selfe in person : and in sixteene houres since it was given unto me, I have travelled the journey you know, which is at least eighteene leagues long. Whilest the thankefull new messenger spake thus unto me, I remained in a manner hanging on his words, and my thighes did tremble in such manner, as I could very hardly sustaine my selfe on foot : yet taking courage, at last I opened the Letter, whereof these were the Contents :

‘The word that Don Ferdinando hath past unto you to
‘speake to your father, that he might speake to mine, he
‘hath accomplished more to his owne pleasure then to your
‘profite. For, Sir, you shall understand, that he hath de-
‘maunded me for his wife ; and my father borne away by
‘the advantage of worthes which he supposes to be in Don
‘Ferdinando more then in you, hath agreed to his demaund
‘in so good earnest, as the espousals shall bee celebrated
‘within these two daies, and that so secretly and alone,
‘as onely the heavens and some folke of the house shall
‘be witnesses. How I remaine, imagine, and whether it be
‘convenient you should returne, you may consider : and the
‘successe of this affaire shall let you to perceive, whether I
‘love you well or no. I beseech Almighty God that this
‘may arrive unto your hands, before mine shall see it selfe
‘in danger to joyne it selfe with his, which keepeth his
‘promised faith so ill.’

These were in summe, the Contents of the Letter, and the motives that perswaded me presently to depart, without attending any other answer, or other monies : for then I conceived clearely, that it was not the buyall of the horses, but that of his delights, which had moved Don Ferdinando to send mee to his brother. The rage which I conceived against him, joyned with the feare to lose the jewell which I had gained by so many yeares service, and desires, did set wings on mee, for I arrived as if I had flien the next day at mine owne Citie, in the houre and moment fit to goe

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speake to Luscinda. I entred secretly, and left my Mule whereon I rode in the honest mans house, that had brought mee the letter, and my fortune purposing then to be favourable to me, disposed so mine affairs, that I found Luscinda sitting at that yron grate, which was the sole witness of our loves. Luscinda knew me straight and I her, but not as we ought to know one another. But who is he in the world which may truly vaunt, that he hath penetrated, and throughly exhausted the confused thoughts, and mutable nature of women? Truly none. I say then, to proceede with my tale, that as soone as Luscinda perceived me, shee said, Cardenio, I am attired with my wedding garments, and in the Hall doe waite for mee, the traitor Don Ferdinando, and my covetous father with other witnesses, which shall rather be such of my death, then of mine espousals; bee not troubled deare friend, but procure to be present at this sacrifice, the which if I cannot hinder by my perswasions and reasons, I carry hidden about me a poynard secretly, which may hinder more resolute forces, by giving end to my life, and a beginning to thee, to know certaine the affection which I have ever borne, and doe beare unto thee. I answered her troubled and hastily, fearing I should not have the leasure to reply unto her, saying, Sweete Ladie, let thy workes verifie thy words for if thou carriest a poynard to defend thy credit, I doe heere likewise beare a sword wherewithall I will defend thee, or kill my selfe, if fortune proove adverse and contrary. I beleave that she could not heare all my words, by reason she was called hastily away as I perceived, for that the bridegroome expected her comming. By this the night of my sorrowes did throughly fall, and the Sunne of my gladnesse was set: and I remained without light in mine eyes, or discourse in my understanding. I could not finde the way into her house, nor could I move my selfe to any part: yet considering at last how important my presence was, for that which might befall in that adventure, I animated my selfe the best I could, and entred into the house; and as one that knew very well all the entries and passages thereof, and specially by reason of the trouble and businesse that was then in hand, I went

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in unperceived of any. And thus without being seene, I had the oportunitie to place my selfe in the hollow roome of a window of the same Hall, which was covered by the endes of two incountring peeces of tapestry, from whence I could see all that was done in the Hall, remaining my selfe unviewed of any. Who could now describe the assaults and surprisals of my heart whilst I there abode? The thoughts which incountred my mind, the considerations which I had, which were so many and such, as they can neither be said, nor is it reason they should? Let it suffice you to know, that the bridegroome entred into the Hall without any ornament, wearing the ordinary array he was wont, and was accompanied by a cousen Germain of Luscindas, and in all the Hall there was no stranger present, nor any other then the household servants: within a while after, Luscinda came out of the Parlour, accompanied by her mother and two waiting maides of her owne, as richly attired and deckt, as her calling and beautie deserved, and the perfection of courtly pompe and bravery could affoord: my distraction and trouble of minde lent me no time to note particularly the apparell shee wore, and therefore did onely marke the colours, which were carnation, and white; and the splendour which the precious stones and Iewels of her Tires, and all the rest of her garments yeilded: yet did the singular beauty of her faire and golden tresses surpasse them so much, as being in competencie with the precious stones, and flame of foure linkes that lighted in the Hall, yet did the splendour thereof seeme farre more bright and glorious to mine eies. O memory, the mortall enemy of mine ease, to what end serves it now to represent unto me the uncomparable beautie of that my adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory, to remember and represent that which shee did then, that being mooved by so manifest a wrong, I may at least endeavour to lose my life, since I cannot procure a revenge? Tire not, good sirs, to heare the digressions I make, for my grieve is not of that kinde that may be rehearsed succinctly and speedily, seeing that in mine opinion every passage of it is worthy of a large discourse.

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To this the Curate answered, that not onely they were not tyred or wearied, hearing of him, but rather they received marvellous delight to heare him recount each minuitie and circumstance, because they were such, as deserved not to be past over in silence, but rather merited as much attention as the principall parts of the History. You shall then wit (quoth Cardenio) that as they thus stood in the Hall, the Curate of the Parish entred, and taking them both by the hand, to do that which in such an act is required at the saying of, 'Will you Ladie Luscinda take the Lord Don Ferdinando, who is heere present for your lawfull Spouse, according as our holy mother the Church commands?' I thrust out all my head and neck out of the tapistry, and with most attentive eares and a troubled mind, settled my self to heare what Luscinda answered; expecting by it the sentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. O, if one had dared to sally out at that time, and cried with a loud voice: O Luscinda, Luscinda, see well what thou doest, consider withall what thou owest me! Behold how thou art mine, and that thou canst not be any others; note that thy saying of yea, and the end of my life shall be both in one instant. O traytor Don Ferdinando, robber of my glory, death of my life, what is this thou pretendest? what wilt thou doe? Consider that thou canst not Christian-like atchieve thine intention, seeing Luscinda is my spouse, and I am her husband. O foolish man now that I am absent, and farre from the danger, I say what I should have done, and not what I did. Now after that I have permitted my deare Iewel to be robbed, I exclaime on the theefe, on whom I might have revenged my selfe, had I had as much heart to doe it as I have to complaine. In fine, since I was then a coward and a foole, it is no matter though I now die ashamed, sory, and franticke. The Curate stood expecting Luscindas answer a good while ere she gave it: and in the end, when I hoped that she would take out the Poynard to stab her selfe, or would unloose her tongue to say some truth, or use some reason or perswasion that might redound to my benefit, I heard heere in stead thereof, answer with a dismaied and languishing voice the word, 'I

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'will': and then Don Fernando said the same, and giving her the Ring, they remained tyed with an indissoluble knot. Then the Bridegroom comming to kisse his spouse, she set her hand upon her heart, and fell in a trance between her mothers armes.

Now onely remains untold the case wherein I was, seeing in that, yea, which I had heard my hopes deluded, Luscinda's words and promises falsified; and my selfe wholly disabled to recover in any time the good which I lost in that instant. I rested void of counsell, abandoned (in mine opinion) by heaven, proclaimed an enemy to the earth which upheld me, the ayre denyng breath enough for my sighes, and the water, humour sufficient to mine eyes: only the fire increased in such manner, as I burned throughly with rage and jealousy. All the house was in a tumult for this sodaine amazement of Luscinda: and as her mother unclasped her bosome, to give her the ayre, there appeared in it a paper foulded up, which Don Fernando presently seized on, and went aside to reade it by the light of a torch; and after he had read it, he sate downe in a chayre, laying his hands on his cheeke, with manifest signes of melancholy discontent, without bethinking himselfe of the remedies that were applied to his Spouse, to bring her againe to her selfe. I seeing all the folke of the house thus in an uprore, did adventure my selfe to issue, not waighing much whether I were scene or no; bearing withall a resolution (if I were perceived) to play such a rash part, as all the world should understand the just indignation of my breast, by the revenge I would take on false Don Fernando, and the mutable and dismaied traytesse: But my destinie, which hath reserved me for greater evils, if possibly there may be any greater then mine owne, ordained that instant my wit should abound, whereof ever since I have so great want: and therefore without will to take revenge of my greatest enemies (of whom I might have taken it with all facilitie, by reason they suspected so little my being there) I determined to take it on my selfe, and execute in my selfe the paine which they deserved; and that perhaps with more rigour then I would have used towards them, if I had slaine them at that time,

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seeing that the sodaine death finisheth presently the paine, but that which doth lingringly torment, kils alwaies without ending the life. To be short, I went out of the house, and came to the other where I had left my Mule, which I caused to be saddled, and without bidding mine hoast adieu, I mounted on her, and rode out of the Citie, without daring like another Lot to turne back and behold it: and then seeing my selfe alone in the fields, and that the darkenesse of the night did cover me, and the silence thereof invite me to complaine, without respect or feare to be heard or knowne, I did let slip my voyce, and untied my tongue with so many curses of Luscinda and Don Ferdinando, as if thereby I might satisfie the wrong they had done me. I gave her the title of cruell, ungratefull, false, and scornfull, but specially of covetous, seeing the riches of mineemie had shut up the eyes of her affection, to deprive me thereof, and render it to him, with whom fortune had dealt more frankly and liberally: and in the midst of this tune of maledictions and scornes, I did excuse her saying: that it was no marvell that a Mayden kept close in her parents house, made and accustomed alwaies to obey them, should at last condescend to their will specially, seeing they bestowed upon her for husband, so noble, so rich and proper a Gentleman, as to refuse him, would be reputed in her to proceed either from want of judgement, or from having bestowed her affections else-where, which things must of force greatly prejudice her good opinion and renowne. Presently would I turne againe to say, that though she had told them that I was her spouse, they might easily perceive that in chusing me she had not made so ill an election, that she might not be excused, seeing that before Don Fernando offred himselfe, they themselves could not happen to desire, if their wishes were guided by reason, so fit a match for their daughter as my selfe: and she might easily have said, before she put her selfe in that last and forcible passe of giving her hand, that I had already given her mine, which I would come out to confesse and confirme all that she could any way faine in this case: and concluded in the end, that little love,

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lesse judgement, much ambition, and desire of great
caused her to forget the wordes, wherewithall she had
ceived, intertained, and sustained me in my firme hopes
honest desires.

Using these words, and feeling this unquietnesse in
brest, I travelled all the rest of the night, and str
about dawning into one of the entries of these mountai
thorow which I travelled three dayes at random, with
following or finding any path or way, untill I arrived
last to certaine meddowes and fieldes, that lie I know
in which part of these mountaines: and finding there
taine heards, I demaunded of them which way lay the
craggy and inaccessible places of these rocks, and
directed me hither; and presently I travelled towards
with purpose here to end my life: and entring in am
those desarts, my Mule, through wearinesse and hunger
dead under me, or rather as I may better suppose, to
burden him selfe of so vile and unprofitable a burden
carried in me. I remained a foote, overcome by nature,
pierced thorow and thorow by hunger, without having
helpe, or knowing who might succour me; and remai
after that manner, I know not how long prostrate on
ground; and then I arose againe without any hunger,
I found neere unto me certaine Goatheardes, who were th
doubtlesly that fedde me in my hunger. For they tolde
in what manner they found me, and how I spake so m
foolish and madde words, as gave certaine argument t
I was devoide of judgement. And I have felt in my s
since that time, that I enjoy not my wits perfectly,
rather perceive them to be so weakened and impaired,
I commit a hundred follies, tearing mine apparrell, cry
loudly thorow these desarts, cursing my fates, and id
repeating the beloved name of mine enemy, without hav
any other intent or discourse at that time, then to
devour to finish my life ere long: and when I turne
my selfe, I am so broken and tyred, as I am scarce a
to stirre me. My most ordinary Mansion-place is in
hollownes of a Corke tree, sufficiently able to cover t
wretched carkasse. The Cowheardes, and the Goathea

III] HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

that feede their cattell here in these mountaines, moved by charity, gave me sustenance, leaving meate for me by the wayes, and on the rockes which they suppose I frequent, and where they thinke I may finde it: and so, although I doe then want the use of reason, yet doth naturall necessity induce me to know my meate, and stirreth my appetite to covet, and my will to take it. They tell me when they meete me in my wits; that I doe other times come out to the high-waies, and take it from them violently, even when they themselves doe offer it unto mee willingly. After this manner doe I passe my miserable life, untill heaven shall be pleased to conduct it to the last period, or so change my memorie, as I may no more remember on the beauty and treacherie of Luscinda, or the injurie done by Don Ferdinando; for if it doe me this favour, without depriving my life, then will I convert my thoughts to better discourses: if not, there is no other remedie but to pray God to receive my soule into his mercie; for I neyther finde valour nor strength in my selfe to rid my bodie out of the straites, wherein for my pleasure I did at first willingly intrude it.

This is, Sirs, the bitter relation of my disasters, wherefore judge if it be such as may be celebrated with lesse feeling and compassion then that, which you may by this time have perceived in my selfe: And doe not in vaine labour to perswade or counsel me that which reason should affoord you may bee good for my remedie: for it will worke no other effect in me then a medicine prescribed by a skilfull Physitian, to a Patient that will in no sort receive it. I will have no health without Luscinda: and since she pleaseth to alienate her selfe, being or seeing she ought to be mine: so doe I also take delight to be of the retinue of mishap, although I might be a retainer to good fortune. She hath ordained that her changing shall establish my perdition. And I will labour by procuring mine owne losse, to please and satisfie her wil: and it shall be an example to ensuing ages, that I alone wanted that, wherewithall all other wretches abounded, to whom the impossibility of receiving comfort, proved sometimes a

CHAPTE XIII

How the Curate and the Barber put their designe in practise, w many othe things, worthy to recorded in this famou Historie.

